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CHRISTIAN IV

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CHRISTIAN IV
KING OF DENMARK AND NORWAY

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A Picture of the Seventeenth Century

BY

JOHN A. GADE

Author of 'Charles the Twelfth,' 'Cathedrals of Spain,' etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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IN BELLO MAGNO MDCCCCXIV–MDCCCCXVIII
SODALIBUSQUE FIDELISSIMIS

NOTE

MANY students of the age in which my hero lived have most generously placed the results of their researches at my disposal. Despite this, these pages could not have been published without the kindly corrections of Professor Robert P. Utter. I am likewise indebted to Mr. Bering Liisberg, Curator of the collections of Rosenborg Castle, for assisting me with several of my illustrations, to Count Wedell of Wedellsborg for permission to reproduce one of his paintings, to Mr. Torstein Jahr of the Library of Congress for many courtesies, and to Professor Aage Friis of the University of Copenhagen for his helpful suggestions.

JOHN A. GADE

CHÂTEAU DE BRÉCOURT
September 17, 1927

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CHRISTIAN IV
KING OF DENMARK AND NORWAY

CHAPTER I

On the twelfth day of December, 1576, Frederick II, King of Denmark, wrote to the two most eminent fortune-tellers in Europe. Their names are perhaps better known to-day than they were in their own time, but it is not their skill in astrology which has preserved their reputation for three hundred and fifty years. One was Augustus, Elector of Saxony, the other Tycho Brahe, whose name, astrologer as he was, is writ large in the history of modern science.

Augustus ruled over one of the many petty and squabbling principalities into which central Europe was split. He cared for his Saxon subjects as a father would for his children, whereas matters outside his frontiers interested him but little. While he feared the Emperor, Catholicism, and the Poles, his main interest lay in the stars, which he had studied ever since he was a young lad. Now he believed he knew more about astrology, alchemy and chiromancy than the wisest scientists at the courts of Emperor Rudolph, the Medici, or Philip II.

The light which shone from Tycho Brahe's observatory in the Baltic cast its rays over entire Europe. As a practical astronomer few, if any, of those who continued

his work surpassed him, for his learning and indefatigable labor resulted in countless discoveries to guide the mariner, correct the time and assist man in his knowledge of the world, the sun and the moon. Astronomer, mathematician, chemist and physician, the students of Europe flocked to his island to wonder and to learn.

At the time when Frederick II wrote to these two sages, Catherine of Medici ruled France, which the night of Saint Bartholomew had covered with blood and infamy! Philip II sat on the throne of Spain and governed Milan, Naples and the Netherlands, and owned all the gold of the newly discovered world. The Netherlands were writhing in Alva's grip. The Hapsburgs were at the height of their power, having acquired by marriage Hungary, Bohemia, Burgundy, the Netherlands and Spain. Elizabeth and her bold sailors were laying the first foundations of England's World Empire, Ivan the Terrible was Czar, and Poland a power to be reckoned with, while Germany was about to experience the most devastating and exhausting war she had ever survived, in which Gustavus Adolphus was to give his life that Protestantism might live. Denmark, however, was only a small power, that could not at this period be compared with the great European ones. Still there was much to indicate that she might fulfil the dearest wish of King Frederick's heart and become such a one, if only the expected child was a boy and became a great leader of his nation, capable of ruling his lands by strong, royal force!

From the days of the Waldemars in the fourteenth century to the time of Christian IV, purely Northern

interests had occupied the Scandinavian countries. Denmark had been interested in Sweden, the Baltic and the Hansa States. Until the end of the Middle Ages, the united Kingdom of Denmark-Norway had been only a small North-European state, somewhat stronger than the numerous North-German principalities. But with the beginning of the European conflict, the Reformation brought her into closer relationship with Protestant Europe, with England, the French Huguenots, the seceded states of the Low Countries, and the German Evangelical principalities.

It was an age of transition, and the great men who lived in it bore its stamp. The world was rapidly changing, for Catholic, Protestant and Moslem alike. The world trade was soon to slip from the grasp of Spain, for the ships of Portugal and England and the Netherlands, Denmark and France were discovering and sailing the new trade routes of the world and finding new land on all sides.

Also in scientific progress the age was advancing rapidly. Galilei was laying the foundations of modern experimental science, William Gilbert was experimenting in electricity and magnetism, René Descartes and Sir Francis Bacon probing deep in philosophic thought, William Harvey was propounding his new theory of the circulation of the blood and John Kepler reaching further in astronomy than any predecessor. Tycho Brahe belonged in this company as one of the greatest scientists of his age.

It was for the best of reasons that King Frederick wrote to Augustus and Tycho Brahe. No one was better

fitted to advise him in regard to the unborn babe. The question of its sex was of the greatest interest to Frederick as a father, and a king. He had married late, and, suspecting his wife of being incapable of producing anything but daughters, Frederick had upbraided her at the birth of her daughters and emphasized her responsibility for these disasters. Frederick, though not quite sure of his ground, was wise enough to apply for information where it might best be found. So as to guard against all emergencies he had, however, prevailed upon his Councillors to agree to one of his future sons-in-law, should the Queen once more fail him and the country, in producing the makings of a king. The Elector Augustus replied to King Frederick so quickly that he had the joy of reading the missive three months before the birth of the child. It read as follows:

Jan. 15, 1577

MOST GRACIOUS LORD AND KING,
HIGHLY BELOVED BROTHER-IN-LAW:

It is clear that the child which Queen Sophia carries under her heart is a boy. But Your Majesty must not rejoice too soon, for there is great danger that he may die at an early age. God will, however, spare his life so that he will become a happy lad, who will love and defend the truth. He will be strong and tall of stature, faithful, jocose, rich, healthy and of an open and honest mind. He will become pious, frank and virtuous. He will usually be favored by fortune, and will win both land and people, but all in his early years. He will understand how to keep what he has, and will mete out justice to all. In matters of trade he will give others rather more than their share, and he will defend the laws of the land. God grant him a long life!

After profound study and calculation, Tycho Brahe answered somewhat later, after he had been informed of

the birth and sex of the child. This reply may to-day read like a strange mixture of science and charlatanism; nevertheless, it was the index of the time. Tycho Brahe prefaced his reply by stating that certain possibilities might hinder the fulfilment of his studies and findings, namely, his having received wrong information as to the birth of the child, God's interference, or the Prince withdrawing himself from the influence of the stars, by his own free will and reason. The answer was, however, such that all might profit by it, and sent in duplicate, dedicated to the Prince. One copy was composed in Latin and went into considerable more detail than the abbreviated German copy, intended for King Frederick and Queen Sophia. This read as follows:

MOST GRACIOUS LORD AND PRINCE:

Most favorable signs indicate your future life. The planet Venus reigned upon the heavens at the moment of your birth. You will thus be well formed, of middle height, charitable and righteous, but, unfortunately, very much disposed to high living, and fond of all sensuous pleasures. Mars was so placed that you will be devoted to martial feats, and you will yourself become a brave and skilful warrior. You will likewise care for hunting and games, and be very sociable. You will acquire riches, though principally by warfare. Saturn prophesies you seriousness of purpose, and Mercury a good mind, quickness of perception and an interest in the arts and sciences, and particularly medicine. I conclude from Jupiter's position that fortune will generally favor you, but you must be careful in all matters relating to religion and the clergy. Sirius' bright star Altrabor, which stood high on the sky at the moment of your birth, promises you great honor, but one could also judge from the position of the Sun, that you will not achieve such honor without adversity.

You will be of a sanguine temperament and gain great riches both by war and marriage. What you thus achieve

will, however, cause some dissension. You will make long journeys and count Kings and Princes among your friends. You will not be on such good terms with your brothers or sisters and you will be in the bad graces of the powerful prelates. You will conquer your enemies, but Mercury's position seems to indicate that you should fear imprisonment. You will be more inclined towards free love than marriage. You will be lucky in courtship and most inclined to marry in your twentieth and thirty-third years, as well as in the forty-seventh, if that is not too late. You will have few children. You will be strong and healthy, but be taken sick when you are six, twelve, fourteen and twenty-nine years old. Everything indicates that you will be in such peril in your fifty-sixth or fifty-seventh year that it will probably entail your death. According to all astrological signs, you can only survive this critical year by the special grace of God. If, despite all expectations, you survive it, you will live to a ripe and happy old age. You will yourself have brought on the sickness from which you will die, owing to exaggerated dissipation and too great indulgence in food and drink. No sign indicates an unnatural death.

Later days were to prove how accurately Tycho Brahe had foreseen the fate of King Christian IV.

When Christian first saw the light of day in Fredericksborg Palace on April 12, 1577, it was almost a century since an heir had been born to the throne of Denmark. Prior to the great event Frederick's nervousness and excitement was driving every one almost distracted, while his attempt to counteract them by giving absurd orders, incapable of execution, had only made bad, worse. There had been much heart-burning among the noblewomen of the realm as to which three of them would be invited, according to good old custom, to come and assist the Queen in her labor. Frederick made his choice in the nick of time and summoned three of the

least cheerful but most officious and experienced ladies, namely, Verner Parsbjerg's Anne, Eiler Kruse's Hilleborg, and Folger Rosenkrands's Margaret. The Queen's parents had arrived in plenty of time from Mecklenburg, for the pious old Duchess Elizabeth, who had been brought up in a frugal and virtuous court, was, as the grandmother, a far more important actor than her poor daughter. As old, eccentric Uncle Hans came hurrying too, from his South Jutland duchy, King Frederick had warned his courtiers to make allowances for his humors, which had increased in extravagance ever since the lovely Queen Mary of Scotland had written she would have none of him. And others came too, for the event was of critical importance to the Kingdom of Denmark.

The noblewomen, however, took command shortly after their arrival and King Frederick was forbidden the Queen's bedroom in which the birth might take place at any moment. Not only the capital outside the castle gates, but the whole country was tense with anxiety and excitement, for what new wars might they not again be plunged into if the King should die without a direct descendant? The crib was all ready, the stones with which to warm the Queen's feet were heated and the floor strewn with the sweetest herbs. Finally on the twelfth of April, just as the first leaves of the privet were breaking in the gardens below the bedroom, Hilleborg Kruse realized the event could not be far off. So she hurriedly called the others, who after consulting decided the time had come to give the Queen the hind leg of a hare, carefully pulverized in a mortar, for this would strengthen and relieve her as nothing else. It proved, as

usual, the right remedy, for only a short hour later one of them rushed out into King Frederick's study, with the most joyful of all news: 'The Queen has been delivered of a healthy boy, without blemish.'

The King, wild with joy, hurried after the good messenger as she sped back. He snatched the child away from the woman who was binding it with linen, inquired the exact moment of its birth, and carefully examined the small, squirming body to see if it bore any special message from the Lord. Then the King whistled for his favorite hunting dog, that it might greet the child. The ladies-in-waiting, and even the old grandmother, all danced with joy, for the dog licked the baby, into whose soul there thus entered all the dog's good and faithful characteristics. Next Frederick marked his son with the sign of the cross and all knelt around him and joined in repeating 'Our Father,' as well as the particularly lucky formula for such occasions, and last of all the King blessed his wife. This duty performed, out he rushed to spread the good news and order all the cannons shot off and the church bells rung.

So soon as she had brought the child into the world, no one gave a further thought to the Queen. She was entirely deprived of the baby, completely disregarded, and the grandmother and wet-nurse became the chief actors, in whose hands lay its care and safeguarding.

Their task was an arduous one, for this was the period in which it was necessary to be most careful of the infant Prince. Between birth and christening the Devil's power over it was greater than it would be later in life, and his wiles must be constantly guarded against.

Duchess Elizabeth impressed this upon the ladies and handmaidens surrounding her, especially the fact that it was important to keep the windows tightly closed at night, so that the Evil One might not fly in, in the guise of a bird.

As for her daughter, she was according to good old custom to remain very quiet and out of the way during the coming six weeks, and constantly to bear in mind that Satan tempts young mothers above all others. Of course she was to 'lie outside the church,' in order to be purified. Then, after attending holy worship and having been to confession, she would once more be reinstated as a member of the Church and the christening might proceed.

King Frederick was soon busy, puzzling his head as to the boy's name and the invitations which couriers must carry away, all over the Danish isles. The foreign custom of many names did not appeal to the King and he so told his father-in-law, the Duke of Mecklenburg, one evening over their silver goblets. The boy, as all other Oldenburgs, would have to be a 'Christian' or a 'Frederick,' and the former was finally chosen.

Then came the christening invitations, which read as follows:

Our particular favor be with you! We graciously do not desire to keep from you the fact that the Almighty God has graciously delivered the high-born princess, Our dear spouse, and blessed Our and her love with a young son, for which His Divine Majesty be praised forever. And as We have in mind to christen Our dear son in Our city of Copenhagen on holy Trinity Sunday, which comes on the second of June, We therefore ask and graciously request you to come here to town

the previous Saturday, and then assist at the ceremony on Sunday, when Our young son will receive Christianity and the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. You are likewise invited to bring along your wife and her ladies. Afterwards you will all make merry with Us and with those of Our true subjects which We also have informed of what is going to happen. You will particularly please Us by coming. We depend upon you and shall acknowledge your presence with grace and favor. The Lord be with you!

FREDERICKSBORG, *April 16th*, 1577

In a special, less formal postscript, the nobles were encouraged to come in their very best clothes, 'to the honor of Us and the Kingdom,' accompanied by servants and horses. As the members of the court and nobility spent a large part of their time attending christenings, weddings and funerals, the royal invitation was eagerly accepted, and soon they were starting from Norway and the Danish duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, from Jutland and the Danish provinces in Sweden, from the islands of Fünen, Langeland, Laaland and Falster, as also from the outlying districts of Zealand. The noblemen rode, while their womenfolk lay in the enormous, curtained, bedlike carriages, propelled over stones and through mud by as many horses as might prove necessary, according to the condition of each stage. The retainers trudged along on foot as best they might, stealing a ride once in a while on one or other of the many baggage wagons, which carried the supplies, household goods, hangings and furniture.

The entire Danish and Holstein nobility came to town, accompanied by horses and retainers. Copenhagen had never seen such pomp and luxury.

As for King Frederick, he decided that the best way he could express his own paternal joy, as well as that of his people, was by giving such a feast that no one had ever heard the like, and in this spirit he made his preparations. Not only were cooks called into the capital from the various royal castles, but also foreign ones who were more familiar with the taste of the German guests for rich spices and thick gravies. The customs officers along the Sound were ordered to stop vessels coming from foreign ports and purchase dates and figs and oranges. Twelve hundred and fifty chickens, two hundred barrels of fresh-churned butter, eight thousand eggs, one hundred smoked pigs' heads, seven hundred ewe lambs, sixteen hundred dried flounders and four hundred pigs were ordered delivered to the royal larders. As there were not nearly enough pots and pans in the kitchen, the rich burghers of Copenhagen were asked to lend some of theirs, in return for which they would be allowed to taste some of the goodies. A dozen lady decorators from among the high nobility were further instructed to come and help furnish the rooms, bringing as many of their own pieces of cloth and tapestries and beds and bedding as they could spare for the occasion. The royal clothes-chests were brought from the attics and cellars of the castle, and the damp, bare walls and ceilings, soggy with the daily winter fog and drizzle, were quickly covered with gay cloths. This being a joyous occasion all chests containing black hangings were left untouched. And as the church also had to be thought of, the Admiral's wife was given charge of covering 'Our Lady's' walls with red velvet. But King

Frederick went further than merely to furnish and decorate church and castle; he bethought himself also of removing some of the horrible stench from the city streets and alleys. So he commanded the cleaning-up of all offal, sewage and decaying bodies from squares and thoroughfares and prohibited, in the future, the killing of any animal, intended for eating, on the streets of the capital, and the emptying of vessels from the windows into the street. Moreover, no swine were to be allowed to roam about unguarded and particular attention was to be paid to the removal of all dead cats and dogs.

City and castle were both clean and beautified when the great christening day at last arrived.

All of the city as well as those that had streamed into it from the countryside were out and about early Trinity Sunday morning. The castle was full of bustle and activity. The moats had been cleaned, the windows were festooned with garlands and the gilt balls and weather-vanes on towers and spires glittered in the sunshine, which had penetrated the morning fog. The royal procession formed from the courtyard away out over the drawbridge and into the square outside. The old gray walls and green sloping roof had never seen such a gay sight before. First came the dignitaries of the realm, headed by the Councillors. They were followed by the most important of the foreign guests and the King and Duke Ulrich of Mecklenburg, behind whom was the Queen and a long row of noblewomen. But the place of honor in the procession was occupied by the carriage of the grandmother with the royal babe on her lap. As they started, the cannons all boomed, followed by the screams

and shrieks of the parrots and monkeys left behind in the castle and the dismal howl of the wolf chained in the corner of the courtyard. Slowly the procession wound across the square, down High-Bridge Lane, and Vimmelskaftet, past the shoemakers' booths to Our Lady's Church, where Bishop Matzon, surrounded by the clergy, was waiting in the portal.

It was a long and tedious ceremony. The Bishop's Latin oration lasted well-nigh an hour, and neither organ nor choir boys could drown the wailing of the tired and hungry infant, who was being delivered from the powers of Satan. While everybody was in the church, the castle floors had been sprinkled with marjoram, sweet lavender, leaves, rosewater and vinegar, and scented logs had been lit in the fireplaces. Bowls had been filled with perfumed water, in which the guests might wash their hands before feasting, and beside them hung the finely embroidered cloths, several yards long, on which to wipe head and hands. The tables were set and covered with the good food and delicious wines, which had been collected from far and near.

The royal personages and guests of honor all being seated in their proper order of procedure, and all the gifts having been received and placed on the 'child's table,' the feasting and carousing was soon in full swing. So as to obviate all restraint, King Frederick soon arose and announced 'The King is no longer here!' Every one took the cue and the populace outside the square could soon hear the merry shouts that greeted each new course and flagon that circulated around the boards. When His

Majesty finally arose with the Duke of Mecklenburg and old Duke Hans, most of the party were so gorged and full that it was all they could do to take part in playing 'The Monk in the Meadow' and 'Chase the Dove.' As for King Frederick, he was mysteriously whispering with the learned doctor, who presided over the University.

Silence, however, once more restored by the drummers and trumpeters, the King invited one and all into the castle yard. The professors and students of the University were here assembled ready to amuse the guests with two Latin plays: 'The Story of Susanne's Innocence,' and 'The Mighty Battles of Goliath, the Philistine.'

In talking the matter over beforehand, both King and faculty had agreed that no corrupting play could be given, with its theme drawn from the heathen belief of Roman and Greek subjects or even the more sinful ones of modern Italy. What was performed gave ample proof of its success. The only untoward occurrence during the play was caused by the jealousy of some of the young nobles. Indignant at the appearance at court of the learned doctors, they took a mean revenge by slitting up the backs of the fine new gowns, which these learned men were wearing for the first time with inordinate and justifiable pride.

As the piece which dealt with Goliath's prowess proceeded, the Philistines felt the humiliation of fleeing before Jehovah's warriors and refused to leave the battlefield at the appointed moment. The imaginary conflict became a genuine one, in which the Philistines were finally conquered, merely owing to the stronger fists

and feet of the Jews. Nothing could have done more than such a strange turn of events to enrapture the astonished spectators. Most of them had not a very clear idea of the duties of actors, but all had cried encouragement to Jehovah's warriors and the royal guards had considerable trouble in forcibly restraining a number of the spectators from joining the fray. The wounded were handed over to the barber, and both spectators and actors were immensely satisfied. Dancing and fireworks finished the evening, whereupon 'wine and sleep forced every one to bed.'

By the time the christening festivities were over, 'Duke' Christian was nearly eight weeks old — high time, his father announced, for him to begin to absorb the culture and polish of foreign courts, as so many of his predecessors on the throne of Denmark had done. Naturally, his mother thought him too young; she protested to the point of tears and beyond, but was repressed with stern reminders of her duty to custom and to the task of providing Christian with a brother. The baby was taken from her arms, if he had ever rested there, and sent across the Baltic to Gustrow Castle in Germany. Many of the Danish kings before him had been brought up in Germany so far as to be really more German than Danish. Indeed, more than half of Frederick's courtiers were German. This situation preyed on the minds of the more patriotic Danish Councillors. They wanted a royal Dane rather than a loyal German, and urged Frederick to return the young Prince to his own shores. Before long their efforts prevailed. By the time Christian was two years old, though he had not

as yet been weaned, he was back, if not in his mother's arms, at least in his father's court.

Then for a time his travels were domestic rather than foreign. The King and Queen went about merrily hunting in the island forests and for the most part avoided thriftily the expense of their own castles, of which they had many, by claiming the hospitality of the nobles. In default of a nobleman's castle, they would put up at the bishop's or the parson's, or, in a pinch, at the principal farm in the neighborhood. Peasants and ferrymen would be quickly requisitioned, and if the hosts were humble folk the King would, out of his own purse, tip the cook and maids and stable-boys and ferrymen, entering each dollar or rose-noble in his little account book.

Doubtless these wanderings had their educational value, even in the infancy of the little Duke. There is less to be claimed for the frequency of the spankings applied to Christian and his sisters at this period by the royal hand of the mother — indeed, where we read of these in the records of the time we have more sympathy for the withdrawal of the boy from his mother's charge. Christian was six years old when Frederick appointed Hans Mikkelsen tutor to the Prince. Mikkelsen was already a clergyman of standing, chaplain of Fredericksborg Castle, and one of the foremost Danish pedagogues of his day. A royal decree of 1583 gives us the terms of Mikkelsen's appointment. He was to receive two hundred dollars a year, a yearly new suit of clothes for himself and one for his servant, and the reversion of the first canonry or other ecclesiastical fief which became

vacant. He was to give a learned and Christian upbringing to his pupil, 'with God-fearing, linguistic knowledge, and in good habits, keeping him in good health and away from all evil company.' In delivering this commission to Mikkelsen, the King declared with feeling, as fathers often do, that he himself had never been properly educated, and stipulated that the tutor 'should use proper severity, and if any one attempted to hinder him, he, the King, would protect and support him.'

In addition to his tutor, Christian had an instructor in the use of arms, Below, seneschal of Koldinghus Castle, a fine, seasoned old soldier, who had fought under Henri II in France, as well as against the Turks. He gave the boy his first thorough training in arms, and laid the foundation of the skill which made King Christian second to none in Denmark.

As seneschal, Below was likewise to supervise matters in general, and 'to call on the Prince two or three times a day and see that he received eight courses for his dinner, four or five of which are to be particularly well cooked, and wine from your own cellar as well as a wide cloth on his table.' Below was further to hold the servants responsible for making up daily the Prince's bed, and to punish them with the 'Spanish cage' if they were lazy.

To look after the court of the little Duke, Frederick appointed a Pomeranian noble, Henrik Rammel. The boy's courtiers were Friis and Hansön, two young noblemen of his own age, who were to study and grow up with him as companions in his work and play.

The King, evidently fearing evil influences affecting the Prince admonished Below 'not to let any nobleman, gentleman, lady or miss, and still less any one else, have anything to do with Our high-born Son, with the exception of the Councillors, the court chaplain and the bishop.'

The Prince's household had two chefs, two master apprentices, three scullery boys and four 'large servants.' They were all in charge of the superintendent of the royal kitchen (Kjögemesteren), who was a nobleman, and received many useful recipes from the Queen, who was herself an excellent cook with motherly concern for her children's health. She frequently interlined the recipes for the kitchen with advice in case of sickness. 'If they are troubled,' she wrote, 'anywhere with rheumatism or aches, rub the spot with brandy in front of a hot fire, whereupon the pain will be relieved. If they are hoarse, rub them for three successive mornings on the neck with brandy and have them drink a small amount before having eaten anything. They should drink brandy if they have a cough, and it will help. If they are slightly deaf, drop a few drops of it into their ear and their hearing will return. Whoever daily drinks a modest amount, and particularly old people, will ward off sickness, and kill any worms that may be attacking the heart, the lungs or the liver. If a dying person loses his speech, just give him a little brandy, and he will at once begin talking.' So safeguarded, mentally, morally, physically, spiritually, and socially, Frederick decided to let Christian pursue his studies quietly, first at Koldinghus Castle and then at Sorö Academy.

SORÖ ACADEMY

Sorö had been an old and important mediæval monastery, the best known in Denmark, and one from whose portals came virtue and religion during many a generation. The Crown had seized the rich lands of the foundation when Catholicism was abolished. Surrounded by its old gray walls, it lay in an idyllic situation amid fertile fields and lovely beeches. Even when it was a monastery, Sorö had contained a school amid its old buildings, where noblemen had sent their boys to groan over Latin verbs and David's psalms. King Frederick had enlarged the school into one for thirty noblemen's sons and an equal number of commoners. Though their rank kept them entirely apart in schoolroom and on playground, meals and studies were held at the same hours. The waters of the bay could be seen from Sorö Church Spire, and anemones, violets and the gold of the cowslips fringed the ponds and streams of the surrounding pastures. It could not have been so easy amid all the loveliness to bend one's young mind to rhetoric, logic and grammar nor listen when the Chancellor, Nils Kaas, came to discourse on law and justice, Jörgen Rosenkrands on the value of learning or Kristoffer Valkendorff to tell about commerce and the budding industries of the realm. Once in a rare while the King himself would ride over from hunting at Antvortskov, talk gravely with the boys, listen to their recitations and measure them against the lintel of the door to see if they had grown. But amid it all, the thrushes were singing outside the cloisters, and it must all have been frightfully monotonous and trying.

As a young schoolboy the Prince was somewhat of a

prig, particularly in his lecturing to his new comrades and attempting to put them in their right places; but the little fellow must have had plenty of pluck and grit or he would never have pulled good-naturedly through all that he did. It was all good and well that he was given eight courses of food for his dinner at ten o'clock and supper at four and plenty of hot beer with bread and fried herring with which to start out in the morning, but it was a galling and gruelling test for a high-spirited boy to have to write the same 'eruditio ornamentum in prosperis, solatium in adversis' and 'Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis' a hundred and fifty times, just because the originals had been slightly wrong. The day began at five A.M. with prayers, then after breakfast lessons until dinner time, with an occasional drink from the beer-can on the sideboard, fencing lessons with his playmates, and nine o'clock to bed, with very little variation and no chance for mischief or monkey-shines.

Crude as it may appear to a modern Professor of Pedagogy, Christian's education was for those days excellent and thorough, far better than had been that of any of his predecessors. His course of study was extensive; hours of Latin, French and Italian were interspersed with hours of music, dancing and fencing. He acquired German without formal study, for it was spoken as much at his father's court as was Danish. But there was too much bench and blackboard and too little bat and ball. The reaction was inevitable. The Prince could not play hooky in person, but his imagination often wandered in the direction of its treasure, and ran

away to sea. His was 'the Kingdom of the Isles and the Waters,' no less in boyhood than in manhood; never was the time when he did not love his waters and the ships that go to and fro upon them. The sea, a boat, anything that suggested or had to do with either, to him was always a fascination. He was never happier than when his father's cavalcade reached the shore of one of the islands. If Hans Mikkelsen so much as turned his back, Christian would have a sheet of paper, slipped under the cover of his Latin exercise book, covered as neatly as his schoolboy scrawl could draw them with leaning hulls and masts, taut sails and whipping flags.

Most of his communications with both teacher and comrades were executed as Latin exercises. When Hans thus requested His Royal Highness to write down in a well-formed Latin sentence what he might wish to say to his comrade Friis, Christian would trace, all the way down the lines of the page, 'I wish Friis would stop scratching himself.' Solemnly the class would conjugate the verb 'scratch' before turning to Cæsar, Quintillian or Cato or to the 'Institutio principis Christiani.' Studying the life of Alfonso the Magnanimous was more amusing than Latin. Best of all, as a special recompense for good behavior, Hans would read the boys the account of Henri of Navarre's recent victory at Ivry. Christian's letters were more or less unnatural for a boy of nine, as the greater portion of them were probably written with his master looking over his shoulder. Thus he writes: 'What a wonderful Sunday sermon we had this morning! Good God, what inspiring lessons it taught! They should be studied daily and diligently and be kept by every one,

particularly by those who live at court.' Christian surely stuck his tongue in his cheek before confiding this epistle to Hans for transmission to his papa. The boy was, on the other hand, probably unobserved when he wrote to his friend, the mild and peaceful Chancellor, Kaas, who had gained his childish confidence: 'I should have liked to answer your letter sooner, but I have of late been kept so busy at my work by Hans Mikkelsen, that I have scarcely had time to eat breakfast or dinner.' The old Chancellor was very human, and must have chuckled as he read this uncensored note. But for the most part court manners were formal. Even to his mother he must begin his letter: 'Durchlautigste Fürstin, freundliche, herzvielgeliebte Frau Mutter.'

The Queen, who had taken to heart her spouse's admonition to provide Christian with a brother at as early a date as possible, gave birth to Ulrich, a year or so after the magnificent christening. This younger brother was now also sent to Sorö to join the heir in his work and play. Both King Frederick and Mikkelsen thought it would do Christian good to have a companion who, though slightly younger, was nevertheless his equal, could eat at the same table and could not be ordered about with the same impunity as the others.

The brothers started by having, first measles, and then whooping cough together. As the latter came during the Christmas festival and merry-making, they could not return to the castle at Fredericksborg for the holidays, but Queen Sophia came down to visit them instead. She brought games and goodies, and, according to the time-old custom, put both pairs of shoes on

Christmas Eve outside their bedroom door, where the good angel would fill them during the night with what they had whispered her they longed for most. Best of all, she taught them the magic art of knitting stockings, which had come from England, and in which manly exercise all the young gallants at court were indulging. Rammel, who knew the great Queen Bess well, had told Christian that she dared, despite her womanhood, knit green hose while gossiping with her Chancellor, Burleigh. Both boys were doubly proud to learn, for not only were women forbidden to knit, but it also meant owning delightful pliable coverings for the legs in place of the stiff cloth to which they were accustomed. Juel, the old Chancellor's friend, had not forgotten them either, but sent a fresh box of English balls, while their father had combined frugality with generosity and dispatched by one of the royal tailors a box full of his old worn suits to be recut and resewn for both of the boys. Of course Christian, both as heir presumptive and some fourteen months older, lorded it over Ulrich, and made little allowance for his youth. After a game at the chessboard, which Queen Sophia had brought with her, Christian felt he ought to impress upon the seven-year-older the necessity of concentration. So he instructed 'long Jens' to deliver to him a note reading:

> My dear Brother: I noticed something to-day when we were playing chess, and which I feel it necessary to mention to you. When you play that game or any other, you should constantly think of the game and nothing else.
>
> Christian, *Prince of Denmark*

What the Prince of Denmark really needed was not so

much concentration on the part of the younger, as a good pummeling himself by an older and stronger playmate.

Like other small boys, Christian delighted at this time in stories of foreign lands and particularly when Rammel bragged about his visits to England and the wonderful carriages, Danish horses and Icelandic dogs, which he had presented on various occasions to Queen Elizabeth from his royal master, and about the English lords who had come back with the most noble and honorable Order of the Garter, as well as fine beasts bred in Kent. But there was another English tale the lad could not get out of his mind and that was how the lovely Scottish Queen had been beheaded. Both Kaas and Gyldenkrone had listened to the Scotch ambassadors tell of the gruesome deed done against all human and divine laws, and yet Queen Bess had written his father that she knew naught of the beheading nor had given it her royal sanction. Both Hans and Rammel wagged their heads sadly, when he begged their thoughts on this sore matter.

It was when Christian was at Sorö Academy that the ceremony of homage took place, which made him heir apparent to the throne of Denmark, and to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The question of succession was one which had agitated and distressed the King from the moment his first son was born, and which had kept him on pins and needles until definitely agreed upon by the all-powerful nobility. With each new king their main object was to strike the very best possible bargain, endeavoring each time to wring from the reluc-

CHRISTIAN IV AS A CHILD

tant candidate a few more privileges and riches than had been ceded by the last ruler. While the thrones of Denmark and the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were electoral, that of Norway was inherited by the son and heir of the last monarch, and there the relationship between King and the self-conscious, splendid peasantry, which formed the backbone of the country, was a very different one. King Frederick had thus been relieved when the matter of the succession was finally settled in Denmark and the duchies, and the three-year-old Christian, after important concessions as to the legislative power of the Councillors, had been elected as his successor.

Christian was almost eight years old when King and Councillors came riding down to Sorö, accompanied by the entire court of several hundred persons, to take the boy to the four great electoral centres of the realm where the homage was to take place, to Viborg in Jutland, to Odense on the island of Fünen, where would also come the nobles from Laaland and Falster, to Ringsted on Zealand and to the old cathedral city of Lund in the centre of the South-Swedish possessions. It was the most thrilling event that had so far come into the life of the little fellow. Schoolbooks and drill were thrown to the winds in exchange for the princely crown and the shouts of loyal citizens. Nobles, clergymen and peasantry came flocking from all around to their electoral cities in order to greet and pay homage to their future Lord, and Prince Christian was dressed in his best velvet clothes, cut according to the new French style, so stiff that he could scarcely move in them, with the little

sword by his side which the armorer had tested under Below's stern gaze, and the gold chain around his neck, given him by his father.

The Councillors were very much in evidence, not only owing to the fact that the event had been of their making, but also as the representatives of the feudal power of the nobility. The good and kindly Chancellor, Nils Kaas, was fortunately there to pat reassuringly the narrow shoulder and take the little hand in his when the youngster's eyes looked up for help, and he had also told him that he greatly approved of the motto, 'Regna Firmat Pietas,' which Christian confided he had chosen to guide him through life.

Scaffolding had been erected in each of the four cities and covered with red cloth, on which the nobles and church dignitaries in each place took their seats around the throne and Councillors. As soon as all were assembled, Nils Kaas would first read the oath of allegiance, whereupon one by one the nobles would approach Prince Christian, kneel before him and swear him faithfulness and obedience.

The final act on each occasion amused the Prince much more than the long and monotonous succession of his subjects. The last oath having been sworn and the nobility well started for the banqueting-hall, the mob, which had for hours been craning its neck and impatiently awaiting its turn, was admitted to the royal enclosure and allowed to tear the red cloth from off the scaffolding and fight for it to its heart's content. The shouts and cries, the bloody noses and broken heads, were to the boy decidedly the most amusing part of the

whole performance. But the banquet was interminable, and Christian was half asleep when Henrik Rantzau told him the reason for his carrying the large amethyst on the breast. 'It prevented,' he said, 'his becoming drunk, for the precious stone possessed the quality of hindering the fluids in the body behind it from rising and muddling the brain.' There were indeed many strange things which the Prince learned on this trip and could tell them all about when he returned to Sorö.

But this was not to be. A new life was before him. Earnest and responsible days were to come, sooner than any one expected. Instead of returning to the lovely old monastery, Christian, accompanied by Ulrich, was first sent to the royal castle of Koldinghus, where they had started lessons a few years ago, and then to Haderslev, both in South Jutland. There was more work and less play. The seriousness of life and the responsibilities he would one day shoulder were impressed unduly early upon his ten years, and he developed astonishingly quicker. The friendship of those around him seemed to alter into a respect which he neither wanted nor understood. Still vacations came around with their share of joy and care-free existence in the grand old castle of Kronborg at Elsinore. From the ramparts, where the guards merely saluted instead of blocking his way, he could sit and watch by the hour the ships building in his father's yard in the cove by the very feet of the castle walls, and out in front, in the sound between him and Helsingborg's towers in Scania, the stately men-of-war and merchantmen dipped their pennants to the royal standard floating above him and to his

custom house across the water. And again other days he would ride behind his father through the beeches to Fredericksborg, and stand enthralled listening to the Dutch architect explaining in his broken German the plans of the castle, which had already arisen from the shores of the lovely lake.

Childhood vanished suddenly and by an awful stroke. It was in 1588, when he was only eleven, but he had several times heard the prophecy of wise astrologers, that the year would mark the end of the world. It had rained blood in certain regions of Germany, fishes had been caught with strange markings on their bellies, and the meaning of all this was that the huge Armada which the Spanish were fitting out was soon to crush the power of the English Queen and sink Frobisher and Hawkins and Drake, all of which the lad had been told by the sailors at Kronborg.

On April 4, 1588, as he was bending over his Latin in the bedroom window-sill of Kronborg, Christian heard the hurried clatter of galloping horses across the drawbridge.

Two breathless Councillors rushed in and knelt before him and told him of his father's sudden death at Antvortskov. Only the faithful Nils Kaas and Arild Huitfeld had been there beside his mother to watch their master receive the holy sacrament and join in the singing of the last hymns and to hear the Bishop console the King by reading the psalms of David. And the Councillors continued by saying that their colleagues had been hurriedly sent for, and all but one of them, who was sick abed, had ridden post-haste to the death-bed. They and

the Queen now all but agreed and would shortly issue a proclamation in regard to the new government, so as to allay the fears which would spread throughout the kingdom as quickly as the sad tidings travelled. The Councillors wept with the lad as they told of taking their master's body to Roskilde Cathedral, and they knelt and kissed the lad's hand and prayed the good Lord to grant him long life. The world was indeed come to an end for Christian in the very hour in which his real world began.

CHAPTER II

THE two Councillors, who by good fortune were beside their King on the day of his death, sent couriers scurrying that same afternoon to find every one of their eighteen colleagues. It did not take them long to foregather and determine the form of regency as well as to select from their midst the four wisest, in whose hands they laid the executive power until Christian had filled his twentieth year. Of course the Chancellor, Nils Kaas, was the first to be chosen, and to him were added Peder Munch, the Lord High Admiral of the Realm, Jörgen Rosenkrands, who was to look after foreign affairs, and Kristoffer Valkendorff, to take charge of the finances. All of the four belonged to the old school of loyal, conscientious servants, proud of race and power and devoted to the King's interests. They were, in a manner, representatives of the last period of Denmark's political greatness, and were, alas, soon to pass off the stage and make place for a new, less scrupulous generation of noblemen whose sole aim and ambition was their own enrichment and aggrandizement. During their meeting the Councillors also deliberated on the vexatious problem of the future position of Queen Sophia, deciding after much discussion that she was to be given no legislative power, but the more delicate question of the bringing-up and care of the royal children was to be tabled until Frederick's body had been laid to rest in the cathedral vault.

QUEEN DOWAGER SOPHIA

As a result of these critical decisions, from the very day of King Frederick's death, there was more of politics than of peace in the royal household of Denmark, and a struggle began between the Dowager Queen Sophia and the Council in which each side wielded with more vigor than dignity whatever weapons came most readily to hand.

Against the Council, which held the political power, Sophia really had small chance, for her royal power in Denmark could not be compared with what it would have been as, for instance, Queen of France or England. Her father, to whom she first turned for help, accomplished little, and Dr. Sybrandt, whom he dispatched from Mecklenburg to Copenhagen, merely enraged the Regents, for their power, as such, was absolute and based upon the laws of the land. Before dying, King Frederick had made no mention either verbal or written as to what position he desired 'his Sophie' to fill, in case of his own demise, from which it was clear, argued the Councillors, that he did not intend her to meddle with matters of State.

Sophia, therefore, had no appeal. She was facing more than Regents and Councillors; she was facing the entire nobility, consisting of some hundred and twenty-five mighty families, a selfish lot, owning, free of taxation, two fifths of the entire land, with their peasants and laborers living as beasts, scarcely knowing how to keep body and soul together. The mutual relations between feoffer and feoffee had changed during the reigns of the last two monarchs, and the nobility, fearing this might now go further to their disadvantage, were united in

the determination to brook no more encroachments upon their rights from a foreign Queen Dowager. Beyond the landed relationship, the constant personal service to the King of the mounted nobles was also dying out, for they were replacing such vigorous mediæval duty to their overlord, either by sending substitutes, by subsidies, or by raising foreign mercenary troops.

Too much good fortune had unfortunately spoiled the nobility and separated them entirely from the interests of the people. They were proud of their ancestors, their coat of arms and their riches, which some of them could count by as much as twenty thousand dollars a year, but they had in turn no ability commensurate with their pride. Most of them put their pride in owning prize bulls and fat pasture lands, conducting endless lawsuits about inheritance and country property, fishing and hunting from early morn till late at night, feasting and drinking, bullying and beating their peasants, chasing petticoats, having a military cut to their beards, appearing with pomp, and interlarding their conversation with French and English oaths and Latin quotations. With such ideals a Danish nobleman was, in the eyes of his equals, God's crowning work.

Sophia, although she had no appeal from the decision of such as these to keep matters in their own hands, had resources within herself. She was a woman of positive character, much shrewd business sense, initiative and executive ability. Naturally, she had expected to be Queen Regent during her son's minority, and, indeed, the Council might have done worse than to turn to her. She had always resented being deprived of the upbring-

ing of her sons, Christian, Ulrich and Hans, and merely given her daughters, Elizabeth, Anna, Augusta and Hedwig. She had resented being always ignominiously outside of State affairs. She was too young and too ambitious to take such slights stoically. Justly, naturally at least, she felt that her rights were being brazenly usurped by the nobles, who to downright usurpation, as she saw it, added many sorts of despicable and petty annoyances. The Councillors cut down her allowance and her court, and when she remonstrated with justifiable, wounded pride, they replied: 'Your people are lazy, they generally associate with jugglers, and waste their time playing frivolous games in the garden and teasing the animals.' And so it was that years of needless disputes, appeals for her father's interference, machinations in the duchies, plotting and recriminations embittered her life until Christian himself became King.

To her expressions of resentment at their retaining the regency to themselves, the Council replied by attempting to brush her aside. They bundled her off to her jointure property, the castle of Nykjöbing, then in process of construction. Her only possible retort was a more or less successful attempt to upset their dignity. They had dismissed Rammel as master of the Prince's court and put Hak Ulfstand in his place. This touched the quick of the quarrel between the Council and the Queen Dowager. Sophia was born a German. The Council wished, as it had wished from the start, to have a thoroughly Danish king on the Danish throne. Rammel was a German, Ulfstand an out-and-out Dane. The Queen expressed her opinion to the Council without re-

serve. Ulfstand, she informed them, 'was useless except to swill wine and repeat empty gossip.' The remark was more pointed than diplomatic; it stung, and gained her nothing but enemies.

Outside of Denmark, Sophia's influence was more to her taste. She had missed the regency of Denmark, but in the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein the German influence was stronger. They, as members of the Holy Roman Empire, were subject to the mandates of Emperor Ferdinand. Partly owing to pressure from Sophia's father, Duke Ulrich of Mecklenburg, and partly owing to his wish to spite the Council, the Emperor appointed Sophia regent in the duchies until Christian's coming of age.

She comes forward again a little later, exercising on an international scale the mother's privilege of shopping for her daughters' weddings.

James VI of Scotland, who later became James I of England, wanted, if obtainable, both a pretty and a rich wife, with the best possible family connections. Queen Elizabeth, who was particularly anxious to have a finger in this pie, recommended Henri of Navarre's sister as one that would strengthen the cause of British Protestantism. James, however, thinking to settle the matter himself, sent Lord Baroch and Peter Young to apply for the hand of Christian's oldest sister, Elizabeth, who was now a girl of fourteen. Unfortunately, matters were delayed so that the Danish Councillors got wind of the fact that James was also making discreet inquiries at the French court, and the marriageable Elizabeth was forthwith promised to Duke Julius of Brunswick. This frightened

James into immediate and decisive action and he hurriedly, without a hint to Queen Elizabeth, rushed the Earl of Keith, with some of his cronies, off to Copenhagen to sue for the hand of Christian's younger sister, Anna. Others had also this in mind, among them the thrifty Dutch, who had sent envoys to Copenhagen to consider her possibilities as a wife for Maurice of Nassau, in whose hands lay the future of their struggling states. In Denmark every one had put his best foot forward and done his utmost to impress them. The Councillors ordered them lodged at the houses of the richest burghers, where they received white bread, wines, and game from the palace, and were even presented with golden chains. Though Anna was dressed in the silks and satins generally laid aside for State occasions, they finally decided, to the Queen Mother's great disappointment, that Anna would not do. 'Stupid, bargaining burghers!' said Sophia, whom Christian tried to console by sending down to Nykjöbing a couple of the fine dogs he had just received from Scotland. Keith and his pals, who were next in the market, were not in quite such a strong position. Kaas and Rosenkrands felt there might here be a chance not only to get back the Orkney and Shetland Islands, recently lost to Scotland, but also to reduce the amount of good cash involved. One thing was certain, Anna must be permitted to have her own Protestant chaplain and not be plagued by any Scotch Calvinist. As both sides were eager, the bargain was struck, and while Anna began embroidering her future husband's wedding shirt, Dowager Queen Sophia became the busiest woman in Denmark in preparing the trousseau and

purchasing jewelry. She sent messengers shopping all over Europe and set five hundred tailors to work in the sewing-rooms of the castle, where were piled high the stores and bales of fine cloths and silks purchased from English and Dutch merchantmen in the Sound and the skins and furs yearly paid in from all over the kingdoms and duchies. The two finest dresses which Anna was to wear on her wedding day were 'of peach and parrot-colored damask with fishboned skirts lined with wreaths of pillows around the hips.' Queen Sophia's acrimonious disputes with the Councillors as to the amount of money to be spent were, fortunately, over, so matters could progress rapidly in her able hands. Quibbling with the Scotch ambassadors came to an end at last; the contracts were signed, the great seal affixed, and the Earl of Keith mounted the marriage bed at Kronborg with the little fifteen-year-old Anna, thus by proxy indicating that his royal master's wedding had been formally consummated. Now it was Admiral Munch's turn to be busy, for Anna was to be escorted to Scotland by a brave fleet. The Admiral himself would command the *Gideon* and an escort of thirteen more men-of-war. As the vessels were all in commission, arrangements were soon completed, and the fleet set sail, the Copenhagen burghers cheering behind the smoke of the cannons as Anna rounded the harbor into the Kattegat. The sunshine in which they left home soon vanished, and powers which could not be controlled overcast the sky. When the terrified little bride awoke in the night a howling northwester from across the North Sea was whipping sails and tackle. In the board bunk of the galleon's little cabin, high up

astern, she rocked, as a starling in a tree-top. Admiral Munch should have bethought himself before they left, for the topheavy hulk of the man-of-war was too light for want of ballast. It was pitch black now, and her handmaiden, writhing sick on the floor, could scarce hear Anna's sobs amid the groans and creaks that followed the trembling of the laboring vessel and the swish of the waves on the uppermost deck. Added to it all, one of the cannons must have torn itself loose, for there was a horrible, heavy rumbling and crash forward and back against the bulwarks until scurrying feet and shouting, cursing voices at last put an end to it.

As dawn broke from across Sweden, Anna could see the huge black seas so large, it seemed as if they would swallow up the very cliffs along the shore to larboard. The Admiral, wet as a hunting dog, had to crawl on all fours to reach her cabin and tell Anna 'there was water in the hold and all the prayers of the learned doctors, Knibbe and Krag, who were spewing out their eternal souls below, had availed little in attempting to ascertain the cause of the sore and cruel tempest. Both the *Parrot* and the *Fighting-Cock* were already far astern to starboard, one of the pinnaces which had lost her mainsail was last sighted making for a Swedish fjord, and the wind was shifting like a marriageable widow.'

And so it continued without a let-up, for several miserable weeks, with one storm following the other, and contrary winds hindering headway in the Skagerak. Topsails ripped, masts splintered and crashed and one proud vessel after the other sprang a leak, while the *Gideon* had four feet of water in her hold. They were in

such a sorry state that the Dutch merchantmen which flew past them, like leaves in a tempest, even took comfort in jeering at their misery and signalling Munch to know if the Princess wanted a tow. Indeed it was impossible to proceed, as was amply proved by the subsequent trials, which brought out the suspected fact that certain witches in the shape of devils had blown wind and waves against the prows of the royal fleet and then hinded all headway by hanging to the sterns. The witches, who had assembled on the island of Fej, had brought on the storms by the assistance of certain clay pots from the house of Karen, the weaver. The rest of the fleet's trouble had been caused by the Apostle, 'Langvinus,' who had been sent after the ships in a beer keg, and who had been helped by two other devils, 'Beauty' and 'Hustle-Horseshoe.' The only reason that no greater misfortune had happened was that Karen's husband, son, and brother-in-law were on board, and she had for their sake begged the other witches in Jesus' name to spare the fleet. When they, all the same, dispatched Langvinus, Karen had spoiled their plans by killing one of them. After the subsequent trial, ordered by the Councillors, and which naturally caused a great stir, six of the witches were burned, or 'sworn to the fire' as they then said, one of them even proving to be the wife of the old burgomaster of Copenhagen.[1] There was a good deal of talk in the beer-houses of the capital about his defence of his wife. This had seemed very lukewarm

[1] A few years later the Bishop of Bemberg alone ordered six hundred witches burned and the Bishop of Würzberg over nine hundred in the years 1623–31.

to many of those who had been lucky enough to be admitted to the courtroom. No wonder, for shortly after the burning of his first wife, he lost no time in remarrying a pretty wench, and the burghers had good right to wag their heads. There was no fool like an old fool!

The whole business had frightened Anna, who had had very different dreams of her wedding trip. If it had not been for the condition of the ships, Munch probably would have continued westward. But now there was nothing to do but put in to Norway, while a single vessel continued to Scotland to tell the story to the impatient bridegroom. As soon as he received the bad news, James in turn hurriedly sent his gentleman-in-waiting, Lord William Stuart, to assure Anna in 'a golden letter' that if she would have only a little more patience he would himself arrive with a goodly retinue. This he did, in November, 1689, and upon seeing how attractive his young bride looked, he asked if he might not, according to Scotch custom, embrace her on the spot. As Anna had been brought up in Danish modesty and decorum, she begged, blushingly, to be excused, as such was not the custom of her country, 'but after a few words privately spoken betwixt His Majestie and her, there passed familiarity and kisses.' James, taking no further chances, particularly as so many evil forces seemed leagued against his happiness, arranged to be married at once, and, as there was no better place, he agreed on the house belonging to the head of the shoemakers' guild in Oslo. Wishing to make the best out of the modest surroundings and amuse the populace, as far as lay in his power, he ordered four negro boys, whom he had brought

with him, to dance in the snow before the royal chaise on its return from the wedding sermon. As they were ordered to wear no clothes, so that all might enjoy their strange color, three of them died the next few days of pneumonia, 'but Anna,' says the chronicler, 'found grace in her Scotch Lord's company.' Little did the poor young bride dream how, after losing her oldest boy, her second son was to die on the scaffold in London and her daughter in exile in the Netherlands!

Anna made a bad bargain, for James was an exceedingly tiresome, pedantic fellow, prosaic in the extreme and utterly lacking the charm of his lovely mother, Mary, Queen of Scots. Even his friends resented his slovenly appearance and the wobbly legs that had to be tied to the saddle when he went riding. And added to this, he was so puffed up with conceit as to his learning and scholarly qualities that his conversation was intolerable to friend and foe alike.

Poor little Anna!

While all this was taking place, her sister, Elizabeth, had been married in Copenhagen, with plenty of German princelings present. Oslo being both cold and limited in what it had to offer in pleasures, James and Anna, as soon as they heard about the entertainment, decided quickly to pay their Danish family a visit before setting sail for Holyrood. This time, however, Anna, having experienced the crafts of the devils, decided to proceed with her husband in sleighs, overland down the Norwegian-Swedish coast. Once at Kronborg, Anna's love dream was over, for James was not as attentive as he should have been, but amused himself immensely

hunting all day and drinking all night. He wrote home 'from the castle of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryuing our (killing time) on the auld manner.' Of course he attempted at all times to make a great show of his learning, but as he spoke in Scotch, he was quite unintelligible to the Danes. He was more successful when delivering a three-hour Latin oration to the learned doctors of theology at Roskilde Cathedral, who were likewise forced to listen to him, though heartily disagreeing with what he expounded. Once in a while, however, he did spare his bride a few hours. Thus one day the newly married couple sailed across to visit Tycho Brahe in his island observatory and hear him explain the Ptolemaic system of the movements of the sun and moon and stars. Poverty, persecution and exile had not yet embittered Brahe, who was now busy writing his celebrated introduction to astronomy and completing his great list of the fixed stars. James, who understood little, looked as wise as an owl while Brahe, surrounded by his pupils, took James and Anna all through his workshops, chemical laboratories, printing press and observatory. Brahe showed them the instruments of glass and brass which his workmen were finishing and the sextant he had invented the very year he had cast Christian's horoscope, and in parting gave James bits of tin and lead, begging only for a couple of Scotch dogs in return. But time soon came to go home for both Scotchman and German, as well as for Christian's return to his books. The witches being exterminated, James and his bride crossed in nine days to Scotland, with the wind favoring them continuously.

With two daughters married and Christian and Ulrich very generally away, little Hedwig and Hans were all the Queen Dowager had left, so she withdrew with them and her court to Nykjöbing Castle, where she soon proved herself as much of a domestic tyrant as a capable and thrifty 'hausfrau.' She herself passed on every dollar that was spent on the rapidly rising additions to the castle and inspected all the building materials before their incorporation in the building. Economy and frugality were the order of the day — every rose-noble, she reasoned, put in the strong box meant a silver piece saved, and every one lent cautiously at six per cent interest, against ample mortgage, meant a certain increase in yearly income. It was lucky for Christian in days to come that his mother had been such a capable banker, for time and time again her savings were to prove the only salvation between him and financial disaster, and when, at her death, the royal exchequer was completely empty, no less than ten barrels of gold or more than a million dollars were there to replenish it from Sophia's Nykjöbing vaults. While her children and their future were her main concern, and particularly that Christian would not get too much of a lion's share, her ladies-in-waiting led a most unfortunate existence. Simple living was the order of the day — jewelry and needless extravagance in dress were forbidden, and as for rich food, 'the hussies might have plenty of that when invited to Court or to feasts. Nykjöbing castle kitchen served meat only three times a week, for fish was as cheap as it was good.' As daylight was scarce in the winter time, Sophia felt that her ladies must be up

betimes and make good use of every minute, employing six hours a day for spinning, even if backs ached and eyes smarted. The manners of the young ladies were also carefully corrected, swearing and boxing of ears were punished by Biblical passages to learn, and as for laziness, the rod was the only remedy, for 'the Devil always found his own work for idle hands to do.' Thus Sophia planned and conducted her court during the forty-three years in which she outlived King Frederick.

CHAPTER III

In 1591 Christian made the first of his well-nigh yearly trips to his Norwegian Kingdom, in order to receive the homage of his Norwegian Estates in his castle of Akershus outside the capital, Oslo. Akershus lay on a lovely, rocky promontory jutting out into the blue fjord, with pine-clad islands at its feet and hills and mountains on all sides around the head of the waters, which it protected. In later days Christian was here to found his new Norwegian capital and give it his name to carry during three centuries. No Danish King treated Norway less like a stepchild than did in future years the young lad now bound for this, the most beautiful of his possessions.

At the age of fourteen, Christian was naturally between boy and man. It was perhaps more to his boyish, than to his manly tastes that the excursion to Norway made its appeal. He was to make a voyage of his own, on his own beloved ships — real ships this time, his childhood's dreams realized, the ships of his boyish sketches, the models whittled by his boyish jackknife, come to life and sailing the reallest of seas. He knew them like the veriest shipwright or rigger, every deck, rope and spar. He knew them like the veriest sailor; with the ease and the security of the best of them he could run up to the yardarm or take his trick at the wheel.

On the twenty-fifth of May, Christian bore up the

Oslo fjord. It was the time of year when its waters are the bluest and mountains beyond are their loveliest and tenderest green, still powdered with white at the summits. The soft wind carried the fragrance of bird-cherries and lilacs out across the waters to mingle with the smell of the pine and spruce. The clear azure inlet was so narrow that the fleet sailed three abreast except the *Gideon*, which led the squadron, with the *Josaphat*, the *Raphael* and the *Falk of Bergen* in close formation, scarce a cross-bow shot behind. Christian stood high on the poop deck with Chancellor and Admiral behind him as they went on the starboard tack to round the last point of Naesodden before sighting 'Fuglesang,' [1] the highest tower of the fortress. The Danebrog, with its white cross on the blood-red ground, whipped from every masthead on galleon, bark and pinnace alike, and from every yardarm flew the long pennants. The sailors and musketeers had been up since daybreak polishing the brass of cannons and culverines, till they shone so that one could scarcely look at them, and stacking by their sides in neat pyramids the stone and iron cannon balls. Christian's young heart beat fast at the sight of it all.

It was a moot question whether the lookout in the crow's-nest spied the guard in the 'Daredevil' tower before the guard saw the *Gideon's* fore-topsail, but the moment the lookout shouted, 'Akershus Castle ahead!' King Christian himself gave the master gunner the order and all the tiers of port ordnance, thirty-three guns in all, began to bark and send their balls dancing

[1] 'Birdsong.'

and splashing out over the bay. Up went the royal standard on the highest rampart ashore and back came the joyful royal salute of eighty-one guns. The soldiers stood by their pikes as trumpets blew and drums rolled till it seemed as if their skins must burst. A little farther in, shrouded in the cloud of smoke, down went the chains and out the anchors until every man-of-war was lazily riding under the lee and favor of the fortress tower. Ships' boats were lowered and pinnaces came alongside and twenty sturdy arms soon landed Christian on the rocks of his Norwegian Kingdom, from which he, accompanied by the Queen Dowager, his brothers and court, marched into the fortress.

The little trading post was buzzing with excitement. Prelates and dignitaries had for weeks past been arriving in their boats as well as afoot and on horseback from over the mountain ranges. First and foremost among them was, of course, the Archbishop, Isaac Grönbeck, 'comitatus domino Patricio pastore Nidrosiensi,' to say nothing of the Bishop, Burgomaster and Councillors of Bergen and the Bishop of Stavanger. These were fighting prelates, far mightier than their Danish brethren, and to be reckoned with in all matters of State. The Bishop of Oslo, who received them all, was a busy host to the visiting clergy, and so was also the City Bailiff, Jacob Hanssen, discussing order of precedence, storage of food, and last, but not least, who was to pay the bills. But town and gown arranged matters amicably deciding 'half of the entertainment would be paid from "communi boni" and half by the chapter, even if it was forced to borrow some hundred and fifty dollars.'

The following morning shone with the cool fragrance of Northern spring; seven hundred Norwegian noblemen, clergy and burghers pressed into the square at the foot of the castle to have their first look at their brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked King from across the sea. They were all in their places, as well as their womenfolk in the 'theatre' opposite, each according to rank, as the boy rode down across the drawbridge of the fortress with Kaas and Valkendorff to right and left of him and the Admiral close behind, carrying the flag with the Norwegian lion, battle-axe in hand, on the scarlet ground. The air was clearer and lighter than any the boy had ever breathed. Below, beyond the red draped scaffolding and excited crowds, snapped the gay Danish pennants from the masts of the fleet. No wonder the lad felt the intoxication of the scene and the honest, sturdy Norwegian subjects went wild with joy, for but one Danish King before him had ever taken the trouble to visit his Norwegian Kingdom. The King being seated and the Councillors having found their places, the Chancellor, looking straight at Oluf Galde, first nobleman of Norway, spoke for his master and thanked the assembly for their loyalty, continuing, 'Let us also thank God that our dearly beloved master of blessed memory gave us a pious and lawful heir, the surest defence against rebellion and civil war. You must obey the son even as you obeyed the father. He will prove himself a mighty King and protect you against cunning enemies, he will uphold law and order, defend the gospel and punish those who do evil, for a good tree has borne good fruit. Each one of you now arise, stand forth and

in all decency and earnestness, kneeling according to good old custom and with raised hands, swear your fealty to your Lord!'

There are very few records or letters pertaining to the next couple of years of Christian's life, when he was quietly completing his studies and preparing for the high office to which he had been born. Though Mikkelsen was less of a plague than in younger years, nevertheless he persevered in being the King's shadow in the many hours devoted to books. Much time was spent at Fredericksborg, owing to the plague which was raging in Copenhagen, and much in manly exercise and acting with the Councillors in matters of State. Slowly but surely the boy was being modelled into a man and a king.

In 1594 there came to Christian the news that his faithful old Chancellor and boyhood friend, Nils Kaas, was dying. With the courteous dignity that was already his, Christian chose to hurry afoot, his equerry beside him carrying his sword on his shoulder, to the bedside of the dying servant. Nils Kaas had been heavily burdened during the last years. In the very year when the boy sailor steered his ships to Norway, Kaas, at the helm of State affairs, had avoided, temporarily at least, a most threatening storm, a conflict with the old arch-enemy, Sweden. He had succeeded in keeping out of an Evangelical alliance with James VI and Henri IV, and, on the other side, from trouble with the Dutch by not listening to the Spanish encouragement to close the Sound. Indeed, Kaas's wise old head and steady hand on the helm had brought the ship of State through many

NILS KAAS

a perilous passage. Now he was leaving the young King with many resources, but with even more perils ahead of him. He knew Christian would inherit a great fortune, plenty of money for the new palaces he was erecting, the ships he was building and the fortresses he was mending. Moreover, the Kingdom he was shortly to govern was more powerful in the North than the newly welded Kingdom of Sweden, and Norwegian trade and fishing and dominion over the Northern waters were important elements in foreign relations. On the other hand, Kaas knew full well that Christian would soon have to face the great day of reckoning between Catholicism and Protestantism. The conflict could not be settled by such horrors as the recent night of Saint Bartholomew. But now Nils Kaas's work was over and he had ascended his bed stairs for the last time. The curtains were drawn aside toward the carved posts of the great bed and its doors and grating were opened as the young King entered, followed by his courtiers. The old man lay, as was the custom, stark naked between the sheets, merely wearing his nightcap. With his last words the dying Chancellor begged the King to care for the fleet as Denmark's most precious protection. Then he handed him the key to the vaults in which the royal regalia was kept, keys which had been entrusted to him by King Frederick. 'When the time comes,' whispered Kaas, 'bear the crown with honor, the sceptre with wisdom, the sword with righteousness, and hold fast the orb of state, with care and foresight.' They had been true friends since Christian's first step from his go-cart to the Chancellor's outstretched arms, so no wonder it

was with a husky voice that the King now took his last farewell and that he felt old and lonely as the Chancellor closed his eyes to follow his former master, King Frederick, in the grave. The Christian who parted from his great servant seemed all of a sudden to have turned into a man.

So at least thought the Queen Dowager, who considered Christian man enough to be married. She was working, to be sure, to the same end for all her unmarried children, but a marriage for the King naturally concerned her most. In order to exercise her own power, unhindered by the Council, she resorted in this particular matter to secret diplomacy with no aid but that of her own sly German Councillor. He had of late been sailing back and forth across the Baltic with letters to and from the Margravine of Brandenburg and the subject of them all was the latter's daughter Anna-Catherine. Matters moved fast, for after two or three letters and replies the Councillor presented a kitten from Sophia and whenever he returned after that brought back presents to Nykjöbing Castle. Once it was shrimps and crawfish, then lap-dogs, then fruit juices, then perfumes and flower water with promises of larger quantities, if desired. Finally the Margravine wrote: 'As for the happily concluded marriage which, according to God's Providential foresight, has now, God be praised, been decided upon between your Highness' dearly beloved son and Our own precious, oldest daughter — all I can say is: Glory, praise and honor to the Holy Trinity!' As a last shot, the Margravine lent Sophia her apothecary with all his secrets about jellies, marmalades, brandy and candies,

and cakes, pomades and perfumes. In so doing, however, she had reached the outer limit of her sacrifices. But though the matter may have been considered an accomplished fact to the House of Brandenburg, and full of hope to Queen Sophia, Christian himself was still blissfully ignorant as to his future spouse.

In serene unconsciousness of his mother's plans for the conduct of his life, Christian was happily busy with less essential affairs, such as acting by proxy as godfather to the infant Gustavus Adolphus, busying himself with his workmen in his busy shipyards and about his rapidly rising palaces. But what mother can in the long run keep her schemes absolutely secret? Accordingly, in the autumn of 1595 he turned from the engaging activities at home to take a trip to the south, to shoot, hunt and carouse with his friends and relations, and to look over the marriage market for himself. He set out as was the custom in a travelling coach, an enormous affair shaped like a modern hearse, and as funereal in its lining of black velvet — a four-poster bed-on-wheels, with corner pillars, upholding its canopied top and damask curtains, so big that a dozen courtiers could play at dice or cards in it as it lumbered slowly over the crude roads in the midst of its procession of guards and attendants. In this lumbering machine, and with a royal retinue, Christian went first to Gottorp, where his Renaissance magnificence encountered a startling bit of mediæval barbarity. Four of the troopers of the reigning Duke had captured a woman outside of Lübeck, had maltreated her in the vilest manner for three days, and finished by cutting her to pieces and eating each a quar-

ter of her heart. After seeing justice wrought upon the malefactors, he continued his journey to Hamburg and Lüneborg successfully, and to Wolfenbüttel, outside of Brunswick. Wherever he came, jolly hunting parties were arranged, with luncheons served in the woods, and each evening they journeyed, he and his court were received with a feast at the nearest castle. Princesses and dowagers, unaware of what Queen Sophia and the Brandenburgs had been up to, put forward their prettiest wares, and Christian danced and joked with them all, deciding, however, to make no choice until he had consulted with his mother. So last of all, on his return journey, he came to the court of the Margrave of Brandenburg, Joachim Frederick, where the Margravine had been fuming and fretting with anxiety ever since she had heard of his departure from Denmark. Little Anna-Catherine, 'plump as a pigeon and innocent as a prioress,' looked both dutiful, patient and fruitful. Christian, trusting in his mother in such matters, as well as in his own reason, rather than his heart, practically concluded the marriage bargain before he left for home.

In this procedure, Christian had followed the precedent of his line, for most of the Kings of Denmark had sought wives in Germany, where there was always an unrestricted supply of royal brides, for the most part equally dull and unprepossessing and unsoftened by age. They grew increasingly irritating as their husbands proved faithless and indifferent. Once married, they produced progeny almost every year, most of which, as a result of the harsh conditions of the time, died in early

infancy. The greater portion of the royal children that survived were, curiously enough, girls, unfortunately not welcomed into a material world where their marriage involved costly dowries from an exhausted exchequer. And the pious and sanctimonious characteristics that seemed to develop in the German queens unfortunately merely aggravated the profligacy and drunkenness of their Danish husbands. As a fact, marriage for love practically did not at this time exist in the upper classes. A writer of those days says, 'While some will reason that marriage is the result of love, methinks it more natural to look upon love as the fruit of marriage.' It was the ending and not the beginning of the relationship which was deemed of importance in the days of King Christian.

On his return to Denmark, the young King found troubles brewing, both domestic and foreign. The new Chancellor, Christian Friis, and the other Councillors were at swords' points with the Dowager Queen, so that their deliberations had in his absence usually ended in stormy quarrels. The great question was, of course, when should they declare Christian of age, lay down the regency, and crown him King? In France, Spain and England, the King became of age when he was fourteen, but in Denmark, not until he was twenty. Outside these troubles, there were Swedish relations which had gone from bad to worse, for King Charles IX had brazenly assumed the title of King of the Lapps, which was an insult not to be borne unheeded by the King of Norway, to whom the Lapps certainly belonged. But the most serious question of all was that of the Sound tolls, causing

angry dispute between Denmark and all the seafaring nations and most particularly the Hansa cities, Sweden, the Netherlands and England.

With these difficulties Christian felt himself mature enough to cope, and his Councillors and his subjects were beginning to feel so too. With the Council he had already acted for many years when it made its circuit from district to district to hold court and judge in matters of dispute. At these meetings he even, now that he was full grown, presided, and the Regents and all concerned felt that his ability was extraordinary for one of his age, in upholding the Councillors to keep the letter and the spirit of their oath, 'to judge righteously, uninfluenced by violence, jealousy, power, friendship or hatred, favor or gift. To help everybody to obtain justice, be he rich or poor, nobleman or commoner, foreigner or native, and neither before nor after judgment, secretly or openly to accept for himself or any one else any gift, bribe, gold or silver money or articles of value, and to keep their mouths as closed as a secret trap door.' Both as a court of justice and as a governing power the Council had, as the King ripened into manhood, kept well to the spirit of the oath. They had, of course, made their mistakes and fought their quarrels, but their work and the government of the Regents had been honest, and, in the main, beneficial, and neither Christian nor Queen Sophia could refuse to acknowledge it. It was a stiff fight, however, before the Regents laid aside their power in 1596, and fixed Christian's coronation for the end of August. This they did with a gesture of reluctance or caution, increasing, in resigning,

the number of Councillors, thereby giving a corresponding increase to the power of the nobles in affairs of State.

Christian began his reign with a glorious exhibition of one of the two traits which endeared him forever to the hearts of the Danes, and brought down ruin upon Denmark. One was his personal prowess as a fighter by land and sea, which dragged his kingdom into incessant, ruinous wars. The other was his utter disregard of expense in all exhibitions of kingly pomp. In ordering his coronation he did so as recklessly and freely as if the treasure ships of Spain were daily discharging golden cargoes along the wharves of Copenhagen. It was, to be sure, a remarkable occasion, a coronation and a royal wedding, that of Christian's sister Augusta to Duke John Adolphus of Gottorp, but it was false pride which prompted Christian to the ruinous extravagance with which he dumbfounded his foreign guests and borrowed and begged and squeezed money out of rich and poor alike until every available dollar within the kingdom had been converted into food and drink and clothes and fireworks and powder and trappings for the occasion.

The jollification was to commence on August 27th, the day before the coronation, and to last until September 9th — two solid weeks of fun. Christian was in high feather, 'holding the ace,' as his good burghers said, bubbling over with excitement and anticipation at coming events. This was natural, for he was a boisterous, uncontrollable child of these passionate, colorful days of the Renaissance and his whole temperament was in tune with its gayest mood.

The first thing he thought of was naturally the invi-

tations, as some of those to be asked would have to come from afar, and well armed at that, for times were troublous and neither Emperor's nor King's peace was respected in some regions. Up in his tower room in Fredericksborg, with his clerks around him, quills all sharpened and seals and parchments ready, Christian himself went over the lists of those to be invited. There was a letter to every non-Catholic court in Europe. It was unfortunate, but probably neither James of Scotland nor Julius of Brunswick would be able to attend, as both their wives were daily expecting their confinement. As for Queen Sophia, she was learning to hold her tongue, so she made no mention of her anxiety in regard to wedding plans, but shortly after the Brandenburg courier, who had carried the coronation invitation, had returned, galloping through the western gate of Copenhagen, the Nykjöbing messenger hurried home to tell her in turn that the entire Brandenburg family, including both the Ladies Anna-Catherine and her sister Barbara, were already busy preparing their wedding finery. Their father, Margrave Joachim Frederick, who was still merely Prince-Bishop of Magdeburg, as his father, the Elector of Brandenburg, seemed capable of everything except dying, had sent all the way to Hamburg merchants for Italian satins and brocades, and Joachim Frederick himself would bring no less than two hundred of his followers and five hundred horses.

The three newly gilt crowns on the Blue Tower of Copenhagen glittered over a capital that had suddenly been transformed into a beehive. People came streaming in from all parts of the two kingdoms, from over

land and sea, from north, south, east and west. It was lucky some third of the inhabitants had moved on from their little half-timbered houses to the churchyards during the last plague, leaving only some thirteen thousand souls behind, or there would have been scanty room for the guests, either in house or stable. As it was, there were plenty of them for the pikemen to keep in order in their encampments outside the walls. The castle rooms, as well as those in the city houses of the great nobles, having all been carefully allocated, Christian went over the acceptances, comparing them with every spare room, attic or stable to be found. Then he sent dragoons, with chalk in their pockets, to mark upon the doors of each home the number of guests that might be expected, also to leave baskets for the hosts with wine and beer from the royal cellars. Thus guests and stabling were all arranged according to the rank of the nobleman or burgher and the capacity of his quarters. Of course, there was grumbling. Christian had heard whispers that the burghers were complaining to the burgomasters, but there was no use in giving ear to such nonsense, for there were some three thousand horses to be stalled and fed, and the quicker they arranged the matter between them the better for all concerned.

Each Danish nobleman received his orders in writing, which he was to follow 'as long as he was sober enough to read and remember them.' The instructions gave the full order of the ceremonial, and the names and titles of the foreign guests to be cared for at the ceremonies and festivities, and directions to the noblemen to appear in velvet trimmed with fur, and to dress the servants in

velvet-trimmed homespun, and to wives and daughters to provide not only bedding, linen and tapestries, but also willing hands. Everything was thus clear and explicit, so even fools might learn their lesson and know their part.

August was quickly passing. Burghers as well as regular soldiers, some four thousand of them in all, had for days been filing in and out of the royal armory and tailor shops and guard-house, receiving clothing and arms, but even more warnings and instructions as to the four banners under which they were to serve. Every mother's son of them was assigned to his place, be it along the ramparts or along the main streets. The King's hundred dragoons were the envy of all, for in their new yellow damask doublets and red velvet hose to match their caps with dangling, yellow feathers, not a wench in Copenhagen would be able to withstand them. Each member of the company was threatened with guard-house, from which neither a rocket nor a bomb could be seen, if he as much as leaned against barrack wall or house front and stained the costly cloth. So as to ward against this, they were instructed that every morning until the guests arrived they would be inspected for spot or stain of beer or grease, and woe unto him who could not pass muster.

The large craft was riding at anchor in the harbor, ready to shoot off their ordnance the moment the signal was given that the first foreign cavalcade had entered a city gate, and their sailors said they would fire so lustily the poor landlubbers would tremble with fear. A single pram still remained alongside the castle

dock unloading, they said, some thirty-five thousand drinking-glasses taken off English and Dutch merchantmen. It seemed an enormous number, but they might be needed, for the noblemen broke all they had at the nightly carouses. There were no small craft there, for they had all luffed across the Sound to Helsingborg or beaten down against the wind to the North German and Duchy ports to bring back as many of the guests as could crowd the decks. Of course Christian had sent courtiers along to greet them; that is, all that he could spare from among those who would accompany his own royal person, or welcome the great lords at the gates of his capital. He himself and the Queen Mother, with Hedwig and Augusta, who had no moments to spare away from the preparations, had arranged to stand at the head of the courtyard staircase, ready and dressed whenever a guest arrived.

It was only in the nick of time that the last tapestry and wreaths were hung, for there went the signal from the watchman in Our Lady's spire! Duke Hans and his cavalcade had been seen on the horizon, coming along the Roskilde road. Out dashed the horsemen to the western gate, while the royal family took their places in the palace courtyard. Half an hour's impatience, then cannons on ramparts and aboard men-of-war thundered their salutes and rockets and bombs rent the sky.

And now one embassy after another arrived, so many, the royal powder-men's faces and hands were all black and singed from their work. It had almost proved too much of a good thing, for one of the Indian sunbursts very nearly put an end to the rejoicing by setting fire

to a portion of the city. As if there had not been plenty of bustle and excitement without it! Christian, guests and courtiers left armor behind in their apartments and all turned to as firemen, for the eight half-besotted night-watchmen were naturally powerless. Indeed it was doubtful for a time whether it would not all end by the burning up of Copenhagen rather than the coronation of its King.

On the great day the populace had been awakened early by psalms rung out by steeple bells. At the appointed hour, the coronation procession wound out of the castle courtyard. It was hard to tell whether master or horse was the most magnificent; for Christian wore white and silver, studded with diamonds, and a gold and velvet cape edged with pearls, while his charger had silver shoes, and diamonds and sapphires shone in his red velvet reins. At the head of the procession came trumpeters and drummers with instruments of shining new silver, the silk-embroidered arms of Denmark hanging from the bugles. Their noise was so overwhelming that it well-nigh drowned the cries of the jubilant populace. Heralds, with silver wands, preceded Kristoffer Valkendorff, the Master of the Court, and the Chancellor, Christian Friis, and the Councillors, three and three abreast in velvet capes; then followed the regalia on cushions carried by the great officers of State. The King's own dragoons, of course, formed his bodyguard, and a brave sight they were. The housemaids, as expected, almost fell out of the dormers and off the leads, craning their necks as they passed.

Finally came the nobles, foreign embassies, princes

and churchmen, the Burgomasters of Lübeck, Hamburg and Danzig, all in order according to their rank and importance, and the Princesses of the House of Denmark preceding all of the noble ladies.

The Bishops of Zealand, Fünen and Scania made their deep reverences at Our Lady's portal as Christian alighted from his charger, and all entered except the lower classes, unworthy of the honor of attending the sacrament. By this they did not, however, lose very much, for those who were entitled to seats or standing-room enjoyed a doubtful pleasure, owing to the long and tedious ceremony, the endless Latin sermon, and the organ music, hymns and interminable prayers, and finally to Peder Vindstrup, 'the ordinator,' for whom it was unfortunately the chance of a lifetime to orate. At last, however, the King was anointed on his forehead, breast, wrists and neck, and led to the tent behind the altar, where he was invested with the royal robes, in which he would receive the regalia. When the solemn moment arrived for placing the crown on Christian's head, all the Councillors stepped forward so as not only to have a hand in pressing it down on his brow good and tight, but also by so doing to express that they were the ones who had placed the crown there and not the grace of God. 'Gracious Lord,' they said, 'Your Majesty, now receive from *us*, the crown of the Realm, and that in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!' Grasping the sword from one of the bishops, Christian vigorously hacked the air in all directions, demonstrating to the assembly his zeal for the protection of all four corners of his realm. And as

a final act he grasped the Gospel in his left hand, still holding the naked sword in his right, exhibiting himself as the defender of the Evangelical faith.

The soldiers were having their troubles with the mob outside when the doors of the great western portals at last swung back at noon to the strains of the final *Te Deum*. Mounting his charger once more, Christian rode out under the crimson baldachin bearing his new crown and carrying his sword still in his hand. The cannons boomed, the soldiers shot off the muskets, while the populace, lining the streets, climbing poles and crowding windows, roofs and housetops, shouted themselves hoarse. The church bells rang out the glad tidings, which were taken up from spire to spire across the soft green islands, yellow dunes and gray waters. Christian IV was King!

When Christian reached Amager Square there was a surprise in store for him, which up to now had been hidden from the gaze of the curious. Of late a triumphal arch had been erected behind mysterious canvases that had obstructed the thoroughfare, and it was surmounted by a Norwegian lion and supported by strutting stucco musicians. Underneath the vault floated as chubby a little angel carrying a wreath as ever made the mistake of descending from Paradise. Now, as the King rode back, the very moment he came beneath the arch, the musicians began to play a wondrous sweet, tinkling melody and, strangest of all, the little cherub descended still lower and placed the wreath upon the top of the King's crown. The mob was enthralled, for it seemed like a very miracle from the Lord on high.

The procession having returned to the palace, the real fun began, with plenty of it for the common people who could neither drink themselves asleep nor eat themselves sick among the lucky nobles at the castle. For them, however, there was music and dancing in the streets, new coined money scattered in handfuls, oxen and game roasted on huge spits and a fountain spouting continuously white and red wine. And there were good-natured burgher guards to remove those from the scene who had lost teeth or had had fingers bitten off and bones broken in the scuffle to reach the succulent viands and fragrant wines.

Queen Sophia had thought of everything. The last thing she had finished was Augusta's dowry, and this with a sigh of relief, for it meant the furnishings for her entire life. She had ordered the silver-columned wedding coach hung in the new-fangled manner on straps, its upper portion of white leather studded with gold nails and the woodwork covered with gold leaf and the harness and bridles for eight horses heavily plated with silver. Nothing like it had ever been seen in Denmark before, so even King Christian was envious. Then there had been all the costly jewelry, chains and belts, numberless pillows and bolsters, sheets and blankets, so many in fact that the beautiful whitewood chests, which had arrived from Königsberg, could not, after all, contain them, and special bales had to be placed on the farm wagons to hold the pots and pans and mortars and plates for the bride's kitchen and servants' hall.

At the royal dinner, which lasted six hours, most of those who had not brought their own implements were

given knives or spoons and napkins. Dinner was served in three sets of courses consisting of venison, cherry soup, chicken patty, carp and cornucopia cakes, boiled roast beef with sausages, veal, trout, tarts, almond paste and suckling pig, oysters, goose and shrimps, fox and pastries. Though the many cupbearers ran incessantly from guest to guest, both with the clear red wine [1] of France and Alicante and Rhine wine, both unspiced and mixed with honey and sugar, the serious drinking did not begin until the ladies had left their own tables. As the drinking lasted until daylight, Copenhagen slept until almost noon the next day, leaving barely time to dress for Princess Augusta's wedding to Duke John Augustus of Gottorp, Archbishop of Bremen and Lübeck. Despite her exalted position, the law of the land must be followed, and as the Princess was a virgin, she could only be married on a Sunday with a single golden clasp to her belt. Christian was thus forced to decide upon the day succeeding his coronation for Augusta's wedding. As his first royal act King Christian in right regal manner gave away his sister, while the two younger brothers carried the candles before her up the stairs to the long hall of knights in the royal castle, where the Bishop this time dwelt upon the blessed fruits of matrimony, and the danger to women of knowledge, ending his sermon by turning to John Augustus with the felicitous couplet,

> Your wife shall become so pregnant and fine
> With numberless offspring, like grapes on the vine.

Then followed a few days of carousing, boar and stag-

[1] Claret.

hunting, merry-making and scurrying about wherever the horses or legs would carry the joyous party, in neighboring forests, royal castles, or visiting the ships of the fleet. Knowing how hot-headed the noblemen were, particularly when heated with wine, Christian had feared trouble between his own and the foreign lords, but, apart from an occasional brawl, there were no accidents, many of which had, however, been prevented by the sailors detailed to pick drunken noblemen out of the harbor whenever they fell overboard.

The next event after the wedding, and the one for which Christian had made the most elaborate preparations, was proclaimed by the royal heralds, who went from street corner to street corner reading the following proclamations:

> We, Sergius the Sixth, called Pontifex Maximus, Our papal benediction to all who see or read this letter! We announce that a great many princes, counts and nobles have arrived in town in order to take part in the present great events. We have been enjoined by our true brethren, all of whom are cardinals, to hold and arrange knightly ring-running in order to give pleasure to aforesaid lords and most particularly their noble ladies. We have, therefore, determined with God's help to assemble to-morrow morning at nine o'clock in Amager Square and there to appear in the race track, to maintain it and to run against all competitors who attempt the knightly game.

One may imagine that there were many who did not know what the exercises were to be, who were mystified by this proclamation; what had Pope Sergius to do with Lutheran Denmark or such frivolities as knightly games? Naturally, all would hasten to the square to see

Pope Sergius. Christian saw to it that they were not disappointed. It was to be for him the great day of his personal triumph, for few if any there were in the kingdom his equals in the ring-running, jousting, fencing or breaking a spear, and thus he took justifiable pride in his horsemanship, and in leading his nobles in 'exercitiis equestribus.'

Though the knightly games, and particularly jousting, really belonged to the previous age, Christian had decided to produce them at his coronation in all their mediæval splendor. There had been considerable discussion in making the arrangements as to whether in the tourneys the combatants should, after breaking their lances, merely make use of their swords, or whether they might not also make use of their modern weapons, the pistols. The certainty of unfortunate casualties made the King follow the counsel of the cooler heads and forbid all use of firearms. Of course, only nobles were to be permitted to take part, and they must, as was customary, proclaim their names before they entered the lists and have their shields with their quarterings passed on by the herald-at-arms. To prevent mistakes and accidents, Christian had in his invitations summoned them 'to appear with horses used to the manner of knightly games, as also to bring full armor for jousting and ring-running and fighting with sword and lance.'

The ring-running lasted for two days, the King being the 'Mantenador,' a character which was half challenger and half master of ceremonies. It gave him plenty to do, for he charged no less than three hundred and forty times at ring, head and body, and tilted against a

hundred and thirteen of his own and foreign nobles. To add gayety to the scene, the participants were dressed up in the most extraordinary costumes. First came the scene to which the mock proclamation had been the prelude, a parody on the Papal Court. Christian himself, as Pope Sergius, carried a triple crown and led the knights and nobles, who appeared as cardinals, bishops, monks and courtesans. Then the scene shifted to one in which the nobles all appeared as Turkish, Indian and Persian women, and finally Alexander, Hector, Scipio, Hannibal and other classic characters dashed like mad up and down before the delighted audience which crowded the windows draped in red velvet all around the square. Following the jousting, and after Christian had given to others the silver prizes he had won, came the fights arranged between wolves and dogs or bulls and bears, and then finally the fireworks at Kronborg Castle, in which eleven thousand Persians fell with their castle walls, after being attacked by an invading army.

These picturesque extravagances are well worth attention in and for themselves. They are perhaps even more so as an index of the time as well as of the character of Christian. To us to-day it is by no means incredible that at the close of the sixteenth century the magnificently apparelled ghost of chivalry, dead for two hundred years, should walk in such a parade as this. But we may find it unthinkable that the use of the pistol in a tourney of this sort should be suggested by any one but a Mark Twain, or that, once suggested, it should have been for a moment seriously considered. Knightly exercises were the athletics, the 'big games,' of the period.

To the modern mind, a pistol in a tournament would be no more a debatable proposition than a sawed-off shotgun in a football game. The knightly games survived in form from the Middle Ages for two or three centuries after their spirit was dead, a form which we admire to-day only for the Renaissance magnificence in which it was draped. It was in this exercise that Christian spent a fortune that might have saved the country from many ills. Excellence in it was his pride, and the qualities, which gave him that excellence, gave him his hold on the hearts of his nobles and his people. It reveals with equal clarity his strength and his weaknesses.

CHAPTER IV

Most of Christian's life was passed in an age of violent contrasts with its pictures, either bathed in light and sunshine or scarcely recognizable owing to their shadows. During Christian and Ulrich's youth their parents had twice hurried them from castle to castle in order to escape the spreading plague. The havoc which it wrought every five or six years was so terrible that it was one of the few things that brought real fear to the people and completely took away their appetite for pomp and festivities. And now, with the young King scarcely anointed and crowned, the plague once again showed its ugly face in Copenhagen, where it had swept away one quarter of the population only a few years ago. King Christian was unable to reason that ignorance and filth, coupled with intemperance and gluttony, were largely responsible for the disease. But if he was wanting in knowledge of hygiene as well as self-control, he lacked neither personal courage nor mental ingenuity. Instead of fleeing, Christian did his best to meet the situation. It was really a most depressing one to the good burghers, for stray dogs were their only street-cleaners, and the drinking-water, which they fetched from the open wells, was strange in taste, owing to the many bodies of babies thrown into them by desperate mothers. After thinking the critical situation over, Christian ordered the two burgomasters to the palace, one of whom told the King

he was glad to have been summoned, 'as he had found little comfort from the culprits swinging in the Newmarket gallows outside his sitting-room window, nor the wolves which hung beside them, and the bodies recently interred under the paving of his church pew made worship there no more attractive.' The King saw reason for his complaint, but believed the larger aspects of the situation should first be dealt with. After considerable discussion it was decided by the three of them that the city council should issue an ordinance containing the following

GENERAL ORDINANCES

1. All good burghers are to submit to frequent purging and blood-letting.
2. Whenever a corpse is carried past in the streets and squares of the city, all persons must hurry to the nearest doorways and yards for protection.
3. All families, rich and poor alike, are to lay their sick on the bedroom floors and no one will in the future share their bed with them during the later stages of the frightful disease.
4. Every citizen must go to the daily inconvenience of washing his hands, and also his face at least several times a week, and even the entire head once in a while. The coldness of the weather will not be accepted as a sufficient excuse for omitting the precautions of this paragraph.
5. Where lice are plentiful, heads are to be washed in strong lye.
6. Such persons as are proven merely to suffer from colds, and not the plague, are to wash their heads in hot butter, some of which should also be placed in their beer. There must be plenty of beer for the children, less thirst drive them to drink water.

CLOTHING

1. While doeskin underclothing is beneficial, owing to the fact that all deer are long-lived and enemies of snakes and poison, marten and fox skin undershirts are also recommended. As long as the pest rages, all such clothes should be hung up above the manure pits, where the pestilent and contagious air, which has gathered between the hairs, may be dispelled by the steam from the dung.
2. In arising in the morning, all good burghers should put on their hoods before all other articles of clothing, as the morning air is most dangerous on an uncovered neck.
3. Such citizens as are well-to-do will likewise find a valuable antidote in spraying their clothes before dressing with pleasant-smelling waters.

Such useful regulations as these having been copied out in neat legible handwriting, King Christian affixed his signature with its many bold flourishes and turned to his chaplain to see whether he in turn had anything useful to suggest. This worthy suggested that the various city preachers ought in their sermons to impress upon the people the fact that the plague had been sent to punish them for their sins and wickedness. He also informed His Majesty that he had of late noticed that the woodwork of the gibbets was filled with elegant knives stuck into it by feverish patients who thereby hoped to be cured, but the pity of it was that merciless thieves stole the knives, whereby the disease at once entered their own bodies. 'The activities of the Devil,' he continued, 'had become so manifold and penetrating that it was futile to attempt to escape the plague by cutting off and treasuring the fingers of the malefactors that had been hung.'

The city fathers returned to the courthouse, and the chaplain to his work, while Christian turned to his splendid silver goblet for mature reflection. That his own weaknesses were many and serious cannot be denied. While his education had brought him to a comparatively early maturity, he had inherited his father's craving for all forms of enjoyment and his mother's passionate nature. His vices, extravagance, drunkenness and sensuousness were those of his age and associates, most of whom had several mistresses, and the men and women of his court alike were constantly drunk. Christian soon adopted their point of view and considered it extremely amusing to see a friend or comrade intoxicated. Even the authors of his day gave as a reason for a person being a 'good, honest fellow,' that he once in a while had 'a good jag.' As for Germans, who came North to visit or trade, if they were not at least partially intoxicated, the court considered they must be ill. Those around him drank from eight to twelve quarts of beer a day, and Christian himself would, when in good humor, drain, between songs, some thirty to forty goblets of wine to the health of the companions surrounding his table. Even temperate and economical Queen Sophia drank her two gallons of Rhine wine a day and the nuns in the cloister under her protection grumbled at their yearly rations of fourteen barrels of beer, two pounds of malt and five bushels of hops apiece. The physicians gave such advice in the matter as they believed might help. One of them declared: 'It is good for people to drink themselves unconscious once a month. So doing, gives the body greater ultimate

strength, the flow of human water having been facilitated, and the body likewise purged by sweating. The most soothing nourishment after intoxication is a dish of "fat" hot cabbage.' There was one place, however, if only one, where Christian forbade intoxication, and that was in the pulpit. As several of his warnings to clergymen went unheeded, he issued an edict stating that any preacher would be dismissed who had thrice preached while intoxicated, and further: 'When any person, who has been ordained, is invited to an honest entertainment, he is not to indulge in hard drinking or excesses, revelry or loose talk, dancing or anything similarly vicious, and no one is to request him, and much less urge him to drunkenness.' At a later date, Christian went a little further and informed his subjects that 'there were three occasions when drunkenness was not to be tolerated, at church services, when summoned to court and at the funeral of one's closest relatives.' While his burghers drank home brew, or even Rostock beer at fêtes, Christian himself drank French, Spanish and Rhenish wines, which the superintendent of the royal kitchen generally purchased from trading vessels or commercial travellers. He unfortunately denied himself nothing and did everything to excess, the vice of inebriety growing upon him with age. Curiously enough, he kept certain tabs on himself by marking with a cross in his diary the days when he had been carried to bed, adding a second or even a third cross if he had been excessively drunk or partially paralyzed.

His iron constitution and constant violent daily exercises were probably the only factors responsible for his

living to a ripe old age and for his keeping his powerful physique until an old man. He was, apart from his vicious excesses, passionately devoted to dancing, tennis, riding, fencing and all kinds of games. Winter evenings were long, and so was the summer twilight, so monarch and subjects alike danced and played 'Chasing the Dove,' or 'Corner your Partner.' They were never too old nor too young. If there was no wedding, funeral or christening at which to frolic, they danced in the halls of their castles or on the village green and city square. Some of the noblewomen grew so inordinately fond of it that several of them, not only giddy maids, but matrons, who should have known better, danced themselves to death. This was too much, even for a pleasure-loving king, so he once more took recourse to the law, which he framed in this fashion: 'When Christian and virtuous maidens are assembled, they are permitted to take an honest, short and seemly dance, in which they should advance decorously and modestly, without unwarranted twisting and squirming, or exhibiting other lack of manners. When their legs and back begin to ache violently and their heads to spin, they are then to sit down and no longer to encourage their partners by smirks and ogling.'

When season or weather excluded hunting and riding, there were dice and backgammon on the long tables before the fireplace or ninepins and court tennis. Christian remained wonderfully spry on his feet even after he had added a hundred pounds to his weight, and most of it around his waist at that. James, the marker, was one of his constant pals, with whom he spent many an hour

in volleying and serving, training for matches with his noblemen.

These were made doubly exciting by the betting, for there was as much gambling at the young King's court as in English clubs of the eighteenth century. Andrew Sinclair, the visiting Scotch nobleman, one day let fall a remark indicating he was a better horseman than Christian, who, hearing of it, at once wagered twenty rose-nobles he could cover the distance between Fredericksborg Castle and Copenhagen in the better time. Christian offered to ride a tough Norwegian pony of his, against the Scotchman's English hunter. Sinclair made the bet, but he was some twenty minutes behind the King in entering the north gate of the capital after finishing the forty kilometres. Christian was not, however, merely an expert rider; he was almost as good a horse dealer and a judge of horse flesh, keeping various stud farms, buying horses from all over Europe for cross-breeding, and selling horses to, and buying them from, his friends.

As he was as good a card-player as an athlete, his betting books generally showed profits at the end of the month. He won or lost, on an average, some twenty dollars or five rose-nobles a day, though this might run up to as much as thirteen hundred, if he were particularly unlucky and reckless. He took, on the other hand, mortgages on friends' estates if they had no other way of paying him on settlement day. As his father had done before him, Christian kept a diary in which he entered each day's happenings most conscientiously in such terms as these:

April 3. To-day Hans Munk and Palle Friis lost their heads in front of the palace.
April 4. Good sailing breeze on the Sound.
April 7. Hard luck, lost 20 rose-nobles playing ball.
April 8. The new sorrel mare foaled.
April 10. Ellen is getting too fat.
April 12. I cut a roll of black cloth, from which clothes may be cut for the children. Their old stockings can be dyed black. The Duke of Gottorp is dead.
April 13. Hans being over the measles, I have ordered him brought to Copenhagen with 6 fat turkeys, killed by John Turkeycatcher.
April 15. Must see the nurse I have dismissed does not scratch the face off the new one.
April 16. Gave the cook two dollars and each of the wash-maids one.
April 17. When the foals are put out in the paddock, give them one quarter ounce enzian, and an equal quantity of castor and chopped up pickled herring, mixed with ground pepper and a little wine.
April 23. Mixture for a good sky rocket: Eight pounds of powder, two pounds of sulphur, sixteen pounds of saltpeter, four pounds of coal dust.
April 24. How to load a petard:[1] twenty pounds of powder, 2 pounds mercury, eight ounces of sulphur, one and one half ounce of camphor, eight ounces of saltpeter.
April 26. The whiskey kettle needs soldering, and the stable floor needs planks.
April 26. Must build a new manure pit for the castle.
Paid ten marks for a doll, and four rose-nobles to have a thing made, with which babies scratch their gums.
April 28. Sent G to the storehouse for writing paper, and old worn sheets with which I could clean my swords and guns.
April 29. Ordered two soldiers who had been fighting, be-

[1] The petard was just coming into use and of great interest to an eager artilleryman like Christian.

headed, and another tortured before he was beheaded. He had tried to escape from prison. Paid his captain thirteen dollars. Ordered the iron collar put on a lazy student.

June 1. Hans, the lamplighter's, Anna, who is twenty-two, has just had twins. He is eighty-eight. I propose to investigate the matter.

June 3. Ove Giedde has heard that a woman from Aalborg has laid an egg, much like that of an ostrich except that it is blue.

Not so long after his own and the burgomasters' attempts to fight the plague, Christian sent for one of them again, named Nilssen, who had had his ups and downs. It is true, his wife had not been accused of witchcraft as had his predecessor's spouse, at the time of King James's visit. Vanity had, however, been the cause of good wife Nilssen being thrown into jail, for she had pinned an unlawful amount of jewelry on her headpiece. There was all the more reason, in Christian's mind, for Nilssen to follow the royal example and keep neat records. With this in mind, upon Nilssen's arrival at the castle, Christian gave him a brand-new diary, and showed him, from the one in his own pocket, how to keep it. Then, so as to follow the matter up, the King, some weeks later, ordered a royal clerk to demand the diary forwarded to the castle for his inspection. He was more than gratified at finding the pages containing the following entries:

June 8. I have never seen the like of such a heavy shower as we have had to-day.

June 9. Casimirus, the King of Poland's brother, arrived in town and a fat witch was burned.

June 10. A sailor was seized (a Norwegian, of course!) trying to buy a drink with counterfeit money.
June 11. Eleven witches were burned in Malmö.
June 12. Henrik Möller, the clerk at the exchequer, had a very fine wedding indeed.
June 13. Head-ache. Could do very little work. Only paid the drummers.
June 14. One of the princes was taken ill and my wife had two stomach aches.
June 15. The King left for Holstein.
June 16. Nothing important.
June 17. An elephant arrived in town, which could dance, fight and kneel. Also two Dutch Ambassadors who could do nothing.
June 18. The dancing master, Alexander von Kyckelsems, and the royal cup-bearer, were both married at the Castle.
June 19. Nothing happened.
June 20. The executioner of Nestved was quartered and broken on the wheel at the West-gate. First he was laid on the scaffold, then his tongue cut out of his throat and also his vital parts cut off and finally his heart cut out and quartered.
June 21. Two horses were weighed on the new scales on Amager Square. Several fights took place there, none of which I missed enjoying, owing to the attention of my good servant Niels.
June 22. The Archbishop was ordained with pomp and solemnity in Our Lady's Church.
June 23. Hans Mendixen was punished for having angered the King. He had returned to the capital, with a trumpeter blowing lustily in front of him.
June 24. Am going to see a horse with five legs.

It was all this foolishness, exuberance and naturalness which made Christian such an integral part of his country, and so beloved by its children.

And the great masses also loved him for his paternal

qualities, making it possible for every one, be he ever so humble, to approach him with petty troubles. Though he never forgot the distance between them and himself, he entered into the joys and sorrows of all classes of society, their sport and work and fun, and he was always ready to do first what he ordered them to do after him. He was full of sympathy and kindly encouragement for all and possessed with it a remarkable sense of justice and righteousness. In these early years of his reign it looked as if he proposed to lean on the burghers, whose cities were directly under his rule and not that of the nobles. He made a great mistake in not acting upon this impulse, for when the thought occurred to him, later in life, it was too late.

Speaking of King Christian, Ludvig Holberg, the great Danish author and dramatist, says:

> Though Christian was not one of the happiest, yet he was one of the greatest rulers of the Northern Kingdom. His ability did not lie along great lines. Success seldom crowned his foreign undertakings. Christian was partly responsible for the misfortunes which pursued him, and not least, owing to his constant lack of self-control. He did not always estimate the means which were at his disposal, nor did he always choose the right way by which to accomplish the immediate object he had in mind. It was thus often impossible for him to stop at the crucial moment. He was full of interest and initiative, but neither was applied in exactly the right manner. His talents often accomplished nothing owing to a lack of balance. It was as if his power lacked proper control, and behind his comprehensive desire for activity there lay a temptation to turn to small details and lose sight of the greater whole. It often seemed as if everything were of equal importance to him, and as if he felt an equal necessity to interfere in the smallest as the largest matters. He would at times behave as if he

merely ruled a small German territory where the father of the country could personally superintend and see that everything was in order. But again at other times he would act as if he were fully conscious of being the ruler of territory reaching from the North Cape to the Elbe. One of his ideals was to govern as the father of his country, judging rightly and impartially all matters brought to the foot of his throne. With this evident unevenness of character he was unable to control the will of others and force them to acknowledge his right to act as he did. He was not always the delicately calculating statesman, leaving small matters alone and merely aiming at the large problems, with an ultimate aim. Thus his policy was vacillating. Often it was subject to the influence of others or to an unsteady short-sightedness, paralyzing him at the very moment when he should have reaped the benefits of his actions. But it cannot be overlooked that he had his great moments. In the hour of peril, when all seemed lost, then he proved his true greatness and by exerting his entire moral strength exhibited an energy which saved what he had recently been about to forfeit.

Queen Sophia's work finally bore fruit, for on November 27, 1597, Christian was married to Anna-Catherine of Brandenburg at Hadersleben Palace in Jutland, without any of the display of extravagant splendor which had marked the coronation. For several reasons it was insignificant and quietly celebrated. It was a time when typhus was raging in Copenhagen, it meant little in Christian's emotional life, and was a mere footnote in his biography and the history of Denmark.

Anna herself was colorless, so much so that before the honeymoon was over (if it ever began) Christian had fallen in love with one of her maids, Kirsten Mansdatter, whom he quietly took for his mistress. The whole affair was as open as the field in which Kirsten was picking

violets when he first saw her. Her father, who was Nilssen the diarist's colleague as burgomaster of Copenhagen, felt much honored by the King's choice of his daughter. Christian pondered quite a while, before Kirsten's child was born, as to what name to adopt for the infant, finally deciding he would name it and all illegitimate children which Danish or foreign women might in the future bear him, by the surname 'Gyldenlöve.' [1] Kirsten's child, the first of many Gyldenlöves, was baptized Christian Ulrich, after its father and uncle. The Bishop winked at its birth and made an exception to the iron rule forbidding baptizing an illegitimate child in a church, on the regular baptismal day and hour. The mother, who did not live long, died happier than she lived, while braiding pearls into her hair.

[1] Golden Lion.

CHAPTER V

CHRISTIAN could indeed scarcely have been called a love-sick swain, for in addition to Kirsten Mansdatter, he began, shortly after his wedding, to make plans to leave his bride and start on a trip to his Norwegian Kingdom, which he had not visited since its Estates had sworn him allegiance on the sunny plain outside Agershus's walls. His love of the sea was the real reason for the trip, but, apart from this and his natural restlessness and curiosity, there were other weighty reasons, in his mind at least, for sailing up the entire Norwegian coast. His Norwegian bailiffs had complained that Dutchmen, as well as English merchants, were sailing through his Norwegian waters without paying toll and the Swedes were up to mischief in Lapland, as well as on the Russian-Swedish frontier. The long-drawn-out Spanish war had resulted in lawlessness on the high seas. Ostend and Dunkirk had become veritable robbers' nests, for the Spanish Government had issued a quantity of letters of mark directed against the Dutch, with the result that the North Sea was filled with privateers, having no regard for the waters of neutral countries, but robbing wherever they could, and Norwegian waters were experiencing their share of all this trouble.

After having informed his Councillors of its being high time for him to assert his authority, and in what manner he intended to do so, King Christian button-

holed the Admiral, Birge Trolle, and gave him the directions for the voyage, which he had worked out to the last detail. Though the royal shipyard on Bremerholmen was generally the busiest place in Copenhagen, extra shifts of carpenters and painters and sailmakers were set to work, so castle and city could hear the blows of axe and hammer both day and night, and the sky above the shipyard was red from the smithies' fires. Christian himself was going to command the *Victor* of forty-four guns, the *Gideon* had just been overhauled, but the *Josaphat* needed complete new maintopsail bowlings and halliards and foretopgallant braces; the *Raphael*, a new sprit, the *Saint Michael*, a new quarter deck, foretopgallant yard and spritsail topsail yard, and the *Hector*, the *Dove* and the *Parrot* all needed caulking, tarring and painting. The chief gunner-master had searched the ordnance to see if he could discover flaws or honeycomb cracks and now cannon-royal, demi-cannon, culverines and faulconets were to be set in place on the men-of-war. The royal arms on the *Victor's* stern had been repainted and gilded, as also the casings to all gun ports. Christian was boiling with excitement amid it all. Since the plague had died down, the Queen had returned to Copenhagen, where she assisted in directing the carrying of supplies from the castle larders for the victualling of the fleet, and royal servants and the retainers of the noblemen who were to accompany the King added to this busy scene between the castle and the ferry bridge. Sailmakers and boatswains stumbled and swore in the sail-lofts and ropewalk, and sailors forgot their sweethearts amid the general hubbub. Sten

Rosensparre, who was to share the royal cabin on the *Victor* with the King, saw to it that maps, globes, sea-plats, compasses and tables for sun and stars were neatly in their places on the racks, and on the table the book on gunnery containing at least so much of the art as was absolutely necessary for a seaman to know. The very last thing to be done was the erection of a pavilion on the shore, from where the Queen and her ladies could wave the King the last farewell. The new Chancellor, Christian Friis, Jörgen Kaas, Mogens Ulfeld, Markus Pens and several other good noblemen, were selected to sail on one or other of the men-of-war. Few of them cared for the expedition, but all were obliged to accept the situation with as good grace as possible. King Christian assembled them shortly before sailing and gave the strictest orders that no one should address him except as Captain Christian Frederickson, and as for his brother, Duke Ulrich, he was to be named plain 'Math.' Finally on April 17, 1599, the burgher guards were lined up along the water-front in the new steel helmets and breastplates, which they had received for the coronation, while the company captains stood in front of them waving the silk banners painted with the arms of Copenhagen and Denmark. The last to go on board were His Majesty's band and 'Blackie,' Captain Frederickson's pet bear, particularly included in order to amuse the seasick landlubbers. All the loyal citizens behind the guards shot their muskets off in the air, the Queen and her ladies wept and beckoned, while the populace shouted 'God Save His Grace,' as Christian and Chancellor Friis waved back from the quarter deck

of the *Victor* with the Danebrog on all four mastheads above them.

The trip proved an eventful one in more ways than one, and the King's suspicions correct. It took them some four weeks to reach the little fortress of Vardöhus, away up north on the Arctic Sea and in the midnight sun. Once at sea, general seasickness had soon given way to hard drinking and backgammon and dice in the royal cabin, which Captain Frederickson dubbed Capernaum. After the first few days, however, 'Blackie,' reeling round on the slanting decks, amused officers and seamen alike, who took their turns at the watches and wheel, as well as at playing coits or 'Fool's head.' Soon several Dutch and English vessels were sighted, illicitly sailing and trading in Norwegian waters. A shot or two through their main and topsails soon made them heave to, surrender their money chests and cargoes, and while their original crews were chained in the hold, prize crews from the Danish men-of-war took possession. Captain Frederickson felt that on this occasion some further punishment should be given and consequently, after a bottle in Capernaum, ordered a bullet put through the captain of one of the Hollanders. The King was, however, rather incensed at his chaplain, who was so intoxicated at the burial that he was forced to limit his oration to saying: 'I do not know where the Dutchman was born, nor by whom; I do not know how he lived, but I do know he is quite dead. As my congregation knows that too, I need only add: let us bury him!' The Dutchman dispatched in this rather summary manner, Captain Frederickson suggested a party ashore and a closer look at

the Russian natives of the Murman coast. These, feeling it were best to propitiate the gods by offerings, laid bacon and sweet bread before the King and, seeing him courteously doff his red-and-white plumed helmet, they continued to do their utmost for his entertainment by stripping and smearing their bodies with blubber and grease and giving as fine an exhibition of wrestling as the Danish court had ever witnessed. The King, wishing to leave shore, they were as courageous as agile, for they consented to row back to the *Victor* with Captain Frederickson, who, in return for their hospitality, plied them to such an extent with his alicante that they were before long, one and all, dragged ashore, and the captain bade Rosensparre enter in his diary, 'ut tauqvam sues et bestiæ tandem discesserint.' As for the English ships, which had been seized, Queen Elizabeth was justly incensed when Lord Howard informed her of what had happened, a long protracted dispute arose, and nothing but the Queen's death a few years later ended the matter for Denmark. Though matters had, with the exception of these incidents, gone pretty smoothly, on the way up the coast, trouble began as soon as the fleet made all sail for the south, for the *Victor* all but capsized as she ran on a hidden reef, which ripped up her keel 'as a stag would the belly of a hunting dog.' Fortunately the stoutness of the oak planking and the good bolts held firm, so the Norwegian pilot was able to steer them in through a rocky inlet for repairs, while all took a hand at the pumps and Captain Frederickson ordered extra rations with which to grease the elbows. The *Victor* once more at sea, the contrary winds turned into storms

and the storms into a tempest. The rest of the fleet was lost sight of on the weather bow late one evening, after the lookout had seen the *Raphael's* mizzen-top mast crack like a quill and the bowsprit of the *Hector* follow it into the froth of the sea. 'The poor *Victor* seemed like a hunted hare among ravenous hounds,' said Chaplain Jens, whose sermons lengthened as the storms increased, and as for the noblemen, the more the winds howled the less they caroused. Striking the fore-top and top-masts was of no avail. On the ninth day of the tumult, a delegation, headed by the Chancellor, appeared at Capernaum's door and requested a word with the captain. They had discovered, they said, the cause of the frightful weather, and it was unquestionably due to the big, black female cat which had been stolen from the Finnish woman at Kolaa. The woman was, in reality, a witch, and was now revenging herself by having ordered the devil to enter the body of long-haired 'Missy.' Captain Frederickson did not quite agree, for he had grown fond of Missy, had fed her many a salt herring and saucer of beer, and enjoyed watching her trying to catch birds in the rigging. After considerable discussion, and reference to logarithms and tables of meridional parts, it was mutually agreed, owing to its being Saturday, the 13th, to table Missy's fate until the following Monday morning when a regular court martial should be held. Missy, however, settled her own fate the following morning by her satanical behavior during the services, which she naturally, devil that she was, did her best to disturb and break up. While Master Jens was chanting one of David's psalms, she arched her

back and made a terrific leap from the foretopgallant braces to the foresail mastlines poles, which nothing but the possession of the devil could have made possible. The crew lost all sense of decency and devotion, and, being bent double with suppressed laughter, finally exploded in loud guffaws, despite the royal presence and howling wind. Jens was thus forced to remind them that this was no time for laughter, but rather for prayer for God's holy assistance.

Missy's fate was in all cases sealed, the verdict next morning read 'to hoist her overboard, tied securely in a tub, though amply provided with salt herring, smoked ham and milk.' No sooner had the cat set sail in her own craft than the wind began to abate and the waves to die down, so that on a lovely June morning the fleet, once more united, sailed in through the Bergen outlet and cast anchor on Vaagen with Laurits Kruse, the castellan of Bergenhus fortress, running from one battery to another ordering the royal salutes. It was a lovely scene which met Christian's eyes. The harbor was filled with the square-rigged coasters from the northern coast, with dragon-like prows and holds squirming with cod, the wharves swarmed with agitated burghers, the bells of Saint Mary were pealed as if the castle was afire, and the air was permeated by a smell of seaweed, salt water, tar and split cod. Anchors being cast, the pinnace soon ran alongside the *Victor*, and Captain Frederickson was rowed ashore with his band playing as if they were possessed.

Bergen, huddled in the cup of its seven mountains, was the largest and busiest city of northern Europe. It

was the Hanseatic merchants who had made her into the greatest port of purchase, sale and wholesale distribution of all important Norwegian foreign trade. The Hanseatic merchants had, ever since the fourteenth century, been permitted to spend the winter in Bergen, where they had by slow degrees established themselves and acquired their own portion of the city, called the Brücke. This they controlled and governed as completely and as undisturbed as they did their own town hall in Lübeck. Owing to their control of all the luxuries and most of the necessities of life required by the native population, the Hansa merchants had gradually acquired a power in Bergen that brooked no opposition. This power had grown through successive centuries, in Norway as well as elsewhere, where it was abused in the most shameful manner. With the slow change in European social conditions and the growth of monarchy and the internal jealousies of the cities themselves, the Hansa power had, however, gradually waned, and now, during the rule of King Christian IV it was already fast declining. Their trade monopoly was gone and he had wisely refused to renew their privileges. The Hansa merchants of Bergen still lived, however, amid their own wharves, alleys and counting-houses and warehouses, adhering to the monastic life imposed upon them. They were governed by their own counsellors and laws, entirely independent, and contemptuous of the Norwegian authorities, a state within a state with their own merchants, soldiers, servants, sailors, stevedores, artisans and apprentices. They were still bound by their strange, mediæval rules and regulations. If one of

their merchants married or settled in Bergen, he not only lost his Hansa citizenship, but was liable to be sentenced to death, and, first, after a ten years' stay in Bergen he was replaced by an apprentice who, in turn, served his term. Knowing of the King's visit and realizing its importance and the opportunity it afforded to curry favor with the monarch, the counsellors of the merchants' guild had written betimes to the Aldermen of Lübeck asking what they, 'according to ancient custom,' should present the King, and had received in reply: 'A large silver-gilt mug, a gilt "Schawer" [1] containing Portuguese dobloons and single and double rose-nobles, a cask of Rhine wine, a cask of sweet wine, two loads of Rostock beer and two of ordinary beer.'

With this most welcome cargo in a lighter behind them, the counsellors came aboard the *Victor* and humbly invited captain, officers and all the crews to attend the century-old initiation of the new apprentices. Captain Frederickson, who had inspected Bergenhus Castle and returned to his vessel, accepted with alacrity on behalf of the fleet for the following afternoon. Next day, as soon as the sailors had landed on the fish wharf, the merchants marched out, two by two, from their various shops and courtyards into the main thoroughfare of the Brücke, carrying empty pots and baskets, in which they proceeded to collect anything and everything similar to hair, old hides and dead cats, which, when burnt, smoked densely and stunk fiercely. Masked and costumed figures jumped and danced around the merchant scavengers, greatly amusing the onlookers by pelting

[1] Drinking-cup.

them with the mud and filth from the stagnant gutters. Sufficient malodorous material having been gathered, the procession returned to one of the principal courtyards, where Captain Frederickson and his officers had been given places of honor and in which the apprentices had been bound two and two together. Pulley and tackle were soon in place and the apprentices hoisted up on a balcony directly above the refuse pile. Upon a signal from the leader, the horrible, smelly mess was ignited and clouds of yellow and greenish smoke arose in the direction of the miserable apprentices. When they were half suffocated, their seniors commenced to examine them in the arts of purchase, barter and sale, and continued this for the edification of the guests until the neophytes were drawing all but their last breaths. The smoke test was followed by the water test, for which actors and audience all adjourned to the water-front. For this, the apprentices were stripped naked and rowed out to one of the great Hansa galleys lying in the harbor gayly decorated with the flags of Lübeck. After the naked lads had been dragged into the hold, one by one was hauled up on deck and pushed overboard three times in succession. A few rounds of the best Hamburg beer were served to the guests before the whipping test, which was the most amusing part of the performance. For this one of the largest of the merchants' courtyards had been decked with green spruce branches, with the corner of the court named 'Paradise,' screened off by hangings, surrounding the whipping-bench and the rods. Once more a procession paraded in front of the audience, headed by the older merchants and dignitaries, accom-

panied by masked fools and figures dressed up as peasants and their wives, or with ox and bear skins over their heads and shoulders. Captain Frederickson and his officers joked with the masqueraders and offered them goblets of wine and were in turn answered in rhymes, squirted with water and tickled and whipped with the fresh spring branches.

Finally one of the dignitaries demanded silence and, addressing the trembling apprentices, exhorted them to remain orderly, faithful and industrious, and to fly drunkenness, brawling and restlessness.

A grand banquet followed, with a jester furnishing entertainment and the apprentices waiting upon the guests and constantly receiving large quantities of drink in order that they might not recognize their coming tormentors. As soon as the sweetmeats had been passed, the jester seized one after another of the apprentices, dragged him back of the curtain into 'Paradise,' where willing arms beat him just as long as the drummer rattled his drumsticks in the courtyard. The entertainment ended in a carouse participated in by every one, except the miserable wretches, who were too sore either to sit or stand.

Next morning Captain Frederickson thought it high time for him to give a return party on shore, and arranged with the druggist Fremont to use the apothecary for the occasion. Lady Öllegaard, the sister of the castellan, assisted the captain by ordering fresh oysters and salmon, a large portion of the Hansa beer was transferred to the druggist's cellar and every burgher of any importance, with wife and 'any daughters of pleasing

appearance,' was invited either to come and participate or to watch the fun. The kettle drummers, a dozen trumpeters, and the choir were rowed ashore ahead of the captain, noblemen and the commanding officers of the fleet. As the news soon spread through town that there would also be fireworks, the peasants and fishermen streamed in from the surrounding mountains and fjords. Captain Frederickson was in the best of humor, in no way depressed by having on his way from the dock to the apothecary been obliged to preside at a court and condemn a man to the gallows. Noticing what romps the Norwegian girls were, the captain very early in the evening dispensed with the usual custom of no dancing until after dinner and the frolicsome girls were allowed, between the courses, to jump over the barrier which separated them from the men. It turned into a wet, as well as boisterous evening. The captain, who had, before embracing Fremont's wife, smashed the costly glass-paned window next him, made good the damage by sending the royal glazier ashore the next day with the order to fill the sash with the royal arms in colored glass and under the Danish lions to paint the legend, 'The Arms of Captain Christian Frederickson.' His boon companion, Grubbe, who remembered nothing of the last events of the evening, entered in his diary, 'To-day at last we are resting for a short while, after having been constantly half intoxicated for a week. Nature had finally denied us her service and, as we can drink no more, we are forced to make a virtue out of necessity.'

There were short stops on the way down the coast, at Stavanger and Oslo, and then, in glorious sunlight, with

all sails set, the *Victor* leading, the men-of-war raced down the Kattegat again, past the proud battlements of Elsinore. Here a whole fleet of foreign merchantmen were riding at anchor waiting to clear the customs in front of the fortress. The moment they spied the King's royal split-flag, down went all their own topsails and flags and the men-of-war, one after the other, returned the salute with shot. Only two more reaches, and there lay the green copper roof of Copenhagen shimmering in the sun. There was not one of them who was not thankful to be home again. As for Grubbe, before stepping ashore he finished the last lines of his diary, by writing: 'I have ploughed the foaming deep quite long enough. I praise my country and hope to God I may never be made to leave it again!'

Once back, there was plenty of serious work, and there was the routine of kingship, with its daily exacting, but, to Christian, seldom tiresome, duties. Crown councils and meetings of the nobility had to be summoned, and cases tried in the provincial courts all over the country. During the King's absence Sweden's behavior had been galling to Denmark, and now the nobility refused to sanction any preparations for punitive retaliations. Hamburg, though a free imperial city, still belonged under Christian's duchies of Holstein and Stormarn, but its citizens, hoping for assistance from the Emperor, refused to swear allegiance to its new Duke, Christian. The King, generally accompanied by Chancellor Christian Friis, was thus kept very busy travelling forth and back most of the fall and winter, and considering and planning how best to meet the

Swedish and Hamburg situations. He accomplished much. He brought Hamburg to terms with an indemnity of two hundred and eighty thousand dollars and was acknowledged as its overlord by the customary handshake of its burgomasters and councillors. Once more at home, he expended his surplus energies in the many building enterprises in which he had developed so great an interest. His Koldinghus Castle was almost completed, and Fredericksborg had advanced rapidly during his Norwegian journey. Its location on the three small islands of the lake was unsurpassed for beauty. Christian's father, Frederick, had during most of his life watched its construction, and now Christian wished to complete it in his own lifetime, using the large means which were fortunately at his disposal. As he thought Dutch contractors knew more about erecting palaces than any one else, he employed Hans van Stenwinkel and Jörgen Friborg, both of them masters of their trade. Not only did they engage a large corps of foreign workmen, but the Lord-Lieutenant assisted considerably by sending to them all skilled workmen he could lay his hands on, whether they were willing or not.[1] For the next thirty years Christian watched with solicitous interest and affection the various parts of the fabric grow, and towers, wings and arcades mirrored themselves in the waters from which they slowly rose. Not only Christian himself, but experts, who came from afar and had seen the marvels of Hampton Court and Blois, still believed Fredericksborg one of the most beautiful

[1] Their heads and faces were shaved so as to make detection easy in case of escape.

palaces of Europe. As for Christian himself, while he would take no man's advice in designing his vessels, he realized he had as yet seen but little of the marvels of foreign architecture, so he let his Dutchmen design as they liked, and blend the new style of the French Renaissance with Dutch details of a peculiar Northern feeling of their own; and the King was more than satisfied with the results. When, however, the question of his own quarters arose, he selected, from among the many magnificent halls, a modest one-storied chamber which he ordered Stenwinkel to line with red English cloth and to furnish with a simple cot bed.

From this a low and narrow slit of a door led into his sitting-room or writing-room in Rundelen,[1] at the castle angle toward entrance and lake. Underneath it, away down in the cellar, below water level, protected from within by many a bolt and lock, were his money chests, but up in the writing-room, enclosed by six feet of wall, Christian dictated his letters, signed documents and gave directions to those in whom he trusted. It was dark and dank, but letters of State as well as many a precious mortgage was safely stowed away in one or other of the iron-strapped chests which lined the outer walls. On these hung a few engravings by Simon de Pas, who had come from Cologne on the understanding that he would, in return for his copper plates and ink and press, receive a hundred dollars a year, and 'live in modesty and sobriety, thinking only of what joy he could cause the eyes of the King.'

Walking about unprotected among his workmen and

[1] The Round Tower.

FREDERICKSBORG CASTLE

travelling here and there around Jutland and his islands, Christian felt very proud of the security of his kingdom, as compared with those of his neighbors. At this time he wrote to a friend abroad: 'Though I do not possess the power and might of the Kings of France and England, yet I am better off than they, for I can drive safely through my Kingdom behind my coachmen and beside my little dogs. I can spend the night with any of my subjects, be he nobleman, burgher or peasant, and lay down my head and sleep, for I know I have never, with knowledge or intent, done injustice to any one. The Kings of England and France must, on the other hand, travel with bodyguards of a thousand men in order to be protected from the knife and the poison cup of their would-be murderers.'

Outside such happy conditions and pleasant creative activities, Christian had the land defences and the formation of a national army almost as much at heart as his beloved fleet. The European movement, which culminated in the fall of the nobility, had at the end of the sixteenth century also reached Scandinavia. Up to then the mediæval power of the feudal nobility had rested upon the widespread economic and military isolation of the time. Each estate was a kingdom in itself, where the nobles directed all the economic activities of their subjects. With the material progress of the new age, however, the barriers between the various country districts disappeared, and common, vital problems arose, which the State alone could solve. The knight was replaced by the King's hired troops, the nobility was no longer of an importance in the new social order

corresponding to their former power, and were as a result shorn of it. Christian sensed these new conditions and the changes taking place in the world around him, and determined manfully to struggle, to the best of his ability for the development and defence of his own kingdom. As a first step he now summoned his nobles to their various meeting-places, such as Odense, Viborg, Roskilde and Lund, and attempted to regulate better their so-called 'Rostjeneste,' a service by which every one of his noblemen living on a royal domain, as well as royal fief, was obliged to furnish a certain number of horsemen in time of war. Though the nobles resented any innovations or changes for the betterment and effectiveness of the service, Christian, by the sheer force of his determination, was able to induce the noblemen to agree to meet in the future for bi-monthly manœuvres and inspection of horses and arms. It was a very great step, for it meant not only creating a modern, but the first largely national and native Danish army. In addition to erecting a system of new fortresses and fortifications and creating the Danish fleet, King Christian IV was rendering his country services of the highest order. After forcing his nobility to agree to the new order of things, Christian turned next to the foot soldiers. A certain number of the retainers of the holders of crown fiefs served in the infantry. This, assisted by the cavalry, Christian divided into regiments or 'banners' of six hundred men each, commanded by a captain and subdivided into twelve companies led by as many lieutenants. In addition to this, he welded the armed burghers from the cities and townships and

country districts into better and more effective fighting units. But, as did all commanders of his time, Christian still leaned upon his foreign mercenaries, his German cavalry and Scotch and English infantry, as the mainstay of his army. The Swiss would make their last bloody stand around their monarch at bay in the Tuileries, almost two hundred years later, before this order of things was to pass.

Family matters did not seem to weigh heavily upon the mind of the young monarch. The Queen was producing progeny as fast as nature would allow, and the Queen Mother was busied raising bulls and selling butter and cheese from her model Nykjöbing dairy. Whenever she and Christian met they discussed the future of the youngest brothers, Ulrich and Hans, a topic naturally close to an impartial mother heart. Neither of them possessed their older brother's infectious gayety and mirth, nor the *bonhomie* with which he mixed with all classes, yet both had Christian's moral and physical courage and a good deal of his dash. Like other Danish noblemen, they had been sent abroad to win their spurs and see and learn. Their brother's name and fame, and the romance which surrounded it in the South and West-European courts assured these princes of the House of Oldenburg a good reception wherever they came. Duke Hans had given a good account of himself. He had excelled in the knightly games at the court of Henri of France and Navarre, and had commanded, with gallantry, the Spanish cavalry in its capture of Ostend.

A daring adventurer named Boris Gudenoff was at this time Tsar of Russia. After becoming the favorite

of the weakling, Tsar Feodor Iwanovich, he had murdered Prince Demeter and ascended the throne in his place. In order to strengthen his dynasty, he sent an embassy to Copenhagen to offer his daughter, Axinia, to Duke Hans of Denmark. This was very much to Christian's taste, who hoped by such a marriage to balk Sweden in its East Baltic ambitions and conquests. So Christian wrote to Hans to come home at once from his Spanish camp and be fitted out properly for his wedding. Upon Hans's questioning the Russian ambassadors, who were fierce and husky-looking men, as to what he should take with him, he was informed he might bring his own barber, as foreign physicians were not allowed inside the Tsar's empire. If the barber, however, failed in his cures he would, they said, as in the case of Boris's own court barber, immediately lose his head.

The entire court was extremely busy keeping the Muscovites out of trouble and encouraging the reluctant Hans for the great adventure. In the midst of it all, the Duke of Nevers arrived from Paris to announce the birth of King Louis XIII. 'If that is the case,' replied Christian after hearing the ambassador's good tidings, 'then I'll shoot off all my cannons and immediately drink a health with all around me, to my dear brother, Henri of France and Navarre.' And this gallant gentleman, to whom Danes, Frenchmen and Muscovites raised their glasses, was mightily pleased when he received Nevers's report of the impetuous Dane's felicitations.

Poor Hans needed, unfortunately, all the luck he might be wished just as much as did Henri IV.

As matters could not be delayed, the royal tailors and jewellers were hurried until the groom's wardrobe was packed in his travelling-chests and Hans, accompanied by the Russian ambassadors as well as his own gentlemen-in-waiting, set sail across the Baltic. The latter had no more stomach for the expedition than they had had for the Norwegian one. Upon their arrival in Moscow, Boris Gudenoff's reception was most cordial, but Hans was considerably perplexed at there being no trace of Axinia. Having been told she spoke nothing but Russian, of which he was completely ignorant, Hans had wondered how first to address his bride, as also how their love would progress under such unusual circumstances. He took his courage in his hands during the great state banquet, where he was served a hundred courses on gold plate, and presented with a horse after every tenth, and hinted to the Tsar that he would rather possess one princess than ten thoroughbreds. He also asked through his interpreter whether it was not the custom in the Muscovite Empire for bridegrooms to be shown their brides. Hans told the interpreter to add that it was customary at his brother Christian's court to see at least a miniature of the lady in question before betrothal. As Boris shook his head discouragingly, Hans was rather non-plussed, but decided to take matters into his own hands as far as this could safely be done. Hans's squire, who was resourceful and insinuating, informed his master, when he consulted him in the dilemma, that he had picked up an acquaintance with one of Axinia's coachmen. It is true, it was limited to sign language, but as they had yesterday

jointly washed down the best part of a Danish ham with several bottles of French wine, the squire believed the coachman's confidence might prove valuable. And indeed it was, for Hans was informed, once more with the interpreter's assistance, when and in what carriage his bride would take the air the following morning. The information proved correct, and as soon as the Duke saw the gilt carriage swing out of the palace gates, evidently more or less hermetically sealed, he dashed with Danish impetuousness for the step, sprang upon it and attempted to enter and reach his bride. It was all in vain. The outraged guards seized Hans before he even had a glimpse of Axinia, bound him securely with ropes, despite the remonstrances of his own attendants, and dragged him off in the opposite direction from the departing coach. Fortunately the Tsar seemed little disturbed by what had happened, for he ordered Hans's speedy release and sent word to him that, although he might not as yet behold the Princess, he could console himself with the fact that he would on his wedding day receive two principalities and four hundred thousand Russian guilders, all confirmed by Boris's ambassadors most solemnly kissing the cross. Unfortunately none of it came true, for only a few days later Hans caught a slow fever which crept up his limbs and into his stomach. Having left his own barber in Copenhagen, lest he run the risk of losing his head by going to Russia, Hans was dependent upon the Tsar's physicians. They were too wise to counsel any treatment that might lead to their own deaths, and Hans, as a result, lived only a few weeks. When his gentlemen-in-waiting at last returned

to Copenhagen, they sadly informed King Christian that his brother, Duke Hans, 'just before giving up the Ghost, blew up and burst.'

Many years were to pass before Christian again had the courage to permit one of his near relatives to marry a Russian, and his second experience was little better than his first.

As for Christian's second brother, Ulrich, he fared better. He likewise was sent to France, where he acquitted himself with distinction and bravery, both at the court of Saint-Germain and on the battlefields under the great French marshals. From there he took service in Germany and when tired of fighting crossed over to Scotland for a visit at Holyrood with his sister Anna, for whom he always had cherished the deepest affection. She could not join him at the hunt, as she was again expecting confinement, but both she and James lent him their best falcons, talked of old days in the Kronborg nursery and discussed the coming wedding of their sister Hedwig to the Elector, Christian II of Saxony; and last, but not least, Ulrich's himself becoming Bishop of Schwerin.

CHAPTER VI

THE year 1604 was a busy one. Sweden had emerged from her former isolated position and the Councillors felt their warning to King Christian to be cautious would shortly prove vain, and that it was only a question of time when the storm would break; he would fight with or without their consent.

The Queen had now borne two sons. The first of these had died shortly after birth, but the second one, Christian, seemed like a promising heir, ensuring the succession. King Christian had revisited Norway, which was nearer his heart than to that of any of his predecessors, and he had done much to improve and codify its old mediæval laws, as well as to regulate ecclesiastical property and authority. He had likewise commenced the fascinating little palace of Rosenborg, or 'Lysthuset,' [1] amid the gardens directly outside the walls of Copenhagen. Queen-Mother Sophia, who was contentedly leading her own life at Nykjöbing, had been busy putting up preserves and attending to her linen closet. She had received Christian's permission to order the gardener of Copenhagen Castle to provide her with sufficient strawberries for one hundred and seventy-five pots of jam, in addition to quantities of raspberries, blueberries, juniper berries, blackberries and sloe, and her ladies were busy embroidering and sewing the linen and silks purchased from Dutch and Italian merchants.

[1] 'The Summer-House.'

As for foreign news, the most important event interesting to Denmark was that Philip II had followed his old enemy Elizabeth in the grave, and Sister Anna, who was now Queen of England, had moved from Holyrood to Somerset House.

Christian had never forgotten his dying Chancellor's words of advice, but even without them his fleet would always have been his main interest, and as it slowly grew it became the pride of his heart. There was no part of it with which he was not intimately familiar. The designs, the timbers, spars, ropes, sails, rigging, the selection, education and housing of every branch of the service were all known to him. Whenever he was in or near Copenhagen he scarcely ever missed a day in some portion or other, of the naval establishment. Fortunately, both his kingdoms provided him with the best sailors in the world and he gloried in considering himself one of them. So as to counteract their natural roving disposition, he began to plan and build them living quarters of their own, near the harbor and directly outside the city walls, where brawls with watchmen would be less likely and Copenhagen's ordinances would not prove onerous. They were charming little one-storied, yellow stuccoed buildings, in neat rows, with slanting red-tiled roofs, flagpoles in front, ropes for handrails, and anchors patterned in the stone mosaics of the tiny garden plots. Behind each house the garden was fenced off from its neighbors, so as to avoid all possible quarrels. Naturally, some regulations were imposed on the tenants, among them the one that any sailor thus housed by His Majesty's fatherly care would be punished

'if he brought home ought but a woman joined to him in holy wedlock or children begotten in such.'

Other portions of the navy were of equal interest. Leaving the new buildings, Christian would ride out into the near-by forests to select and watch the felling of the oaks for the framework and hulls of the men-of-war, or he would stroll over to the foundry and watch the casting of the cannon, or saunter into the classrooms and listen to the lectures on navigation and seamanship. But he enjoyed himself best of all when he found time to sit down beside his Scotch builder, David Balfour, from Saint Andrews, and discuss with him by the hour his latest plans and designs.

At this time, with Christian old enough to interest himself effectively in the defence of his kingdom, his navy was in far better shape than his army, for his ships were considered all over Europe equal to the galleons of England or the Netherlands. The large amount of raw material, which was easily turned into good fighting sailors, enjoyed life on board the men-of-war, as very similar to that on fisher-boats or merchantmen. On the other hand, most of the citizens dreaded conscription in the regiments and feared for the condition of their farmlands if they ever returned to them. The skippers were naturally experienced sea-dogs, but the greater portion of the captains and admirals knew less than nothing about navigation or fighting at sea, having spent their lives in the army or at court. Not only did Christain wish good sailors, but also good cannon, for he knew one to be worthless without the other. The age was making rapid improvement in its guns and Chris-

tian, born artilleryman that he was, threw himself heart and soul into his foundry and the latest methods of shooting. Needing brass, he started by ordering parish churches throughout the kingdom, having more than one bell, to deliver all except the largest to the royal foundry, 'in order that the defence of my vessels may be strengthened and improved.' He himself was constantly on hand when new cannon were tested, and personally inspected the trials of his new sharpshooters and 'firework boys.' His enthusiasm was such that he even personally loaded and fired his cannon at targets, placed either in the vicinity of the palace, the big windmill or the Copenhagen Shore battery, the best of which had been cast at his 'Goat-House' foundry at Elsinore. At times he tried his 'Rosenkartov,' then the big stone cannon, or the latest makes called 'the Triangles,' 'the Long Fellows' and 'the English snakes.' He would set adrift in the river, a beer keg for a target, point and fire the gun himself, and keep a record on the blackboard in the armory indicating the piece used. 'At 900 feet,' it would read, 'His Majesty made a clean hit knocking out top and bottom of the barrel.' Then again he would have some of the new cannon and mortars driven up to his Rosenborg Garden, and shoot away from there, after warning the surrounding population what he was up to. He also had a small artillery post of his own at his Skanderborg palace, consisting of six two-pounders, three eight-pounders and three mortars in charge of his new armorer from Göttingen. Here Christian would go out at daybreak, shoot off all the pieces in a tolerably safe direction, saying to the Ger-

man, 'it would get his neighbors out of bed and to work.' And as for the powder arsenal, he was so solicitous about it that he always kept the key to its main door in his own pocket, and carefully watched such supplies as were given out in order to be exploded and accustom the horses to their noise. Men and ordnance thus cared for, there remained the supplies for the fleet. To provide these, Christian appointed special brewers, who furnished it with beer, bakers providing the bread, tailors to sew the sailor-suits and butchers to furnish the meat, while the fleet's own corn came from its particular storehouse and cribs.

There was perhaps one further naval item to receive Christian's solicitous care, namely, the morals of Bremerholmen, which unfortunately left a great deal to be desired. After considering carefully how best to improve them, the King instructed the Admiral to swear in taking office 'that the men under his command would morning and evening praise God in heaven for the daily bread given them through the bounty of His Majesty, the King.'

The Bremerholmen navy yard, which lay directly outside Copenhagen's walls, was really a beehive of busy sailors, sharpshooters, soldiers, skippers, assistant skippers, boatswains, quartermasters, mates, trumpeters, drummers, barbers, chaplains and officers, all belonging to some vessel or other leaving or arriving in port, as well as the carpenters, sailmakers, instrument-makers and painters busy building the new craft. Many a prisoner, with irons around his waist and ankles, was likewise sent there to help, but with the gallows near at

hand on which to hang him in case of further misbehavior.

Events at home thus offering only milder opportunities for Christian's restless energy, he decided to go afield to find an outlet for his activities, and was most foolishly persuaded by his Brunswick brother-in-law to come and help him reënter his city. There being no other way to bring their Duke to terms, the burghers had locked him out, planted cannon and placed soldiers on their ramparts, and sent word that the longer he remained outside, the happier would he make those who lived inside. Christian and his officers caracoled and curvetted on their horses on the flat plain between Wolfenbüttel and Brunswick, the total result of the manœuvres being a letter from the Emperor telling Christian to go home and mind his own business and keep out of Northern Germany. Had he listened to this warning, he would in the future have been both wiser and happier.

The visit which he made shortly afterwards to England was decidedly more successful, though it took the little fleet some four weeks to reach from the Skaw to Tilbury Hope, near Gravesend. The flagship of some fifteen hundred tons could have made better time against the head winds as the goodly retinue of noblemen and scholars on the small craft could observe, but Christian, however impatient he might be to greet King James and his sister Anna, felt it wise for all sail to arrive in company. Phineas Pett, the great builder, who happened to be in Tilbury to see the Danish vessels — and there was no better judge in Europe of a man-of-

warsman than he — quickly noted 'their strong build and speed and stout scantling, the ease with which they rode the gale in which they tacked into port, and that from their appearance they ought to be able to stay well at that and their sailors to fight the guns in all weathers.' Pett had eyes for the details also, for he wrote his good wife: 'The Danish King arrived with a gallant fleet appointed with huge ordnance, men and victuals. The courtiers, according to their country's fashion, were richly decked in silk, with chains of rare estimation. The pages and guards in blue velvet, laid with silver lace for their best suits, and one suit each, for to exchange, of other silk, and stockings of white or blue. The trumpeters were in white satin doublets, blue velvet hose, and their white hats were overwrought with blue silk and golden bands. The common soldiers were all in cassocks and hose of watchet color.'

Knowing the Puritanical tendencies of his brother-in-law, Christian gave strict orders before landing 'that any sailor caught drunk would be put in irons and receive such further punishment as the extent of his intoxication might warrant.'

Hearing of their arrival, King James, accompanied by Henry, Prince of Wales, and his courtiers, soon came hurrying to Gravesend to greet the Danes. As he cast anchor, the boatswain's whistles and the trumpets blew cheerily, calling the crews to man all portions of tacklings, tops and rigging, and the very moment the monarchs embraced, all the Danish cannon belched forth their salute, the Englishmen and the blockhouse on shore answering as lustily as they could. Christian was

so genuinely overjoyed to meet his nephew and notice the strong family resemblance that, in passing up the Thames in the royal barge, he repeatedly, with characteristic effervescent spirits, threw his arms about Prince Henry so as to show his heart's joy. Queen Anna and the English court were waiting for them at Greenwich, where, after the reverend father, the Bishop of Rochester, had read a sermon, the dinner, the noise and excellent music of drums and trumpets 'moved King Christian to much delight.' The news of events having spread, innumerable citizens of London and 'the better sort of gentry' from adjacent towns and parishes had also flocked to Greenwich to catch a glimpse of the two kings, and, in order that these good peoples should not depart hungry, they were served with bread, beer and wine at King James's expense. As both Anna and James wanted to do their best to return the Kronborg hospitality of bygone days, they organized much entertainment, including buck hunting in Greenwich forest and several days of deer shooting, with the Earl of Salisbury at Theobald's acting as host and making light of twelve horses being ridden to death in a day.

On August 31, 1606, King James suggested that both courts start off again, this time by barges up the Thames for London. Nothing was more to Christian's taste, for he was all agog to see this great city about which he had heard so much from his soldiers and artisans. Along went also Prince, Privy Councillors, Lords and Estates of the land, knights and esquires, the merchantmen in the river saluting as they passed. Sir Leonard Holliday, Lord Mayor of London, stood on the embankment,

sword in hand, ready to deliver it to the King of Denmark, and behind him on horseback were the heralds, the Knights of the Bath, the King's bodyguards, the barons and the nobility of the younger sort, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London, the sergeants-at-arms, mace in hand, and the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham. 'They formed in procession to Cheapside, while all the citizens of London, in their liveries stood on either side of the street, by their several companies, with their ensigns and banners, and the streets were hung on both sides with cloths and tapestries, yielding a very stately and gallant prospect.' At Temple Bar King Christian returned to the Lord Mayor the sword, which he was very glad to be rid of.

As he, with his usual curiosity, was anxious to see all the wonders of the city, Nottingham and Sussex took him in their coaches to some of them, driving first to see Saint Paul's Church, then to the Royal Exchange and the many walks where merchants at all hours had news from the various parts of the world. These wise and well-informed men astonished the King by informing him of happenings in Denmark since his departure from his own capital of Copenhagen. Back again at court, King James insisted upon showing Christian some of his own possessions and among them his wardrobe in the Tower, his crown jewels, his ordnance and his mint. And so it went, a continuous round of pleasure and excitement, sight-seeing alternating with feasting and merriment.

Mornings were generally spent shooting bucks in

Saint James's and Hyde Parks, then of course there was tilting and ring-running, the King defeating the Duke of Lenox, the Earl of Arundel and Lords Effingham and Southampton, and finally, before leaving for Richmond, there were fights between bulls and bears. On the courts rode merrily to Hampton Court and Windsor — where Christian met the Knights of the Castle, which were those that had served in the wars of good Queen Bess. After early breakfast on the terrace, they were rowed to Rochester, where dinner was served on the '*Elizabeth Jones*, all hung with cloth of gold and perfumed with sweet waters.' King James and the rest of the Stuarts after him had done much to develop the navy and he was much excited at the thought of showing his new vessels to such an expert as Christian. At Chatham they were met by the 'proud and glorious sight of the British fleet, flying all its standards and pennants.' As the royal barge passed with both kings aboard, as well as Queen Anna and the Prince of Wales, twenty-three hundred great shots were discharged, and Christian waved his hat and roared with glee.

But it was time to make presents and to think of home. After assembling his hosts on board his flagship, Christian, with his usual extravagance, gave thirty thousand dollars to the English court, to the household beneath the stairs half that amount, and to the officers above the stairs ten thousand. The equerry in charge of King James's stables, who had had so much to do during all the hunting, received five thousand, and each member of the King and Queen of England's bedchamber received jewels. As for Queen Anna, after

taking her into his cabin and slapping her familiarly on the back, as when they were children, Christian gave her his picture richly set in jewels. His heart streaming over with affection for Prince Henry he gave him, in the impetuosity of the moment, his best fighting ship, fully armed and equipped, 'valued at twenty-five thousand pounds,' said the King, 'and with quarter galleries and forecastle, such as had no English vessel,' and with her went the Danish Vice-Admiral in command.[1] As Henry embraced his big-hearted uncle, Christian hung his gilt rapier around the boy's waist. Having given away pretty much all he possessed, Christian had little left for King James but the finely ornamented copper cannon, specially cast at Helsingborg with the arms of England.

The expedition with its new experiences, fêtes and pomp, had been eminently to Christian's taste. Once back in Copenhagen, however, he buckled down seriously to work and to his duties, inaugurating various social and economic reforms quite extraordinary for his youthful and apparently superficial, light-hearted character. As a consequence his subjects, and particularly the middle classes, began to realize that the young King had their interests very much at heart, and that he was particularly anxious to develop the country's foreign commerce. In order to accomplish this, Christian began studying the possibilities of increasing the trade with Iceland and rediscovering Greenland.

[1] Prince Henry received a similar gift from his father a few years later, when he presented him with the *Prince Royal*, of fourteen hundred tons, with fifty-five guns.

What he had heard from Spain, as well as seen with his own eyes alongside the Thames docks, made him feel the urgent necessity of discovering new lands and countries rich in natural resources. However, from what he had noticed at home, he felt certain that the work of his various artisans was damaged by the old guilds and their selfish rules and privileges. He believed that a benevolent ruler was far better able than the guilds to further individual rights and opportunities to buy and sell and do an honest day's work, and that foreign trade might be largely stimulated by the chartering of large trading companies operating in foreign parts of the world. As he recognized the particular skill and adaptability of certain foreigners in the arts they had practised at home, he attempted to increase immigration by special tax-exemption. He even went so far as to send his only Councillor taken from the burgher class, named Charisius, to the Netherlands, to see if he could not tempt some of the thrifty Dutch merchants to immigrate to Denmark.

After his return there were also family events calling for his attention, among which was the christening of his daughter, Elizabeth. Even before leaving for London he had been carrying on quite a controversy with his clergy in this matter, contending that he believed it was entirely unnecessary to exorcise and drive the devil out of a babe before christening it. No one but the King would have dared raise such a question, for in doing so he was attacking the most precious bigotry and hallowed dogma of the purged Evangelical Lutheran faith. It was a hot fight, but the clergy were finally

forced to yield, which they did with ill grace, and only after Christian had threatened all three bishops with the loss of their sees. Little Elizabeth became, as a result of her father's victories, the first Danish child to be christened without exorcism. The ceremony took place at Kronborg Castle, with Councillors' wives and daughters present, and the bishop who officiated was entered in Christian's diary as 'looking sheepish and crestfallen as he soaked my daughter in the font.'

CHAPTER VII

UNDERLYING all these multifarious interests in Christian's mind was a more fundamental matter, which had long been fermenting trouble, namely, his relations with Sweden, whose real and imaginary indignities had long been rankling in his heart. The Brunswick escapade had in no way sobered him. He was, on the contrary, fairly spoiling for a fight, and the time had come when his sagest advisers saw that they could no longer restrain him from attempting a settlement by force of arms of the many questions which had been in dispute ever since the days of the Danish-Norwegian union. The territory which Christian had received from his father was considerably larger than the present Kingdoms of Denmark and Norway. It stretched as far south as the city of Hamburg; and as it also included Halland, Blekinge and Skaane, important districts of southern Sweden, it closed the latter out from the Kattegat, with the exception of the narrow strip on which stood Gothenburg and the fortress of Elfsborg. To Sweden it was humiliating that her rich southern and southwestern provinces, with their adjacent islands, still belonged under the King of Norway and Denmark. As yet insufficiently strong and unprepared for the impending struggle with Denmark, the Swedish kings had turned to the eastern shores of the Baltic for the enlargement of the kingdom, which had not as yet completely emerged from the Middle Ages,

nor been welded into a cohesive, united and national unit. This work still remained for the greatest of all Swedish kings, who was about to appear, not only on the stage of his country's history, but as the greatest and noblest character in the all-European war. The country had been torn by dissension and strife, owing to the fact that Sigismund of Vasa had succeeded to both the Catholic throne of Poland and the Protestant one of Sweden. The energy of his successor, Charles IX, and the growing national consciousness of the people resulted, however, in gradually solidifying the Swedish Kingdom. This once accomplished, with the accession of Charles's son, Gustavus Adolphus, to the throne, Sweden wrested from Russia portions of the present Esthonia, and then Latvia from Poland. Gustavus realized that, by conquests along the southern shores of the Baltic, this would practically become a Swedish lake and Christian's overlordship a myth. Protestantism had brought about far more radical social changes in Sweden than those which it had created in monarchical England or the democratic Netherlands. Hand in hand with the Protestant Church the new Swedish State was fast developing principles of governmental stability in marked contrast to its earlier political confusion. The new social fabric contained religious and political elements united to virtue, determination and sacrifice, all in the hands of a strong and idealistic royal power, backed by some of the greatest men Sweden has ever produced.

Although Christian, in discussing his grievances with his Councillors, made much of the ridiculous kingship

over the half-starved Lapps, the quarterings on his arms and quibbling over the Sound toll, jealousy and fear were at the bottom of his enmity. What is more, many an exiled Swedish nobleman had whispered in Christian's ear how easy it would now prove for him to win the third Scandinavian crown. At the end of the year 1610 he could restrain himself no longer and so declared war shortly after New Year's. This he did strictly according to the rules of the game. He dispatched a magnificent herald ceremoniously from Copenhagen bearing the formal declaration of war, and accompanied by trumpeters to announce his arrival. His tunic bore the arms of Denmark and his silver wand, a reproduction of Christian's crown and quarterings. Upon reaching the Swedish frontier this astonishing cavalcade demanded safe conduct to His Majesty, Charles IX, King of Sweden. They had been instructed in case this was refused, according to good old custom, to touch no enemy hand, but to poke the declaration at the first comer, by the assistance of the silver wand. King Charles, who was far too infuriated to consider etiquette, ordered herald, trumpeters, wand and finery seized and locked up the moment they arrived. Fighting was thus begun without further ado. Whereas Christian, with his Danish cavalry and foreign mercenaries as infantry, had the makings of an army, King Charles's consisted largely of raw peasant recruits. While all was bustle and confusion in Copenhagen and Danish Sweden, Christian planned his campaign with considerable military skill. He divided his little army into two corps; he himself proposed to command one

and attack the fortress and town of Kalmar on the southeastern shore, while the other, under his Marshal, Sehested, was to march on Halmstad to the west.

The entire campaign, or 'Kalmar War,' which lasted with intermittent breathing spells some two and a half years, was as cruel as unnecessary, both nations giving throughout it free play to their worst passions. No quarter was given, but the poor population within the war area was subjected to the most horrible cruelties and suffering. Dastardly cruelty was practised upon any enemy subject that was so unfortunate as to fall in the path of the wild and famished soldiery, for which the countryside could provide but little sustenance, and little arrived from home. The Danish volunteer nobles fought, however, with splendid vim and gallantry, and the flower of them were left on the battlefields of southern Sweden. As for Christian himself, he slept in his armor, was always in the thick and forefront of any fight or *mêlée*, and often without his white plumed helmet or breastplate. With reckless daring and disregard of all personal safety, his powerful, big frame was constantly in the vanguard of his nobles. No wonder that such action, coupled with his presence of mind, soon made him the hero of every officer and soldier fighting under the banners of Denmark.

The attack on Kalmar, starting on July 17, 1611, developed into a formal siege with King Christian for the first time as commander-in-chief. It was a long, tedious affair, with tunnelling, mining and countermining. Breastworks were erected and exploded, skirmishes

between detachments of horse, inundations of camps, and plenty of sickness and starvation on both sides. The Swedes' use of wax babies proved particularly trying to the Danes. These images of Christian and his leaders were not only made with the Devil's assistance, but were actually christened by the Holy Church in Sweden so as to make them doubly effective. 'What could mere man do,' wrote the Danish nobleman home, 'with God and Devil leagued against him?' Once they were buried in the ground over which the enemy would pass, no power above or below could later protect from disaster those who had trampled on their graves. Christian himself wrote home in his distress to his wife: 'We have met in our camp with all kinds of devilish arts. A great number of wax children have been buried in the ground around us, and I must acknowledge that I have seen things here which I have never seen before. Those who resemble the children, suffer in the end.'

The castle of Kalmar finally surrendered after a most gallant resistance. What was left of the Swedish garrison was allowed to leave, as if they were going into action, with flying colors and blowing bugles, burning fuses and bullets in their mouths, in other words with 'all the honors of war.' The famished Danish soldiery, which was allowed to pillage the town, found little or nothing left to eat, and what there was proved to be poisoned. All Christian could do in his pity for them was to promise every fighting man two months' extra pay in reward for his courage and persistence.

The loss of Kalmar was too much for the temper of the old King Charles. To relieve his feelings, he sent a

personal challenge to King Christian, somewhat similar to the one sent by Charles V to his great enemy, Francis of France. Both letter and reply were excellent specimens of the coarse and uncontrolled expression of the day. The time had not yet arrived elsewhere in Europe when court feelings were concealed in the stilted and artificial phraseology of the court of the Most Christian King. King Charles wrote as follows:

We, Charles IX, by the Grace of God, King of the Swedes, the Goths, the Wends, the Finns in Carelia, the Lapps in the Northern Countries and the Esthonians in Livonia, beg to inform you, Christian IV, King of Denmark, that you have not acted like an honest and Christian king. You have needlessly and without reason destroyed and broken the pact made forty years ago in Stettin between the Kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark and Norway. You and your forces have taken Our City of Kalmar, and later its castle. The islands of Öland and Borgholm have also fallen into your hands through treachery. Your attack has resulted in a blood bath, which will not lightly be forgotten. But We know that the Almighty God, who is a righteous God, will punish your contemptible and overweening pride. We have suggested all Christian means, which We could think of, to bring about peace and agreement, but you have repeatedly refused them. Knowing you are here personally, We now make this last suggestion: In order that no more blood be spilt by you, We suggest, according to the old custom of the Goths, that you proceed in your own person, without wicked cunning, to single combat with Us, in open field, accompanied by two of your soldiers, same being knights of the nobility. There We will meet you in Our own person without breastplate or armor, merely wearing a helmet and sword in hand. You are to meet Us similarly armed. The two attendants accompanying Us will both be fully armed. One will have two pistols and his sword at his side; the other, a musket, a pistol and sword. Let the two who accompany you be similarly armed. If you

do not agree, We shall consider you neither a king nor a soldier, so you had better act as We suggest.

Given in Our Ryssby Camp, August 11th, 1611.

CAROLUS

Though Christian found this missive a pretty stiff one, he replied immediately as follows:

We, Christian IV, beg to inform you, Charles IX, King of Sweden, that We have received from your trumpeter your frivolous and blustering communication. We had hoped you would spare Us such an epistle, but the dog-days which are here must have gone to your head. We have decided to follow the old saying: 'In the hills, the echo brings back your call.'

This is Our answer to your letter. When you say that We have not acted as an honest and Christian King and have not kept the pact of Stettin, then you are fabricating and lying, like one who cannot control his tongue and who defames another's honor. Lacking strength you are trying to protect yourself by scolding. We started this fight from well-considered necessity and from good reason, and are willing to abide the ruling of God in heaven on the Day of Judgment. You will be there too and will have to give an accounting for the innocent blood you are now spilling, as well as for other tyrannical acts which you have committed during your life against your subjects, as well as other poor people. When you write us that We have taken Kalmar town and castle through treachery and envy, as also Öland and Borgholm, those are also lies. We captured them as honest lords and soldiers. You should be ashamed to think that you did not provision the castle better, but let it be taken right under your nose — you who want to appear a fighter and who were personally so near at hand. As for the honest fight which you offer Us, that seems to Us rather despicable, owing to the fact that We know that God in heaven has already stricken you. We would rather pity than fight you. A warm stove is more suitable for you than such a fight and skirmish, as also a good doctor, who could straighten out your head. You ought to be ashamed, you old fool, to be so pushing with an honest gentle-

man. You must have taken lessons from a harlot, who protects herself by scolding. Just leave all this writing alone.

We should at the same time like to warn you to return Our herald and two trumpeters which you are keeping, contrary to all customs of war. By so doing, you prove your real disposition. You probably believe that by harming them you have won the crowns of Denmark and Norway. You had better try to hide than defend the ones you possess. This is Our answer to your frivolous and blustering communication.

Written from Our Castle of Kalmar on the 17th of August, 1611.

KRISTIAN

The recipient did not long survive this courteous interchange of letters. Though Charles, who was mortally ill, knew he had failed in reaching his goal, he felt his son would finish the work he had commenced. And so in blessing him before he died, he said, 'Ille jaciet,' as he laid his hands on the head of Gustavus Adolphus.

The war dragged slowly on through the summer of 1612, with the soldiers, who had no desire to fight on empty stomachs, deserting in numbers, and Christian's noblemen wishing themselves back by the fleshpots of Denmark. One of them, Breide Rantzau, wrote home to the Chancellor: 'His Royal Majesty always wants to be the first, heeds no danger and will listen to no advice,' while another, Albert Skeel's letter to his Lady Bertha, gives a good picture of life in the Danish camp:

DEAR WIFE: Perhaps Our Lord has heard the prayers which you and your good folk have said, for I was in great danger last Sunday; yes, greater than I ever have previously experienced or expect to, even if the war lasts ten years. But Our Lord saved my person from wound and harm. This is what happened. The King received word that Gert Rantzau had met the Swedes. I was ordered to take a hundred horse

and hurry to a place about four miles this side of Jönkjöbing to ascertain the outcome of the encounter. This I did and also succeeded in taking four prisoners. But when the time came to return, I received word that some five hundred Swedes had stolen between King Christian and myself and were hiding in three passes where they were waiting to capture me and my cavalry. I did not like the situation, but I called my horsemen about me and told them if they only would stand by me, then we would in Jesus' name ride back and try our luck. They answered yes, they would follow me. So we charged, in God's name, and with swords drawn, into the first pass. Here my horse received a bullet, which went right through his belly just in front of the saddle. But he was an honest fellow and carried me along to the second ambush. Here a second bullet finished him and he fell dead on the spot, poor fellow. All I could do was to run as best I might in my heavy armor, pistol in hand. It was hard to keep from surrendering, but Our Lord came to the rescue in the shape of Niels Krabbe's master-of-horse, a handsome fellow, who had followed me and who, as he rode up to help me, was shot through his head and fell off his horse in front of my feet. I called to a soldier, that if there was honor in him he would now serve the master-of-horse by helping me to his charger. This he did and received as a reward, later that evening, eight rose-nobles. Once on the horse, I led what remained of my troops into the third pass. Here a bullet struck my armor, but bounded off, as I thank God, who so miraculously spared me, and preserved me from wound and harm.

Your loving lord and husband

ALBERT

While such skirmishes as these were the order of the day, Christian himself had been hurriedly called to Copenhagen by the sudden news that his wife, Queen Anna-Catherine, was dying. She had been unwilling to have him informed of the gravity of her situation until she knew it was only a question of days. He thus arrived merely in time to sing the last hymn with her, the

bishops and her maidens, and then to close her eyes. On returning to camp immediately after the funeral with his cape thrown over his head to mark his mourning at the sad event, he entered this rather briefly in his diary by writing: 'She is now dead. She often accompanied me on my vessels, although she was always seasick.' No mention was made of the fact that the poor girl had given him six children, three of whom, Christian, Frederick and Ulrich, were still alive.

Gustavus, who was commanding the Swedes, realized during the summer of 1612 that it was folly to continue the devastating war with the country denuded of sustenance and his army crippled by sickness. With the help of the English, therefore, he took steps to bring the war to a close. After the fall of the Swedish fortress of Elfsborg, Christian had little more to gain and Sweden little to lose. The terms negotiated at Knäröd meant truce rather than peace, for the treaty was so hard on Sweden that it could only mean revenge should Sweden ever become sufficiently powerful. Christian acquired by it practically all he had demanded, retaining thereto Elfsborg fortress as a pawn until the Swedes had paid him the enormous idemnity of a million dollars. Denmark had emerged from the war as the greatest power in the North.

Flushed with victory, Christian turned his thoughts elsewhere. He had long been convinced that it was not good for man to live alone, and he acted rather suddenly on this conviction at a jolly wedding held in Copenhagen a few months after Anna-Catherine's death. Here he selected as his partner Karen, the daughter of Anders,

the Bremerholmen clerk.' She was so pretty and danced so well that Christian decided to lose no time, but take her home with him at once to live in the palace. Karen naturally preferred the palace to a parsonage and the King to the poor clergyman, Nils Simonson, to whom she was betrothed. Though Nils had his own views in the matter and loved Karen deeply, he was no fool, but was more than consoled with the good living at Kjöge and Karen's sister to boot. Time proved that 'a wise head is better than a pretty face,' for Nils rose until at last he sat on Oslo bishop's throne. While every one praised the King's thoughtfulness and generosity, he and Karen were happy as turtledoves, and she exhibited so much common sense that he consulted her more and more on such matters as were on his mind. She received an apartment at Kronborg looking out over the Sound, and in the three years during which she occupied it bore the King two daughters, Elizabeth and Karen, and one son, Hans Ulrich, all of whom became Gyldenlöves. She did not have an easy time of it, for though the royal children treated her kindly, the court ladies did all in their power to insult and injure her feelings. On the first birthday she spent with Christian, he wrote her, as then was the custom, a 'binding rhyme,' which he sent to her by the children with a gold brooch in the shape of a lover's knot. The rhyme, worthy of a soldier, rather than a poet, ran as follows:

I've heard it say
A fine birthday
Is on its way
To-day.

So you I bind
With happy mind.
Out of my noose
You will get loose
By paying what is fine
Of sugar and spice
Or something nice
Uncostly, Karen mine.

As she was only a plaything, Christian's attentions were unfortunately only sporadic. When the children were born, and the King away, the ladies-in-waiting paid no heed to her calls for help, and even went so far as to forbid the attendants to assist 'the common hussy.' Christian was little better, for though he allowed her some months after the birth of Christian-Ulrich to leave Kronborg 'without contempt,' he did little beyond entering in his diary: 'Karen has left court owing to a film on her right eye. She has lived here three years, one month and twelve days.' Fortunately, conscience smote him after she was gone, and he had at least the decency to give her a house in Copenhagen and Tycho Brahe's old fief of the island of Hveen, both of which she kept until she twenty-four years later outraged Christian by sending word she had decided to marry a waiter. On receiving this news he promptly ordered Karen locked up, and Christian did not relent until the amorous waiter had tearfully knelt before the throne and begged forgiveness for his audacity.

CHAPTER VIII

THE war with Sweden seems to have been for Christian an outlet for energy that was merely superfluous, so much was there left for him to expend on the internal affairs of his kingdom. His force was dynamic and inexhaustible. Fortunately his intellect and imagination took him beyond war as the only exercise for it. In much of his expenditure of it, he was truly constructive, but it carried him far beyond his time. With the impatience and optimism of a child, he undertook to make his kingdom perfect in a day, to correct at once the instant he perceived every defect and deficiency in Denmark.

He formed a standing army of four thousand men, in addition to the 'banners' or cavalry, which were to be quartered in various tax-exempt farms leased by the Crown. He added many new vessels to the fleet, as well as a number of smaller armed craft with crews of sixty men. He founded new cities and trading posts, and established the first postal service throughout all parts of his countries. He enlarged and endowed the university and erected schools by the dozen. He did his very best to encourage agriculture, introducing dairy farming on the royal properties, and incubators on poultry farms. One splendid building after another he erected in Copenhagen with the assistance of his Dutch architects and artists. He patronized every form of industry, subsidized many, built new powder and paper mills,

workshops for the production of firearms, cloth, silk, velvet, gold cloth and tapestries.

He put up a new Royal Exchange, new fortifications and churches, enlarged the harbor. The City Hall he redecorated, and cleared new market-places amid the narrow streets. A force of a hundred watchmen began to keep order in the still unlit thoroughfares of the capital. He travelled all over the islands, peninsula and duchies, presiding constantly at the meetings of the nobility and at the important trials.

In appearance Christian was a most dignified and imposing person. He did not, however, look his height, owing to his enormous stomach and the short, winged jacket of the time, studded with splendid gilt and be-jewelled buttons. His broad lace collar reached to his shoulders, and high lace cuffs to the elbows above the gauntlets. According to the fashion of the day, he almost always carried a cane, as well as a sword by his side, and tucked his trousers into his high, soft riding-boots of Cordovan leather. The elephant, the insignia of the Danish order of nobility, hung, invariably, from a gold-linked chain around his neck. Deep-set eyes flashed from his ruddy, fleshy face; his upturned mustaches and goatee, in giving him a martial air, distracted attention from the double-chin. A curly 'bob' concealed his ears, while from one end of the bang, plastered down his forehead, a little pigtail descended to the elephant on his portly stomach. The whole effect was framed by as magnificent a white-plumed, three-cornered hat as ever graced Porthos in the palmiest days of his affluent magnificence. It was a kingly figure of great strength,

with a look of mastery and determination, blended with humor and only marred by a certain sensuousness.

Christian's religion, which was of an extraordinary and convenient character, was one of the strange contradictions of his age — an intolerant one, as full of cant and uncompromising narrow-mindedness in every relation of life as was that of our own Puritan forefathers. The strangest part of it all is that he regarded himself as his contemporaries regarded him, as an extremely pious and religious man, particularly during the last years of his life when he attended divine services daily. More than this, all through life, partly owing to his office and partly to his inclinations, he took an active part in national religious matters. He spent a good deal of his time attempting to revise the ecclesiastical laws of the country and control and humanize ecclesiastical authority. Much of the cruelty of the day, even of the civil law, was due to the influence of the churchmen who had written it. Not even foreign study could broaden their minds, for, after receiving their first theological education at the University of Copenhagen, they would continue it at Rostock or Wittenberg, returning to Denmark more narrow-minded than when they had left. The religious convictions of the individual seemed, just as much as those of his clergymen, to be of considerable concern to Christian. So it was that one morning, after chucking the housemaid under the chin and exchanging gibes with the milkmaid as she was clattering across the paving-stones of the courtyard, he ordered them both before him and lectured them at length as to a more serious consideration of the redemp-

tion of their souls. And again, another day, while reflecting on funeral services Christian decided to abolish the custom of the invited guests drinking and dancing around the coffin, this being in his opinion 'unwelcome to both God and the departed.' He was as afraid of Calvinism as of Catholicism, declaring that 'one must always be on one's guard against either fox breaking into the Danish farmyard.' Of course there was no such thing as freedom of religious thought. Christian immediately deprived a much-loved Aalborg clergyman of his living for having taught 'the abominable delusion that a heathen could be saved by the grace of God.' That was as far as he and most of those that surrounded him had reached in Scandinavia in the early seventeenth century. As for the common people, they felt that their King had quite a Solomon's insight in both religious and worldly matters, particularly if he happened to be in good humor. One day one of his noblemen, named Christopher Rosenkrands, had seized the poor widow Karen Juul's place on which he asserted he held two mortgages. Karen replied the mortgages were forgeries and that neither she nor her husband, of blessed memory, had ever borrowed a dollar from Rosenkrands. She acknowledged, however, that both the signatures did look as like her own and her late husband's 'as twin babies in the dark.' His Majesty being present to conduct the case, Karen fell at his feet, and with tears and prayers besought his justice and assistance. The King sent for the mortgages, as well as Rosenkrands, who demanded, almost with insolence, that the law be carried out and he be put in immediate

possession of Karen's property. The King, stepping into the next room, examined the mortgages by candlelight in order to try to discover any falsification in the seals or signatures. He noticed by chance the watermark of a paper-maker whom he knew intimately, having built him a new mill a few years previously. Remembering well when the mill was erected, the King saw that the mortgages were dated two years before the watermark had ever been used. Returning to Rosenkrands he told him he would personally take charge of the mortgages until the case was called again. The paper-maker was sent for, and, after examining the paper, declared it of his make, also that it could not possibly have been manufactured until two years later than the dates of the mortgages. He was an apprentice in Holland and France when they were dated, without right to use the watermark of the large crown. He likewise declared no one but himself had ever employed such a mark. Rosenkrands, who was again summoned to the castle of Skanderborg, arrived post-haste, bragging of his rights. But his conceit was short-lived, for Christian, having proved the forgery to the court of nobles, Rosenkrands was put in irons, brought to the 'Blue Tower' dungeon in Copenhagen and judged, 'without honor, to lose his head for forgery.' The jailer removed the golden chain of nobility from his neck and broke its links, as also the sword from his side, then pushed him backward out of the council chamber door and handed him over to the executioner for beheading in the palace square. Christian remarked: 'Thus a crooked limb may grow from the fine trunk of a noble tree.'

Domestic matters claimed at this time fully as much of his attention as national ones, for the three little royal boys being without a mother, he felt very strongly that their care and education would rest entirely upon his shoulders, as did of course that of Karen's children, now that she had left court. Thus, when he was at home or near them, he constantly ran in and out of the nurseries and schoolrooms, tasting their food, ordering them to drink beer, so as to quench the thirsts arising from all the salt food, feeling whether their little bodies were warm, scolding the nurses and womenfolk, and examining the boys in their lessons. Christian had the happy faculty of forgetting what he had himself loathed and suffered as a boy, for he, in turn, as his father, Frederick, had before him, instructed the children's preceptor to 'accompany the children to church, several times every Sunday, fête and holidays' and then, when they had at last escaped and returned to the palace, 'to examine them during mealtime in the contents of the sermons, to which they had listened, also to punish strictly any omission in the grace that preceded the meal, and the song of thanksgiving which followed it.' Any play during the Sabbath was to be 'intra limites modestiæ.' It must thus have been a Sunday question in the Oldenburg family whether its youngest members abhorred church or mealtimes the more.

Their clothes, food, medicines, presents, journeys and lessons were constantly on Christian's mind, and of course, in the case of the little girls, the stocking of their wedding chests. The King instructed the royal tailor to make out a New Year's list of the materials needed

for the children's yearly supplies and submit it to him for his approval and signature. It was to contain the requisite yardage of bleached and unbleached lace-bordering, silk and flowered satin, and quantities of hooks and eyes and whalebones. The butchers, fishermen and kitchen clerks were to submit similar lists of meats, and fish, fresh, smoked and salted, of butter, lard, sugar-loafs, Dutch flour, Rhenish and French wines, rice, plums, prunes, ginger-snaps, raisins and spices. Anything forgotten would have to go over to another year.

The rod was seldom spared, as the children were not to be spoiled, but taught obedience and courtly manners. In order to gain these Christian instructed them to 'handle their food with their fork and not with their fingers; cut with their knife and not tear with their teeth; swallow their food before their beer or their wine; wipe their fingers on cloth and not lick them clean'; and the French dancing master was enjoined to take special care in teaching the boys how to take off their hats and how to bow in going in and out of a room. Christian likewise gave them the following equally good advice: 'When you arise in the morning, you must first stretch your limbs; so doing carries all the blood to the brain and fingers and toes, which is most beneficial, and the brain is likewise cleaned and the body given its full strength. Then rub the body a few times gently with your hands, beginning with the chest, back and abdomen, and finishing hard with the arms and legs. You can also use a cloth that has been warmed. Such a rubbing is also very good before going to bed.

You may, as I do, stand in front of the fire and let your servants do the rubbing and chopping on the back, for this helps splendidly the fourth digestion, which takes place in the arteries. Finally, run your nails gently along your scalp, from the forehead back to the neck. Remove your nightcap last of all, for as you have arisen naked from your bed, you might otherwise catch cold.'

Christian insisted upon the boys' being taught Latin at an early age, in addition to the customary Danish and German. Though he himself spoke Italian with the French and Spanish ambassadors, Latin was his usual language with both foreigners and scholars and the language in which foreign ambassadors were usually introduced, so the quicker the children learned it elegantly the better.

In the midst of State matters of considerable import, trivial little things for the children's comfort would pop into Christian's head. He would then turn to his Chancellor, leaving the important question discussed, and say to him, for instance, that he must be certain that glass window panes were provided in their rooms whatever the cost might be, and that the new tin basins and pots purchased for the children were stamped with the royal arms, or on another day, that 'nose cloths must be given them in case they had colds.'

Of course the girls would be married or at least engaged when they were twelve years old, so Christian informed them while still young, 'that every woman should in her intercourse with her husband be bashful, polite, gay, clean, sober, and adorn herself as he desires, so as to please him in all things. She should remember

then when she enters her husband's home, she will cover her head as a sign of obedience unto him, and that she must not let others gaze upon her nor must she adorn herself so as to rouse the lewd desires of others. And when her husband invites guests, she must let them understand that she respects her husband and him alone, and she must not stare at each guest like a crazy cow.' She must remember the story of how King Tigranes invited the handsome King Cyrus to his house, and when the feast was over asked his wife, 'Have you ever seen a better-looking man than this King Cyrus?' To which the Queen answered, 'Why, I did not notice him, for I was only thinking of you, Tigranes, during the entire party, and saw no one else.'

The heir to the throne, Prince Christian, could not well help being the cock of the nursery walk. His life and household were strictly regulated and consisted of the following persons: a trumpeter who slept outside his bedroom, who was to blow his trumpet in case the Prince awoke and was afraid of the dark, a baker, a fireman, a gamekeeper and a fisherman, the schoolmaster, chamberlain and gentlemen-in-waiting, three valets, a servant to take care of his silver, with a wife who could cook and was willing to do all requisite slaughtering, a tailor boy clever at mending clothes and darning stockings, a 'medicus,' with assistant and apothecary, who should be responsible for the spices and herbs required for the Prince's health. The Prince was to be waked at seven by his schoolmaster, and, after he had said his prayers, one valet was to put on his breeches, one his shirt and one his stockings. So as to obviate any jealousy in this

matter, they would rotate in the handling of these garments. There was study hour until nine, followed by beer and bread. After this came 'gratiarum actionem,' then 'Licentia,' until twelve had struck; from twelve to three, study hour and an hour of knightly games before the principal meal at four. Before prayers and bedtime at nine, the Prince was to be allowed more or less freedom. The gate, cellar and kitchen of his as well as the other children's quarters were, however, to be firmly locked at half-past eight and all lights out except in the rooms of the Prince and his brothers.

In 1610, when Prince Christian was seven years old, the Estates had sworn allegiance to him as his father's successor to the throne, after which every one, from his father down to the stable boys and swineherds at Fredericksborg, called him Christian V. We shall later return to his miserable and well-merited end, but, as he grew older, all that he now learned and heard seemed to go for naught, for he became more and more dissipated, drink and women absorbing such thoughts as he possessed. Though he had none of his father's fine, manly qualities, he resembled him strikingly in looks, until dissipation gradually obliterated the features of resemblance and he became but a caricature of him.

The charming little brick and limestone castle of Rosenborg was now so far completed that the King could invite not only noblemen, but also his friends among the Copenhagen burghers to come and sup with him in its garden and play shuffleboard among the lindens. The neighborhood outside the walls was improving, as he had put a stop to many of the parties in

the little summer houses in the surrounding woods, owned by the gilded youth, and put to no good use at their mixed, midnight revels. No one had helped Christian at Rosenborg more than the good Dr. Sperling, especially after he had brought home, servant and botanist that he was, many rare seeds from all over the world to test in Danish soil and climate. So as to plan the work in an orderly manner, he advised subdividing the ground set aside for gardens into vegetable, flower and fruit gardens. This agreed upon, he and the King supervised the planting of asparagus, cucumbers, pumpkins, cabbage, peas and carrots in the vegetable garden, and Province roses, sweet lavender, peonies and double carnations in the flower garden, behind which again lay the fruit garden, with red, white and black currants interspersed with gooseberries bordering its paths. The Dutch chestnuts, along the driveway leading to the entrance, had been planted even before construction was begun, so they were now well along. In addition to the castle itself the porters' lodge was nearing completion, as also the laundry, the bathhouse, aviary, brewery, orangery, gardener's lodge and riding-ring. Then there was the royal distillery, where Peter Pay was to live. He was a very necessary functionary, being well versed in the manufacture of stomach cordial, brandy, syrup of violets and rosemary. He also provided sugar, honey and spices, and made certain that fruits from the South had been purchased for the Royal table. There was little etiquette and less court than elsewhere, at Rosenborg, and it was a joy to Christian to take part in all the activities from the five A.M. gardener's roll-call of the

lads with rake, hoe and shovel, to the evening closing of the drawbridge and gates.

Despite these multifarious activities, Christian had kept in constant touch with his English relatives. He had enjoyed his first visit to England so much that, when spring fever caught him in 1614, he decided he would leave his little castle for a while and repeat the visit, but this time would go unannounced and surprise Queen Anna. Since he was last in London, many pleasant messages and various couriers had sailed forth and back across the North Sea. Andrew Sinclair, the very one who had lost the bet on the famous ride from Fredericksborg to Copenhagen, and had originally arrived when James came courting, was sent over to offer Lord Burleigh Christian's mediation in the French controversy; others had been sent to suggest marriages between the most likely of the cousins, and English ambassadors had come to Copenhagen with many a friendly message.

This time, however, there was a matter of so delicate a nature that Christian decided he had best be his own ambassador. Gustavus Adolphus's genius was beginning to make itself felt. Still making payments for the Kalmar war, he had just become a party to the recent alliance between the States General and the Hansa City Lübeck, both of which felt they were paying blood money to the monarch levying the Sound tolls. All his Councillors had pointed out to Christian that James must at all costs be dissuaded from joining such dangerous enemies and there was no telling when he might not lend a willing ear to Dutch arguments. Christian had,

as it was, every reason to believe that the crafty and unscrupulous traders had of late been tampering with his mails after filling the Jutland postillions full of schnapps.

So in the last hurried days before his departure he wrote to his agent in The Hague the following ingenious instructions as a guide to his future diplomatic correspondence: 'You will tie up your letters with a blue thread when the Dutchmen are planning naval warfare; yellow, if military preparations are on foot; red, if your own person is in danger, and black, if a treaty is being considered. Even if the contents of your letter have been tampered with, I will thus understand what you have originally written.'

There were many other things to think of, before sailing. There were English presents to prepare, which meant sending silver bars betimes to the silversmith, for platters and goblets, cages to be built for the Icelandic hunting hawks and stalls to erect for the horses between the lower-tier cannon, to say nothing of the thousand and one matters of State and documents to sign before Christian finally could hoist anchor and cast off.

He was as fond of surprises as he was of jokes, so he sent no word to England of his arrival and those who were let into the secret in Copenhagen were sworn to secrecy. It worked to perfection, for the Yarmouth fisher-folk rubbed their eyes as his galleons hove in sight, first fearing the Spaniards might be up to new mischief.

Once set ashore, Christian looked peaceable enough and, merely accompanied by half a dozen courtiers, seemed scarce able to conquer London with the post-

horses, for which he paid so lavishly. Inside of Temple Bar, Christian stopped at an inn, in Oldgate, where he had a fine dinner and, inquiring the news, heard that James the King was on his 'Progress' in Bedfordshire, while Queen Anna was lodged in Somerset House, 'where she might this very moment be eating cherries in her garden on the Thames.' That was just the news which Christian wanted, so fortified by a final gallon of stout, he put his elephant round his neck and his garter around his leg, hired a hackney coach and galloped up the Strand. It was lucky, some of the older among the yeomen of the guard knew him as he drove up, or their pikes might have barred his entrance instead of coming to attention with the respectful raps on the cobbles. Their captain ran along beside him to the banqueting-hall, where he burst in as Queen Anna was picking a chicken bone all by herself. Christian, rushing up, seized her from behind and gave her a resounding kiss, before she even had a chance to lick her fingers clean. In the midst of all the Danish talk and laughter that ensued, a courier was dispatched to Bedfordshire, whence King James soon returned to greet his astonishing brother-in-law.

The last half of July was spent amid much pleasure and some work. James assembled his Privy Councillors and King Christian explained to them, in his best Latin, how stood the affairs in the North, in the States General, and also much about the storm gathering in Central Europe. They in turn right humbly voiced the complaints of the English merchants and particularly those of the Steelyard. But all is well that ends well,

and the two monarchs finally concluded with loving embrace, Christian promising James a loan from Queen Dowager Sophia's well-filled purse, and James in turn to stand by the Danes.

In his customary manner Christian entered the happenings in his diary, where we find for the last days before he departed:

July 20. I listened to a sermon with the King and Queen. During the evening a comedy was played in the same hall.
July 27. Ring-running to-day.
July 28. Some bulls and bears were baited.
July 29. I played court tennis and in the evening drank pretty hard with the King of England.

CHAPTER IX

THE fact that Christian had no legal wife had for several years occupied the minds of his mother and married sisters; this was only natural, for it was the custom in those days to remarry almost as soon as the last wife was laid in her grave. Anna had also hinted at it while he was in London. During a visit to Kronborg, shortly afterwards, from all three of his female relations, Queen Sophia, woman of action that she was, finally took the bull by the horns and suggested a couple of the most eligible German princesses, whom she had been turning around in her mind. It was no use; Christian only laughed and shook his head, and said that Denmark could ill afford to support further royal princes, nor were there principalities or bishoprics to be found for them outside the limits of his possessions. As it was, there were already two sons besides the heir for which provision must be made. Unfortunately, however, Christian took the matter into his own hands and proceeded to make the greatest mistake of his private life, one that was to fill the many remaining years with jealousy, unhappiness and recriminations, to embitter his family relationships, to end the jovial, care-free days of the family circle and to replace them by shame and annoyance.

One day while he was at church, and in spite of his religious predilections, paying no particular attention to the sermon, he noticed a little way down the aisle, beside

his friend Ellen Marsvin, Ludvig Munk's widow, a singularly lovely blonde and blue-eyed, buxom girl. He whispered to the nearest courtier to hurry and find out who it might be, and, on hearing that it was Ellen's daughter by her first husband, greeted them after services so as to be able to look at the girl more carefully. He jested for a while with Ellen about her wedding, which he had attended so many years ago and concluded by inviting them both to the palace to dinner. The Munks were among the oldest Danish nobles and related to most of the important families in the country. They were, in other words, a power very much to be reckoned with, and, though both Munk and Ellen's first husband were now in their graves, she was as capable and ambitious as both of them put together. She had not without forethought placed pretty seventeen-year-old Kirsten where she would surely catch the eye of the inflammable King. Being one of the few mortals to whom desire usually meant possession, his first act was, as we have earlier heard, to separate Karen from her progeny and eject her from Kronborg, and the next to consider how best to meet the Munk situation. Owing to the power and position of her relations, an illegitimate alliance with this child of one of the first houses of Denmark was both difficult and dangerous, while, on the other hand, some form or other of morganatic marriage might rally to Christian's side many of those who had already begun most bitterly to oppose his policies.

Kirsten Munk was quite unfitted temperamentally for the boisterous, naïve, uncalculating, good nature of King Christian. She had had no bringing-up whatever,

but had been thoroughly spoiled by a selfish and wealthy mother, who had refused her many suitors, as she was looking for bigger game. High-strung, hot-blooded and coarse, with the strength of an ox, Kirsten was incapable of making any man happy, but only fitted to be worshipped and spoiled. At times whimsical and violent, at others vivacious and winning, full of the devil, with feet itching to dance through life, she was the kind of woman men fight and kill for, and in possessing gain misery. But Christian, whose blood was afire, saw none of this. He kept his own counsel, taking into his confidence only a few of his immediate servants, in addition to Ellen and Kirsten. After he had turned it over carefully in his head, he finally hit upon the idea of marrying Kirsten with his left, instead of his right hand. Such a 'matrimonia ad morganatica' would, he reasoned, constitute a perfectly valid and legal wedding, before the eyes of God and man. It would satisfy the pride of the haughty Munks and their family connections and it would legitimatize any issue from the marriage. On the other hand, Kirsten would not become Queen, nor would she be accorded royal titles and honors, nor would her children be princes and princesses of the blood, and a burden to the State. They could not carry their father's arms, or name, nor inherit his property, nor could their mother, upon his death, claim a widow's dower rights. It was a masterly idea, thought Christian, and he acted upon it. As a result, the wedding was shortly held very quietly, in his Swedish province of Scania, in order to attract the least possible attention, and later confirmed in Fredericksborg Chapel. The

following day he wrote to a friend: 'I thoroughly agree with Luther that the marriage estate is acceptable to God, and after having advised with various Bishops and other experienced men of God, and learned persons, I decided I should fly sin and offence against the Lord and contracted a marriage with Kirsten Munk. Children are the loveliest May flowers and tapestries with which you can strew and adorn your table and chamber.'

In his usual methodical, business-like way, Christian also executed the following affidavit, which he handed to Kirsten:

August 23, 1615 — I acknowledge to all men by these lines that I have selected as a true running mate (Staldbroder [1]) the honest and well-born lady, Kirsten Munk, the daughter of Ludvig, with whom I wish to live and die in such a manner that no one can separate us except the Almighty God, by temporal death. I shall provide her with one of the Royal fiefs, which she is to enjoy after my earthly demise, free of all taxes and encumbrances. I shall provide her with everything as long as we live together, and live with her in such a manner that she shall have reason to thank me. Lundegaard.

Your heart's very dearest Lord

CHRISTIAN

Thus he made her secure of all she deserved and more, but nothing could secure him from the troubles she was to cause.

A great many embassies from all over Europe arrived in these honeymoon days in Copenhagen. Most of them rather bored the King, who wished first of all to devote his spare time to his bride and, with her beside him, to the thousand and one projects in which he was deeply

[1] Literally translated: 'Companion in my stall.'

interested. Christian was really unequal to deal, to his country's best advantage, with some of the men against whom he now was pitted or the situations which arose. As one of his biographers says of him: 'As a statesman he lacked the self-control and mastery which would have enabled him to regard his Kingdom's political situation from a single viewpoint, determining his actions in all directions. He could follow energetically a single plan or even several plans simultaneously, but if they clashed, or if one of them lay outside what in a wider sense was the main aim of his policy, then he was incapable of making the right choice. He did not then understand sacrificing the less for the more important.' It was too bad Kirsten lacked all the qualities of the great women who had been guiding England's and France's destinies and he had not one such man beside him as now surrounded Gustavus Adolphus. All poor Christian could do, in his boredom and incapacity, was to write: 'I am so bothered by strangers! As soon as one leaves, another one is on my neck. Now the plenipotentiaries from Bremen have arrived, and day after to-morrow the oldest Count of Pfaltz comes with the English Ambassador.' These embassies were not only annoying interruptions, they were also of considerable expense outside the entertainment, for every one of their members expected presents, from a gold ring to a gold 'bumper,' or a gold chain, and all of the jewelry would to Christian's mind have looked lovelier on his Kirsten. There was much ado whenever they arrived, for not only must the musicians, guards and trumpeters be at the city gate, but proper lodgings provided. Here

was now a Swedish ambassador arrived, and cooks and silver service must quickly be sent from the palace to his lodgings, as well as noblemen to cut his meat, pour his wine and wait upon him. As the Swede refused to ride the beautifully harnessed horse which was sent to bring him to his audience and which out of etiquette had to be there, there was nothing to do but lead the horse in front of the fastidious Swede. After his presentation to the King and the ceremonial speeches of the audience were over, the inevitable State banquet followed, consisting this time of four sets of courses, the first being oysters, patties, wine, soup and tarts; the second roast suckling pig, goats' heads with their livers and box-tree leaves in their mouths, and almond paste; the third, of carps and pastry; and the fourth of twenty-seven kinds of confectionery, preserved pears and cherries. 'Before beginning the fourth series,' says the chronicler of the day, 'the King encouraged the Swedish ambassador to follow his example and loosen his belt.' [1]

Then again Lord John Wentworth arrived, with the gift of a miniature of Prince Charles. His older brother Henry, to whom Christian had taken such a liking during his first English trip, had died, and now Queen Anna wanted her brother Christian to see what her second boy looked like. Before producing the miniature, Wentworth addressed the King in English, of which he did not understand a word, and consequently answered, first in Latin, then German, then Italian, and finally

[1] Another contemporary writer says that 'after much gluttony, they did leap and exercise their bodies.'

Danish. Wentworth replied to the latter by flapping the wings of his cape, making Christian seriously doubt his sanity. Speech having proved difficult, Christian made signs, indicating that the stranger might prefer eating and drinking to conversing. As they sat down the lost interpreter fortunately arrived. The portrait was presented and Lord Wentworth informed His Majesty that Prince Charles would like some more Icelandic and Norwegian hawks. Christian was relieved to realize that this was what Wentworth had attempted to express by signs and took him after dinner to his aviary to make his own selection from among the royal birds. Christian was even in a greater quandary, how not only to address, but to receive the ambassador of the Emperor of Ceylon.[1] This envoy, who had been waiting some time for his audience, had risen from being a Dutch trader only a few years previously, and his credentials introduced him as 'Prince of Mignonne, Cockelecorle, Annanogoporre and Nivitegal, Privy Councellor and Knight Commander of the Order of the Golden Sun, President of the Upper Council and the Council of War, Vice-President of the Privy Council, Admiral of the Fleet and General of the Empire of Ceylon.' Christian's master of ceremonies had never yet assigned a place at the Danish court to a foreigner embodying in one and the same person so many offices of State and high titles, and consequently was forced to refer the question to the monarch himself. The Prince of Mignonne was, however, finally received and offered King Christian, on

[1] Considerable trouble had occurred in the past, owing to omitted or defective titles in important documents.

behalf of his Lord and Master, twelve years' monopoly of all foreign Ceylonese trade. The offer greatly appealed to the King, who had, as we know, for years been turning over in his mind how to increase his reputation and fill his coffers by profitable foreign trade. Christian's sailors had, like the English and Dutch sneaking through his Norwegian waters, attempted to find India through the northwest passage. They had failed in this, but they had rediscovered and commenced recolonizing Greenland. The new riches of the Netherlands, the growing world empire of England, the voyages of the Portuguese, the treasure ships of Spain, had long filled Christian's adventurous heart with envy and longing. He soon reached an agreement with Mignonne, particularly as the Dutch burghers of Copenhagen painted vivid pictures of the riches to be obtained in India. The Danish East India Company was formed, and subscriptions taken throughout the kingdoms, Christian himself heading the list as principal shareholder, and consenting to act as godfather and give his name to a son, which had just been born to Ambassador 'Cock' (as he was called for short) and a lady whom he introduced as a wife.

During the whole of the previous century the Portuguese had been in sole possession of the East-Indian trade, in which greed, theft and brutality had characterized all their dealings with the natives. After the union of Spain and Portugal, the Dutch went to Lisbon for East-Indian wares, where the Spaniards, who were at war with their Dutch provinces, foolishly believed it would aid them in subduing the latter if they forbade

them to trade. As a consequence the Dutch founded their own East-Indian Company and began trading directly with the East, acquiring by degrees one big island after the other, and profiting in all their dealings by the universal hatred of the Portuguese and Spanish. All this drew the attention of the adventurous English sailors and merchants, to whom Queen Elizabeth gave a charter, resulting in the great and lucrative British Indian trade. Three years later Henri IV followed suit, but the French proved unsuccessful. After rounding the Cape they stopped at Madagascar, halfway up the eastern coast. The Dutch, however, quickly protected their new possessions by blockhouses and fortresses, and the English under James I sailed all around the Asiatic shores from Arabia to Japan, founding trading posts and stations. No wonder King Christian, with his fine sailors and vessels, thought it high time for Denmark to try her luck in the Far East and make the best possible use of 'Cock.'

So Christian issued a patent to the new company, awarding it exclusive Indian trading privileges for a period of twelve years. The company equipped a fleet of five vessels with such articles as the Emperor of Ceylon or his subjects might covet — money, trinkets, cannon, ammunition, and the requisite garrison for a prospective fortress. Next King Christian appointed his boon companion, Ove Giedde, Admiral in command. Poor Giedde heartily hated the sea, as his diary amply vouched for after his return on the *Victor*, and what is more, he was about to be married to a young noble-woman, to whom he could not, owing to decorum, be

united before the fleet's departure.[1] Although there was a general feeling in court circles that there was something 'fishy' about Mignonne, the ships nevertheless set sail, with Christian and Kirsten at the head of the entire population of Copenhagen on the shores to wave them good-luck. It took Giedde and the Cockelecorles almost two years to reach India. After repairing in the Isle of Wight the damage done by North Sea storms, Giedde proceeded south and destroyed a nest of pirates on the way to the Cape of Good Hope. It was the first trip ever undertaken by Danes to shores as distant as Ove Giedde's goal, and neither he nor his skipper had much idea of the true course. The crews became both sick and discouraged, and even mutinied on one of the vessels. The first mate on the *Christian* was court-martialled and keel-hauled thrice. Finally Cockelecorle and his newborn son died. This would have proved a relief to Giedde had not the widowed Princess insisted that her religion required the bodies to be kept until they could be properly interred in consecrated Indian soil. Giedde stated in his subsequent report to the Admiralty that: 'The Indian Princess made much noise both during day and night and is an added trial and a nuisance, and her former family stink so sorely that there is scarce a place on board where one can walk without closing one's nostrils.' When Giedde finally reached India, he found his misgivings had been correct. Though treaties were signed with the potentates of various territories and islands and Giedde's reception in

[1] Giedde was married upon his return and was blessed with six sons and six daughters.

Ceylon was most cordial, still the Emperor Ceneradt Adaszin did not hold the position Prince Mignonne had represented, and the former ambassador was practically disowned by his imperial master. But Giedde did his best for his master, and the fortress 'Dannisborg' was built and fortified, the contents of the ships were traded for spices, and a very reluctant lot of Danes were left behind with the natives when the ships finally started for home. On finally reaching Copenhagen, Giedde declared that married life was preferable to all the trade of the East.

CHAPTER X

DESPITE its dirt and smells, 'King's Copenhagen,' as every good citizen called it, was at this time a most picturesque and lovely city. It might be lost in fog and icy drizzle for many a fall and winter day when the mists drove in from the west, but then again there was plenty of soft, hazy sunshine when the southern breath of spring lifted the hair upon your forehead and brought with it the perfume of lindens and lilacs. Green patches of gardens and orchards broke pleasantly the confusion of steep slanting roofs and cobblestones. Lanes and passages, dark and narrow and crooked, wound in and out among the courtyards and houses, while these themselves alternated with rows of booths belonging to some trade or other. Roofs were red, the stepped house-fronts were red, and so was the brick of stables and shops. Above them all shone the spires of Our Lady, Saint Nicholas and the Blue Tower, high up in the air, away above the swinging, creaking knights, waving their gilt banners from the many turrets. The great stone mass of the castle, rising five stories from its moats and dikes, dominated the city from the water-front. Its wings, towers, octagonal turrets, half-timbered penthouses, gables and copper roofs, jutted out or receded around the central court or faced the square, leaving little doubt to the stranger that there dwelt Christian the Fourth, King of Denmark. Scattered at its feet, in and out of the arms of the sea, lay the shipyard, the arsenal, the

storehouses and the big and little ball courts, as necessary to the King as were their eaves to the nesting storks. Both city and harbor had grown very rapidly, all too quickly in fact, during the first twenty-five years of the young King's life. The nobles had built fine dwellings, German merchants set up their shops, and many a Dutch artisan, driven North by religious persecution, had, whenever his faith conformed to Luther's doctrine, passed the city gates to settle down within them. Inns and 'beer-taps' had also sprung up like mushrooms on the city squares, as well as in the cat-alleys by the wharves. Some housed noblemen in debt, left unjailed as long as they kept indoors, others travellers and mountebanks, who stole your purse or hurled a beer can at your head. Indeed the watchman knew what brawls took place and gave the 'Oxhead' and the 'Big Tid-Bit' a wide berth if he happened to be alone on his round. The projecting gables of the house-fronts made the streets dark, even in the daytime, except in such wide thoroughfares as Merchants and East Streets, and there the brick-filled timbering of one house after another tumbled into and leant up against its neighbor. But there was more of water and water-front than houses and city walls, for Copenhagen was a harbor city with the masts of its vessels reaching like a forest up into the dove-gray mist, and the gulls and terns darted and sailed up the streets. The salt breezes from the Sound swept the thoroughfares and whistled around the spires, so that the city smelt and tasted of the sea which lapped the level shores.

Christian's room up in the castle looked out toward

the two little bridges leading from its court out on a terrace to the city square. From his window he could see burghers, as well as others who had business at the royal docks and warehouses, staggering to and fro with bales on their shoulders or trundling heavy carts, unchallenged, while they crossed to the terrace, but being stopped by the sentinels if they wished to pass into Fredericksborg courtyard.

If he looked up instead of down, he saw the *taarnmand*, the musicians of the tower guard, who blew their horns at five o'clock in the morning, and then again at ten, and at five in the afternoon, so that all the order-loving burghers might know when it was mealtime at home, and once in a while also his personal musicians, replacing the castle *taarnmand*, blowing 'good-night' at half-past seven to send all decent folk to bed.

The room itself was simple, the walls covered with stamped and gilt Cordovan leather from his grandfather's time, on which he had hung Knieper's fine portraits of his brother Ulrich and sister Hedwig when they were small, and above his heavy Dutch desk his mother, Queen Sophia, looking most uncomfortable in a choking ruff collar and pearl-embroidered red cap. A tapestry kept out the drafts on the hall side, and this, with half a dozen oak Renaissance chairs and table, completed the furnishings. As he did not care much for the place, he inhabited it only when forced to do so by the most important matters of State or ceremony. As these were very rare and his beloved Rosenborg had advanced so rapidly during the last twelve months, there is where he now practically always stayed when in or near Copen-

hagen. When the painters and decorators had at last been driven out of one of Rosenborg's wings, and as the moats and drawbridge were furnished, he could live unceremoniously there, where it was far cosier and more home-like, and only fifteen minutes' more riding or driving for ambassadors and councillors to find him. With his 'heart's dearest mousie,' Kirsten, on his knee and a pot of Rhenish wine beside him, the summer-house in the Rosenborg garden felt like a paradise compared to the chilly surroundings of the castle.

Whenever he settled there for a happy, busy morning, his dogs, 'Turk' and 'Wildfire,' would be along, and one after the other his servants would report to him the many inconsequent and trivial matters which seemed of interest, or burghers would be ushered in to lay their troubles before him. The postmaster would arrive to receive the King's approval of his new sign — a white horse with a blue rider — or to discuss the daily delivery of the mail at the Royal Exchange. Or it would be one of his favorites and doctors, Sperling, coming fresh from a long trip to southern and western Europe undertaken in order to collect seeds and rare plants for the garden, as well as many valuable Amsterdam medicaments and drugs for the royal apothecary. Sperling, it seems, 'had been grieved to hear that His Majesty's stomach had given forth ominous rumblings and he had consequently brought a soothing powder.' The King was not at all inclined to take the remedy and questioned its efficacy, particularly as compared to Rhine wine. 'No,' said Sperling, 'Your Majesty need have no hesitancy. During my stay in Greifswald I one day saw a wonderful

ROSENBORG CASTLE, COPENHAGEN

quack, who, with stomach and chest bared, sat on a horse in the principal market-place of the city, offering this same powder to the crowd. The people hesitating, as does Your Majesty, the quack first swallowed a dose of poison, which caused his stomach to swell and extend until the quack could play upon it with two wooden spoons, so that it resounded like unto a drum at a great distance. The surrounding mob, having marvelled at this astonishing performance, the quack swallowed one of the powders which I venture to offer Your Majesty, and lo! his stomach immediately shrank and became its usual quiet self.' Christian, unable to find a reply to this argument, washed the powder down with the contents of his goblet.

Sperling, who watched the King very closely, thereupon asked him whether he had used the 'crazy-weed' tobacco, which was becoming so fashionable at the English court. Christian replied to this that Worm had warned him against it, stating that it made people mad and had derived its name from the fact that it clogged the brain as well as the lungs with smoke, until the blood, in its furious course through the arteries of the head, burst one after the other, and the smoker lost all his senses.

Sperling having withdrawn, next came the burgomaster to receive fresh admonitions in regard to the filthy condition of the streets and how easily the citizens might trip over the stray goats in the dark. He was followed by the superintendent, to discuss the game and corncrakes which had been shot on the royal preserves, the sale of the royal butter, the distilling of the whiskey,

the cows which were in calf, and the deer, which were now so plentiful that they stood in herds along the road to Elsinore and did a great deal of harm to the farmers, who might not touch them. Next came the matter of the new kitchen clerk who had that morning taken his oath before entering the scullery. Christian disposed of this by dictating to the clerk: 'I have no particular opinion as to this fellow, but I am watching him. When he produces his accounts, I shall compare them with my own notes as to what has been spent. When going over his old accounts I have been bothered by his ink spots and slovenly, illegible scrawl. When I last asked him what it all meant, he only scratched his head and replied he could not read it himself.' This attended to, Christian dictated the following instructions to the housekeeper: 'You are to look after my clothes carefully, especially the new gloves and stockings which have come from Spain and England. Annie should keep the linen in a separate closet. The plate is to be inventoried and to receive special care. Look carefully after the cellars and see that the beers and wines, which I use at my own table, are put in separate bins.' This last instruction was very necessary for several dozen kinds had recently arrived in port.

There were also other household cares to receive attention. Some one had beaten one of Christian's drunken coachmen into pulp outside a near-by ale-house and then rolled him in the city gutter, where he had little benefitted by being preserved in slime the greater portion of the night. An investigation was ordered, as well as a report to be submitted. The King next stated

that he noticed during the interview with the Polish ambassador that the red velvet trousers of the pages looked shabby. He ordered the chamberlain to strictly forbid his pages to slide on their backsides when they wore the velvet breeches; if they persevered they should be threatened with dismissal, whatever their names might be. And last of all came the matter of the musicians. The Italian violin player, Giacomo Merlis, had just arrived, and as Christian was extremely fond, not only of noise of any kind, but of good music, he wished to discuss with Merlis what music he would play at dinner and during the children's lessons, and what he thought of the other Polish, English, German and Dutch musicians.

Many a pleasant hour was thus spent by the King at Rosenborg attending to household matters, with which his wife Kirsten beside him seemed, however, to have nothing to do. And in public affairs, he was far too wise to allow a state of affairs to exist similar to that of France, where the Medici was the real ruler.

It is true Denmark was now at peace, but matters did not seem to be running very smoothly, and particularly in the capital and the large cities. In his attempt to meet the situation, Christian had every few months conferred with Councillors and friends, and particularly with the burgomasters and bishops, so as to know better how to act, and now, with the advice he had received and notes his clerks had taken, he believed it time to act. He felt that a lack of the fear of God was responsible for much, and he rejoiced at not only having started several

splendid new churches, but also Börnehuset,[1] or House of Correction. They were setting the roof beams when he had last inspected its construction, so it would soon be ready to take vagrants, beggars, idle women, orphans and criminals, and that would mean ridding the streets of Copenhagen of a great deal of nuisance. He had decided that the boy inmates were all to learn some useful trade enabling them to earn their daily bread, and the women to weave velvets, damask and various kinds of cloth, and likewise appointed doctors, barbers and clergymen to look after their bodily and spiritual welfare. Christian wondered he had not earlier thought of so humane a scheme to make useful citizens out of those who might otherwise have been lost to the community. As King Christian was just as humane as he was wise, he recognized that there might be some vagrants who had the right to be left at large, and to these he decided to give badges, which would save them from all seizure and Börnehuset.

There were other classes and situations, which were not so easy to deal with. To begin with there were the nobles, just as troublesome now as in bygone days. One Councillor would be jealous of the other, owing to his greater power; the younger nobility were looked down on by the older, and all of them ruined themselves, despite his warnings, by costly foreign journeys. And when at home and united, they were so addicted to fighting with their swords that scarcely a reunion of them now took place in Copenhagen without some one or other being dangerously wounded or killed. So Chris-

[1] The Children's House.

tian decided the most efficacious thing to do was to threaten property confiscation if this continued. If they gorged themselves with every delicacy while their laborers starved, that was no matter of the King's, but he would stop their daily fights, though they raved and appealed to the law. Then, as for the clergy, it grumbled at being slighted by the nobles, and its knowledge was no more than skin deep. It was true, certain of the more fortunate ones gained learning by study abroad, but how could they know or preach when the libraries of most of his parsons generally consisted of a book of psalms, a rent-roll, some funeral orations of famous noblemen and a book of prayer? They surely could not derive much wisdom from such a bookshelf! He understood very well that as they were objects of charity their position was as difficult as it was humiliating. And as for the rich burgher class which had sprung up, it contained in reality many of those on whose shoulders care sat lightest. Their life is given us by a guest at the wedding party of Alderman Hansen's daughter, held at the 'Danish Company's' banqueting-hall in Copenhagen. 'The party lasted three days, during which every one drank continuously, there being always twenty or thirty that kept company around the wine flagons. When a guest was too drunk to continue he was taken out to sleep for some hours and then returned to begin again. The men and women danced according to the German fashion, but would often fall over. On the first evening the company attired the bride in her rich night dress, excellently perfumed, and laid her on the bridal bed, while the groom was laid down beside her

without removing his wedding clothes, excepting that a nightcap was placed on his head. This was a mere ceremony, for they both arose as soon as the surrounding merry-makers would permit them. Every one was ill after the party, owing to their excessive eating and drinking.'

The correction of such abuses did not, however, enter Christian's head, nor did the lot of domestic servants who received very different fare, both in quantity and quality, and whose day was a hard one, starting at five in the morning and lasting until their master was ready to be carried to bed. Their bodily wants were provided for as follows:

	Breakfast	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Sunday	Bread and beer	Bacon and cabbage	Meat and porridge
Monday	Bread and beer	Icelandic fish and cabbage	Herring and porridge
Tuesday	Bread and beer	Meat and cabbage	Cheese, butter and porridge
Wednesday	Bread and beer	Fish and cabbage	Cheese, butter and porridge
Thursday	Bread and beer	Meat and cabbage	Herring and porridge
Friday	Bread and beer	Icelandic fish and cabbage	Cheese, butter and porridge

No wonder that many of them finished by throwing themselves into the nearest moat. It was then too late for the hangman to interfere, though he played one of the busiest and most important rôles in the social life of Copenhagen. His gallows were erected in several parts of the city, in which he was granted free lodgings, a small yearly stipend and a special collection on Saint Michael's Day, in addition to the following fees: Two dollars per head and an extra dollar if the victim was also broken on the wheel, two dollars for hanging a thief,

four dollars for burning a witch, a dollar whenever torture was administered before capital punishment, a dollar for cutting off a harlot's hair and leading her around town, and minor fees for flogging the insane in order to free them from the devils of which they were possessed.

The streets of Copenhagen were becoming so very unsafe, even in the daytime if you carried unarmed anything of value, that Christian believed it might possibly be wise to give the executioner an assistant, who could properly deal with the poverty of the lower classes and the resulting thefts of even the smallest articles, such as a shirt or a pinafore or a cheese. Possibly, thought Christian, and particularly in view of their misery, ten years in irons might, under certain extenuating circumstances, be substituted for execution or burying alive. Here was a woman he had just been told about, who had replied 'that she had stolen the sheets, wanting once in her life to see what it felt like to sleep between them.' In this case he decided he would let mercy supplant justice and decree ten years of prison knitting in place of decapitation. He felt, on the other hand, that imprisonment was far too lenient a punishment for the many unruly women who were accused by their husbands of having addressed them in an unseemly or disrespectful manner. As for the city itself, Christian felt secure, for the Governor was in charge of its gates and saw to it, through his deputies, that they were safely locked before dark, and were only entered after hours by special permission from the Burgomaster, who kept the keys in his belt or on the peg above his bed. Every evening, before

he went to bed, the posts of the various gates brought him a list of all who had entered or departed during the day, and so did the coast guards and customs officers, of those who had left by water. The King knew that once in a while the Burgomaster was forced to give orders to close the gates during daytime and to order the watch in a hurry to the ramparts and the coast guards to the water-front, so that a murderer could not escape before he had thoroughly searched the city.

Here was indeed much matter for thought, and Christian did not take kingship lightly. Being a man of action, and wishing to do his best to correct any and all abuses, he promulgated the following laws:

When women go to church, they are to wear long dresses and capes. Girls are to show proper respect for God's holy temple by wearing their best clothes and hair neatly bound up. Lack of decency and decorum will be punished by fines.

Brides must be ready and waiting for the sexton before the clock strikes eight and those who dress them will be held responsible. Wedding guests must on Sundays arrive at the wedding feast by eleven, on Mondays, by twelve, or pay a fine of one dollar. No servant girls must wear velvet or ermine collars. Widows who remarry must not wear more than two gold chains, and no commoner wear jewelry containing precious stones. Loose behavior in church, and the use of bad language, will be punished in the House of Correction, as also disobedient children. Witches are to be burned, harlots drowned in a sack and thieves buried under the gallows, with a tub to protect their heads. Wives and daughters of burgomasters and councillors may wear woollen stockings, while the womenfolk of ordinary burghers or trades people must, under no circumstances, presume to wear any.

Funeral feasts are forbidden the day before the funeral, as a large number of the mourners arrive at church full and intoxicated, and make such unseemly noise and screams that

the services cannot proceed nor the clergyman outshout them.

No bishops or clergymen must break their beer cup on their neighbor's head.

Any future brawls, in the streets of my capital, between students, soldiers and cathedral servants will be punished in the lock-up. Noblemen who encourage fighting among the rabble will also be held responsible for broken articles and heads of guards.

No one below the rank of a councellor is permitted to drink anything more expensive than beer at weddings, christenings, engagement parties or funerals. Nobles may confess their sins seated in church, but commoners must kneel.

Life was not, however, all work and no play. Christian was by temperament a sport and enjoyed the company of such, both in healthy exercise and boisterous dissipation. A number of his boon companions were, unfortunately, veritable Falstaffs. One day, as was his custom, he arranged a birthday party for some of them at Kronborg Castle, which was slowly rising from its ashes. The celebration was made all the merrier by Christian having ordered the guards on the ramparts to fire off the cannon very time the cupbearer gave the signal from the banquet-hall window that a 'skaal' was being drunk. The guests had such a good time that some of them decided to reunite three weeks later at the place of the Treasurer, Enevold Kruse, a little farther down the road.

This dinner likewise proved a most auspicious occasion, and when over, the noblemen reeled back to Kronborg Castle, arm in arm, shouting at the top of their lungs. When they reached Highbridge, the King announced emphatically that home was the last place

he wanted to go and inquired: 'How about making a night of it?' Loud shouts of unanimous assent. Christian suddenly remembered that his pal, Sievert Grubbe, who had been so seasick on the Norwegian trip, was now lodging at an inn, around the fork of the road, and it might be an excellent idea to wake him up, as also his hostess and any pretty serving wench there might be. A most brilliant suggestion! Grubbe, though sleepy, once routed out, allowed he had a bottle containing some 'Rose de Sole,' which he had procured in a cork flask from an English vessel. After tasting it, Christian announced: 'this tickles my palate; it is not brandy, but has been distilled by the sun. I am sure it will do us good to drink freely, and I will begin by proposing the health of Hilleborg, Sievert's promised bride!' After several rounds, Grubbe attempted to acknowledge the compliment, but went under the table before finishing his speech. Bülow, another of them, felt something should be done to improve their host's position, but in attempting it merely managed to drag Grubbe as far as the stairs, where he succumbed himself, and, like a faithful friend, stretched his length beside the other. Birger Trolle, an experienced sailorman, noticed what havoc was wrought by the Rose de Sole, and began surreptitiously pouring what was left of it on the floor under the table. Christian, finding the bottle empty and good for nothing else, smashed with it all the costly window panes before starting home. Passing Barnekov's Inn, on his way, Christian felt that the owner of it might also to advantage be waked up. The door resisting all knocks and kicks, the King broke in the

window, but in crawling through the opening he had thus made, he fell over his sword and cut himself above the eye. Though better off than his pals, he was in no shape to attend to matters of State at Kronborg the next morning. His companions were slowly being nursed back to sensibility by their good hostess feeding them with rich, hot cabbage, when Grubbe appeared once more on the scene. Christian winked at him and greeted him with the remark: 'You certainly gave us a treat, look at my eye! No more Rose de Sole for me, thank you!' And when the Queen Mother, who had heard about the escapade, saw Grubbe's betrothed, Hilleborg, she greeted her in turn by saying rather sarcastically: 'Your Sievert treated my Lord abundantly!'

As a father of various families there was little excuse for such behavior. The families were growing fast, as in addition to the Gyldenlöves of different mothers, and the royal children by his first wife, Kirsten Munk was doing her best to increase the members. All in all she added twelve to it, some of whom naturally died in early infancy, but all of whom Christian loved with the exception of the last, who proved the cause of considerable acrimonious dispute and doubt. Christian was very anxious before the first little girl was born, particularly when he was away from home. He then seldom let a day go by without writing by his own hand a few lines, burning with love and affection 'to his heart's very dearest heart,' praying that God would 'guard and protect the light of his eyes' and declaring that he 'counted the minutes until he once more might enfold her in his arms.' Kirsten replied to these ardent

missives that 'she kept them near her, hid in her stocking,' but also added at the right juncture, and probably by the advice of her mother Ellen, a paragraph as to the jewelry she had received on approval, and information regarding some fief or other which she knew would soon be vacant. Christian replied, warning Kirsten against any carelessness during her pregnancy and beseeching her never to walk backward or under a string, nor to sit on an unlocked wedding chest or step in a carriage rut. Any such act might end in the direst disaster. To further relieve her at this time, of any care of the three other groups of children, some of whose mothers were alive and some dead, and most of whom differed in rank, Christian wrote to his Treasurer:

> I send you herewith two master keys. Give the one to the seneschal of the castle, who is to go through my room and enter the nursery early in the morning in order to make sure that every servant is in the corner to which he has been assigned. If any one is absent, he is to be seized as soon as he returns, and clapped in the prison of the Blue Tower and not released for a week. As for the shoemaker, who sewed the children's shoes with improper heels, tell him if he makes any more like that, he too will have to remake them in the Blue Tower. See that the children are provided with both wax candles and gentlemen's candles, and Spanish soap, which is hard and does not stink of lard, and that their nightcaps are lined with fur, so that they are properly warm for the coming winter season.

Kirsten's baby having appeared on the scene, and Ellen Marsvin taken command of it, the King sensed that all was not right within his four nurseries, and that it was requisite for him to intervene and settle violent squabbles as to the best way of punishing the children.

KIRSTEN MUNK AND HER CHILDREN

He decided that when he was present and not too busy he would administer the whippings personally, otherwise the older children might beat the younger ones into silence and submission. So as definitely to determine Kirsten's position as one somewhat above that of the other noblewomen, owing to her marriage with him, Christian conferred upon her the title of Countess of Schleswig-Holstein and decreed that her sons would likewise be counts and her daughters ladies. But the whole countryside sat up and took notice when bishop and pastor alike were instructed to pray for Kirsten and her children in the Sunday morning prayers immediately after the King, the Prince and the Dukes, Frederick and Ulrich.

The two last were reaching an age when Christian saw that he must think beyond the nursery and to their future. For this, he felt he might best provide by acquiring one or more of the secularized North-German bishoprics as appanages. On this effort he centred for many years his most earnest endeavors, for he saw that it would not only procure them handsome livings, but would greatly increase the sphere of Danish dominion and influence in Northern Germany and, if the bishoprics were wisely chosen, they would, once elected, assist him in controlling the shipping on the Weser and Elbe Rivers. Christian felt there was considerable chance of success, for he was related to most of the North-German Princes in one way or another, and a number of his relations ruled the very bishoprics which adjoined Danish territory or waters. His brother, Duke Ulrich, was Bishop of Schwerin and Schleswig, the brother of

his brother-in-law was Bishop of Werden and Osnabrück, and another brother of a brother-in-law was Archbishop of Bremen and Lübeck, and, as all of them were unmarried, according to the custom of the day, they had no sons of their own to worry about. He need never, he believed, give Frederick and Ulrich's future welfare another thought if he could only obtain for them the succession of these sees, by which the wider political interests of his kingdom would also be powerfully served.

Christian put his shoulder to the wheel in the matter, and finally succeeded after years of labor and anxiety, involving diplomatic manœuvres with the Emperor, with Holland and the principalities involved, as also the great cities in question. All the tricks of the trade and age had to be employed, cajoling and promises alternated with threats; huge sums were spent in bribes to the bishops and chapters involved. Those — such as Hamburg, Sweden, Lübeck, Bremen and others — who were opposed to Christian's policy of expansion, did all that lay in their power to hinder his ambitious German schemes. Duke Ulrich was, however, finally elected Bishop Coadjutor of Schwerin, becoming Bishop a few years later, while his older brother, Duke Frederick, first became Bishop Coadjutor of Bremen, then Bishop of Werden, and a little later likewise Bishop Coadjutor in Halberstadt. Christian breathed more freely, feeling that his Danish Kingdom had at last new and important points of support to the south and strong territories against the threatening coalition between Sweden, the States General and Hansa cities.

The entire relationship of Christian's possessions, between what was strictly speaking Danish and what was German and what was neither one nor the other, was very confused. Owing to the fact that the earlier Kings of the House of Oldenburg were really more German than Danish, and that their interests lay fully as much in Schleswig-Holstein and Gottorp as in Denmark, the King had two entirely separate chanceries within his office of foreign affairs — a Danish and a German one. The latter handled all matters pertaining to Germany; its officials spoke German and conducted all their business in that language, and Fuchs, who headed it for many years, was one of Christian's most faithful and overworked servants. But Christian did not possess either Holstein or Gottorp alone, the Duke of Gottorp being curiously enough co-regent, a situation which, of course, led to constant difficulties. On the other hand, the city of Hamburg acknowledged, though most reluctantly, the overlordship of the Duke of Holstein. For centuries the trouble continued, and the Schleswig-Holstein question was to become a bugbear to European diplomats.

In 1617 Sweden by heroic efforts paid the last quarter of her Kalmar war indemnity in gold and silver coin, as specified. The cancellation of the debt and the ransoming of the cherished fortress of Elfsborg required great sacrifices from both high and low. King Gustavus Adolphus himself had been obliged to melt almost all his plate in order to pay his share. But the payment of the debt did not wipe out the enmity.

There was something truly tragical in the hatred be-

tween Denmark and Sweden at this very moment when Protestantism was shortly to fight its great fight, and all Protestant countries needed to stand shoulder to shoulder in order to meet the Emperor's armies. There is no question that Christian's jealousy and deep-rooted hatred were very largely to blame for his coming to no understanding at this time with his noble-hearted Swedish God-son. The legitimate policies of expansion of both countries did not necessarily have to clash. The Elbe and Sound tolls and Denmark's management of Norwegian trade had, however, driven Holland, an old friend of Denmark's, into the open arms of Gustavus's Chancellor, Oxenstjerna, and Hamburg had succeeded in inducing the other Hansa cities to join her in an anti-Danish coalition. This was more than Christian had bargained for, and it was a perilous moment for dissension between him and Sweden.

Gustavus Adolphus, who had not his father's hatred for Christian, suggested a meeting in Sweden. He felt that this might not only bring about future good, but might obtain for Sweden Christian's agreement in no way to enter the coming war between Sweden and Poland. At first Christian hung back, and sent Grubbe to Stockholm to look over the ground. Then he decided to accept, and took a sleigh for Halmstad in February, 1619. Here Gustavus placed Christian on his right hand, and for three days they feasted and danced, but all to no avail. Although the two were much alike in many superficial ways, Christian lacked Gustavus's quiet enthusiasm, his calm consideration of all possibilities for and against victory, and his grasp of the development of

events and clear insight into their importance. Christian was, alas, rash and too full of unfounded hope and limitless, misguided activity. While Councillors debated, the two monarchs played cards, made speeches and delivered toasts. Then, when the arguments were finally presented by the statesmen, the Danes made hills into mountains and the golden opportunity to arrive at a real understanding and common action was lost. Finally Gustavus threw up his hands and Christian returned to Copenhagen more suspicious than ever of 'the designing Swede.' He had utterly failed to see the greatness of Gustavus's vision.

CHAPTER XI

THE time was at hand when Christian's North-German political ambitions, rather than genuine religious zeal, were to lead him far afield to humiliating disaster. The southern thunder-clouds were gradually drifting northward. The Emperor had crushed the armies of the King of Bohemia,[1] who had been obliged to fly north from his principality, and the North-German, Evangelical Princes were filled with anxiety, for they knew the day of reckoning between Catholicism and Protestantism was near. The power of the Holy Roman Emperor and the House of Hapsburg was as yet unrivalled and undisputed. A tremor passed through Europe. One of humanity's great conflicts for liberty of thought and ideas was about to lay waste Central Europe, and Protestantism was to fight for its existence. The same underlying causes were to shift the scene from one part of Europe to the other, for domestic German questions were but a minor part of the issue. Almost all the European nations were to be drawn into the maelström, and most of them to be enrolled under one banner or the other. Englishmen, Scotchmen and Dutch were to fight shoulder to shoulder with Scandinavians and North-Germans and for most of them the vital issue was the religious one; political issues, important as they were, were secondary. Gustavus's part in the great conflict was to make

[1] Frederic V, Prince Elector and Count Palatine of the Rhine, son-in-law of James I.

Sweden for a hundred years one of the great European powers, while Denmark was almost to face extinction. He, and not Christian, was to crown with his life the great cause for which William and Maurice of Nassau, Elizabeth of England and Henri of Navarre had fought in other parts of Europe.

England, Holland and even France were anxiously seeking a great leader for the common Protestant cause, and for this they sounded both Gustavus and Christian. Gustavus saw clearly the difficulties which lay ahead of him, and demanded the amount of assistance which he believed requisite to overcome the armies and obstacles which he would have to face. Jealousy and fear of the great Swede, as well as of what it probably might mean to Sweden should Gustavus prove a victorious leader, acted powerfully upon Christian in his consideration of entering the conflict. His Councillors besought him not to plunge his little country into war, and informed him he need not look to them for help. In what was to follow, the ill fortune which befell Christian was due largely to his own fault, and now in this fateful decision, as so often before and later in life, his policy proved sudden and erratic; he sought the nearest objective and immediate gain rather than the ultimate object, and he permitted himself to be carried away by moods and predilections. Not only did the great Protestant powers at this critical moment sue for Christian's favor, but Poland and Spain also attempted to gain either his support or neutrality. None of them was a genuine friend of Denmark, but their courtship was entirely selfish. Though he refused to have anything to do with the Catholic pow-

ers, Christian's attitude seemed for a while vacillating and half-hearted and his foreign policy one of half precautions. He reaped as a result only isolation after he had made his final resolution, and Sweden regarded his action in the nature of a challenge.

Lacking Gustavus's foresight, Christian was willing to accept cheaper terms. The North-German Protestant princes, who were paralyzing their cause by internal hate and jealousy, had met in Segeberg in 1621, where they had done nothing but quarrel. Christian had, however, been informed by King James's ambassador, Robert Anstruther, and by Caspar von Vosberg, representing the States General, that he could rely on them for soldiers and subsidies, both of which went a long way with him. Richelieu, now the strongest power in France, realized clearly that his country's future greatness depended upon the breaking of the Hapsburg power. The French emissary, des Hayes, therefore also promised Christian important subsidies, and active military operations on the eastern and northern frontiers of France. In his consideration of how best to act, Christian argued with himself that there were three reasons for his entering the German conflict — first, his position as a Protestant prince; second, the chance of increasing his own power and obtaining fitting territories for his sons; and last, his close relationship to the various involved German princes.

All of the year 1624 passed in diplomatic negotiations. The Lower-Saxon group, consisting in territory of the present Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Holstein, Lauenburg, part of Prussian Saxony and a few of the

free cities, met in Lauenburg in March, 1625, to elect their leader or colonel. Knowing what was up, the Emperor had again warned Christian to mind his own business, to leave German affairs alone, and to remember his Brunswick experience. But he spoke to the same deaf ears as had the Danish Councillors, for though Christian as Duke of Holstein was an armyless member of this group, he indicated his willingness to act and was elected colonel. With this the die was cast. The Danish Councillors were naturally desperate and infuriated at the foolhardy and impetuous manner in which Christian had taken arms against the Emperor and the League, particularly as they felt certain that the extent of foreign assistance was very enigmatical. But they had unfortunately no control over Christian as Duke of Holstein, who snapped his fingers at them and proposed with his well-fitted coffers to pay his own life-guards, four hundred men from Scania, such troops as he could raise in Holstein and Germany, and Dutch and English mercenaries.

The drums calling for recruits resounded through Northern Germany. The results were disappointing, for though Christian hoped to commence operations with twenty-five thousand men, he obtained a bare eighteen thousand, of which six thousand were cavalry. These once collected, he issued his 'articles of war,' consisting of one hundred and forty points. Among these were:

(1) If the soldiers obeyed and conformed to regulations, fortune would smile upon the army. (2) Soldiers should often listen to the word of God and never abuse it by cursing or swearing. (3) If a soldier were found sleeping or drinking

during the sermon he would be punished by being put in irons; if an officer, he would be admonished by the Colonel. (4) If a soldier tried to hinder the executioner from doing his duty, he would lose his life. (5) If a soldier committed rape, he would be punished by having his head chopped off, such action preventing any further similar misdemeanor. (6) No soldier must encourage common harlots to follow the army, as they annoyed the soldiers' wives. (7) Harlots would be flogged by the executioner when he was not otherwise occupied. (8) If a soldier stole chickens, geese or lambs, he would be punished by imprisonment with bread and water for fare.

The army thus instructed was a strange medley of untrained men having, with few exceptions, no interest in anything outside of their pay. As Christian's war chest was small and the monthly payroll some three hundred thousand dollars, the well-filled imperial one was soon able to bribe many a soldier to desertion and enroll him amid better discipline and greater cohesion. With his naïve optimism, Christian was already counting the chickens before they were hatched and trusting to victory and pillage for the partial remuneration of his followers. His equipment was as heterogeneous as the personnel. Arms and armaments were rapidly changing at this time, largely because of improvements in all forms of firearms and artillery. The cavalry, which was still largely clad in iron, no longer used the lance, but charged with pistol and rapier. Stone cannon balls were being replaced by balls of iron for the larger guns and by balls of lead for the smaller ordnance or 'snakes.' The infantry used harquebuses, muskets and flintlocks, and every soldier received his portion of lead, from which he cast his own bullets. He likewise received the powder,

which he carried in his powder horn, and a bandolier containing small wooden cases with tin covers, called cartridges. Such were the troops with which Christian started his mad adventure, stating that 'you have as much peace in this world, as your neighbor grants you,' and heeding little either the horoscope cast by Tycho Brahe nor the ominous warning of three suns which just at this time appeared in the heavens, each surrounded by its luminous ring.

King Christian and his commanding general, Fuchs, mustered their army in the summer of 1625 and slowly marched south along the Weser River. The imperial commander, Tilly, withdrew cautiously, manœuvring for a position and examining his opponent's strength. The campaign had scarcely reached a serious stage before a most lamentable accident befell Christian. He was riding along the ramparts protecting the fortress of Hamlen, accompanied by some of his leaders, when suddenly King and horse broke through the flimsy planking, and fell to the bottom of the ditch, almost thirty feet below. Fortunately for Christian the horse broke its neck and died instantly. The King, who was finally hauled out, seemed at first as dead as the horse, being incapable of speech, 'pale as parchment, and with eyes closed like an owl in sunlight.' His officers bellowed and shrieked in his ears hoping that he might respond by some sign of life, but evidently he could not hear a word. There was tremendous consternation. Kirsten Munk was at her wits' end. Horsemen were sent galloping to Brunswick to inform the King's sister, Duchess Elizabeth, and couriers scurried north to fetch

the worthless Prince Christian, who had been acting as Regent in his father's absence. No one had any real hope that the King was alive. Christian's incredible toughness and vitality stood him, however, in good stead. After three days he began mumbling a few strange words, which Kirsten took to mean 'thirst,' and also with a voice as weak as that of a newborn babe, 'commanded some one to remove his loose teeth from his mouth, thus indicating he was alive and his friends must refrain from burying him.' Tilly, who was making the best of his antagonist's accident, sent his sympathy at what had happened and truce was temporarily declared. Christian was carried to the near-by village of Petershagen, where the governor of the castle was most reluctant to receive him, particularly owing to the changed look of affairs. He did, however, send him chickens, squabs and artichokes, and assigned him a room in the town instead of in the castle, where the excited Petershagen burghers flocked to look at the renowned King, who was now able to walk about a little in his dressing-gown and red velvet, gold-embroidered nightcap. He waved to them from the window, leaning on the arm of his Commissar, Wolf von Buckwald, 'pointing to his tongue, which was still as swollen as a cucumber.' His son, Prince Christian, who met him at Werden, failed to persuade him to keep quiet. His impatience to be back in the fight almost drove his barber and 'medicus' to distraction, particularly as they could not understand his mumbling. Even while lying in bed he would try to see if his arm was once more sufficiently strong to wield a rapier. After five weeks he could no

longer be restrained, but rejoined his army, which was now in a state of dissolution. Matters looked very black, for while the King had lain prostrate, the two most important German Protestant powers, Brandenburg and Saxony, had done practically nothing to help. Added to this, the fear of a Swedish attack in his rear preyed upon Christian's imagination. James I had died, and King Charles of England could do little, as Buckingham had been murdered, and the British Parliament refused subsidies and soldiers with which to make good his promises. The good Stadthalter, Maurice of Orange, was also gone, and that warm and valiant fighter, Duke Christian of Brunswick, had died of a strange disease. King Christian had been very fond of him and depended much upon him during the early stages of the campaign. All his life the Duke had preferred fighting to breathing. During one of his former campaigns, after his arm had been shot off, the barber on the battlefield informed him it would be necessary also to saw off the stump. To this the Duke replied: 'Then order my drums to be beaten and trumpets blown, for I advocate doing everything in life in as pleasant a way as possible!' Now that he was gone, Christian felt that decency as well as curiosity demanded that those who had loved him and fought under him should open his body so as to examine the cause of his malady. They were richly recompensed for so doing, for they discovered a long, fat worm in the very centre of his stomach, called in Latin *tænia*, or *lumbricus latus*. It was fourteen yards long. Upon seeing it, Christian remarked: 'Though I am happy to see this

monster, yet I am grieved at what has happened to my noble friend and ally.'

As a result of these many blows, Christian had stood singularly alone and the campaign was correspondingly short. Wallenstein, Prince of Friedland, had appeared on the scene, and Duke Ernest of Saxe-Weimar and Count Ernest of Mansfeld only succeeded in partially drawing off his forces in the direction of Bohemia. Christian was in no way a match either for the Walloon, Tilly, educated in the campaigns of the Duke of Alva, or of the great organizer and commander, Wallenstein. They were professional soldiers and the foremost of their day, with a lifetime of military experience, while Christian was practically without training for his great and difficult task. The entire campaign developed into one of incredible barbarity, in which the poor, innocent peasants and non-combatants suffered most of all, and the Catholic soldiers showed a brutality not exceeded by that of wild beasts. The Protestant clergymen, who were seized by Wallenstein's soldiers, had their ears and noses cut off, others their hands and feet, while women and maids had their breasts cut off after they had been ravished. In reprisal, if the peasants caught any marauding soldiers, they flayed them alive or cut their skin into strips.

The climax of events came when King Christian, hotly pursued in his retreat by Tilly's troops, entered in August, 1626, the little valley in which lay the town of Lutter-am-Barenberge, not far from Brunswick. The combat was a splendidly picturesque early seventeenth-century scene, with an army of recruits on one side

pitted against seasoned veterans on the other. It was a thrilling pageant, with the gayly uniformed and armored cavalry aligned in serried ranks, the infantry massed in solid squares of red, yellow and blue, the bands playing, horses neighing and cannon belching. Fuchs and his junior commanders had advised Christian not to fight, believing the moment and situation perilous. Such a course was, however, distasteful to the King, who felt the ignominy of having dodged Tilly all over Northwestern Europe and the loss of his prestige should he once more withdraw. Prayers to the Almighty completed, King Christian drew up his army in three main lines, placing his very best troops in front, consisting of a Danish foot regiment under his friend Enevold Kruse, Holstein cavalry under Lenistow and the dependable life-guards under Lohausen; in front of them all, his noblemen, in glittering armor, disported themselves on their rearing chargers. Tilly, on his side, felt that his chance had at last arrived to crush the rash and troublesome Dane. The battle, which raged the entire day, seemed often uncertain, as the reckless daring and fiery onslaught of Christian's best troops evidently made up for the tough veterans of the 'sly old Corporal.' Fortunately for him, Wallenstein had left much of his cavalry behind, which rode in to mow down Christian's foot soldiers when they were exhausted from their all-day efforts, and when most of their own protecting cavalry had fled. Christian himself plunged repeatedly into the thickest of the *mêlée*, rallied the wavering musketeers, and at the head of his noblemen led a last frantic charge. Down went Fuchs, the Land-

graf of Hessen, and many of the Danish leaders. Their heroism was of little avail. Those that were left made a final gallant stand around their King on a little plateau just outside the point where the Wolfenbüttel road entered the forest. The German auxiliaries had, of course, fled, but the royal guardsmen, the brave Scania troops and the Danish fief cavalry preferred to die around the King, where they formed a last unbroken group of combatants. Christian was really a splendid picture of a royal stag at bay, remaining till the Danebrog went down and his guards were practically cut to pieces. Not until the last hope was gone did he turn his horse's head toward the forest road, accompanied only by his master-of-horse, Rothkirch, and a Jutland corporal, Peter Brandt. The richness of his charger's harness caught the eye of one of the imperial officers, fighting near him, who started with a dozen of his cavalry in hot pursuit. Though a shot from Brandt stretched the officer on the ground, a moment afterwards the King's horse plunged and dropped dead. Quick as a flash, the faithful corporal helped his master onto his horse, while he himself was swallowed up by the pursuers. Followed by the single officer remaining, the King of Denmark, helmet and plumes gone, covered with blood and dirt, tore at breakneck speed through the forest. Once again down went his horse and this time Rothkirch helped him onto his saddle before throwing himself into the underbrush, and so the King of Denmark rode alone through the Harz woodlands. Not until he reached the outskirts of a forest did a number of his own horsemen, which he had overtaken, gather around their strange-

looking monarch and follow him as he late at night, sore at heart and tired to death, clattered down the cobble-stones of frightened Wolfenbüttel. Six thousand of his troops were slain or taken prisoners, and, what Christian could not yet foresee, the battle which he had fought was to prove not only one of the turning-points in the Thirty Years' War, but also in Denmark's history.

CHAPTER XII

THOUGH Tilly was jubilant, he wrote nevertheless to the Emperor that 'in the eighteen battles which I have fought I have never had an antagonist who has fought with the personal courage and presence of mind of the King of Denmark.' And to the Infanta Isabella, Regent of the Netherlands: 'The King of Denmark has previously enjoyed a great reputation as a general. He staked it at Lutter-am-Barenberge. Some have thought that his addiction to drink was responsible for the catastrophe, others that he had lost some of his senses by his fall at Hamlen. But he had neither lost his senses nor his courage. He exhibited all the virtues of a wise general.'

The political results of the defeat were great. One by one Christian's lukewarm and timid North-German confederates deserted him and concluded peace with the Emperor independently, for the Lower-Saxon group had lost faith in their leader.

The disorganization throughout Denmark was complete. What had happened was a bitter and humiliating blow to Christian, particularly as he would now be obliged to eat humble pie before his Councillors in order to obtain money and draft large Danish contingents with which to continue the war. Both his policy and his arms had suffered shipwreck. But Christian was cast in an heroic mould, and no more lost his moral courage in

adversity than his physical courage in the hour of danger. The first step to be taken was the imposition of heavy taxes in the kingdoms, and Gert Rantzau, his faithful and much tried representative in the duchies, supported him loyally there during the last months of his life. With such recourse in his mind, Christian slowly retreated north to the Bremen and Werden regions, where he succeeded in holding his position during the fall of 1626 and spring of 1627.

Though his best leaders were gone, Christian had, by spring, collected some thirty thousand raw, unmanageable troops, gathered from the four corners of Europe, including English, Scotch and French mercenaries. His would-be foreign allies were genuinely frightened. Colonel Morgan had arrived with thirty-five hundred English and, in lieu of the promised money, a ruby-studded garter valued at seven hundred thousand thalers, some of whose stones were as big as walnuts. Instead of putting it on, Christian wrote in his diary, 'I scarcely believe three or four such fine garters have been made in the last five hundred years. I shall be well served if only the merchants will give me sufficient money for it. Otherwise not.' Though the garter was not much more than a big drop in the bucket, the long-promised draft from Richelieu came by a courier from Paris.

While Denmark, frightened and resentful, prepared herself for the fight, Christian was all bustle and energy in attempting to reform his new army in Holstein. Morgan was appointed a general and given command of the infantry. Using his diary, as had been his lifelong

habit, Christian jotted down the following notes as to the armed personnel:

Superior Officers.	
Commander-in-Chief	I have him already.
General of Infantry	This is Morgan.
General of Cavalry	The one suggested has never been to war in all his life.
General of Artillery	Must be found.
A Major	I have him.
Commissar General	That is me. I won't give up the post to any one.
Assistant Chief of Commissariat	Is on hand, but needless, the countryside being denuded.
Corporals, each to look after 40 horses	Where are they?
Quartermasters	They have been appointed.
Auditors	Plentiful.
Paymasters	Plenty of these, but no work for them until money arrives.
Barbers	One for each regiment.
Captains and spies	To be appointed when we are ready to march.

The outlook was evidently not rosy, and as for funds, the Hamburg merchants replied that walnut-sized rubies were difficult to market. Christian's despair at the situation is, however, well exhibited by the laconic appeal he sent to King Charles: 'For God's sake, assist Us with money! Thus, dear nephew and brother, you shall help Us to add some honor to Our old age.' At this same time the death of Rantzau lost to Holstein her best son, and to the King one of his most devoted and faithful subjects. As soon as he heard of it, Christian left his army so as to attend the funeral in Kiel. When they brought him his horse in order that he might ride be-

hind the hearse, Christian turned to the assembled nobles saying, 'We have removed Our boots and spurs, and have dressed Ourselves in a black mourning gown. No, the blessed man who has just left Us was indefatigable in Our service and has walked many a time for Our sake. *We* will also walk this time, so as to honor him.' There was at times an exquisite fitness in the way Christian did things, blended with much genuine royal dignity. And so during Rantzau's funeral oration his King stood, hat in hand, finally following his servant's body to the grave.

Christian's defeats and Denmark's misery had only begun at Lutter-am-Barenberge. The country was now to experience the whole horror of a war of invasion, for Tilly and Wallenstein's armies began slowly moving north in the direction of the duchies. The imperial commanders were unopposed, since the Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been beaten in Silesia and Christian, disorganized, was pocketed in North Germany. He was fighting without the sympathy of his Councillors or the assistance of his country, fighting because he didn't know how to stop and so, in order to continue, he tried every conceivable means by which money could be squeezed out of nobleman and peasant alike. The nobles were to pay a hundred dollars apiece for the upkeep of a horseman, while the bishops, chaplains, sheriffs, university authorities, cities and trading posts paid half in 'dollars of the realm' and half in other coin. Where money could not be levied, Christian attempted to borrow from any one and every one, high or low, noble or peasant. Even the farmer or burgher, who

drank a pot of ale or a bottle of Rhenish wine or slaughtered his own pig, had to pay a tax for the privilege. The country staggered under the burden.

Having collected a certain amount, Christian was able to hold his own for a year in North Germany, but was then slowly pushed farther and farther north. Schleswig and Holstein held for a very short while, but before long Wallenstein's forces swept like a mighty tidal wave everything before them up into Jutland, and the imperial armies commenced their plundering of Denmark proper. The Danish nobles and their retainers, who had served so nobly under the cavalry banners in the Kalmar war, and the flower of which had then cheerfully given its life for the King, could not now be induced to strike a blow. And so the Germans carried off the cattle, pigs, wives and daughters of the Jutland farmers and burned the farms to the ground. Nobleman received the same treatment as the farmer and laborer. The great estates and castles went as did the farmsteads, after the last bottle and cask in their cellars had been emptied. All Jutlanders who could collected such household goods as were transportable and fled across the Little Belt to the Islands. The Protestant pastors who were caught were strung up by their beards, in ridicule of their wearing them, and Catholic monks replaced them in their pulpits. Panic seized Denmark. The Councillors complained most bitterly to the King of the calamity which his obstinacy had brought upon the country. As for the children, Prince Christian, who was to have conducted the government in his father's absence, had proved himself a despicable, worthless

roué. Instead of supporting his desperate father in the hour of his need, the Prince had been extravagant, and, after being one of the first to fly with his South Jutland garrison, had finally travelled around the country with Lady Anna Lycke, the mistress of the robes, who was supposed to be looking after the children. Some of the younger ones had been sent to Holland, though the King wrote: 'Neither I nor Kirsten have sufficient money to give, in order to provide for their necessities on the way. They had thus better take with them on the *Patentia* such sheep, chickens, butter and eggs as they may need for their sustenance.' Another daughter was at the Swedish court, and the gallant Duke Ulrich was gaining his spurs under Gustavus's banners.

Finally only the Schleswig fortress of Glückstad still remained untaken, with Admiral Wiind protecting it by means of his vessels while Wallenstein was preparing to cross to the Islands.

It was a sad state of affairs, but Christian did what he could. With such few troops as remained, he took Femern and Eckenförde, but they were only temporary successes, to be followed by a bad defeat at Kiel. So Christian decided to fight on his vessels in order to attempt to save what Danish territory he still could call his own. Driven from his land, he would, like the Dutch, carry on the fight on sea. He ground his teeth with rage when he heard that Wallenstein was negotiating the sale of Jutland to the Spaniards, and that Denmark's present plight had put new, far-reaching plans of an extended northern empire in the thoughts of the Emperor. Ferdinand II's talents were mediocre and his

grasp of the important questions which he was forced to decide was narrowly limited; and, what is more, the Jesuits had developed him into an ardent fanatic. The last flimsy barriers between his Central European Empire and the Baltic had been broken by his armies, and Ferdinand now dreamt of including these waters also within the territory of his Empire, and gathering rich revenues from the North-European commerce as a first step. Based upon such a policy, Wallenstein received Mecklenburg as a fief, became 'General des Oceanischen und Baltischen Meeres,' and began to build a fleet with which to make good his master's and his own new, far-reaching plans.

This new turn of events thoroughly alarmed the Dutch, while Gustavus and Oxenstjerna were solicitously watching every move in the game so critical to the future existence as well as aspirations of their own country. They quickly realized that Wallenstein's Baltic plans might become as dangerous to Sweden as to Denmark, and that as a result of them not a Protestant might be left in Northern Europe.

After the imperial army had fattened off Jutland, the richest part of Denmark, for almost a year and a half, Christian wondered where to turn for help. Buckingham's earlier rash policy had embroiled England in war with France, so no help could be expected from that quarter. Only the old mistrusted enemy, Sweden, remained. In his last extremity, therefore, Christian was forced to turn in that direction for assistance. The two countries found their conflicting North-German aspirations most difficult questions to

adjust amicably, but the situation was so desperate that they laid these matters on the table, and succeeded in forming an alliance on New Year's Day, 1628, whereby the Swedes promised to help in attempting to dislodge the imperial troops from Jutland and the duchies, to fight with the Danes at sea, and to attempt jointly with the Danes to protect the South Baltic ports. Gustavus's hour had struck. He was well equipped and well prepared to assume the leadership and Richelieu's statesmanship had done much to pave the way for his future action. His youthful and vigorous kingdom possessed a constitution permitting it, at least for a time, to employ all its forces. It was governed by men of vision, of ready energy and of genuine military talent. As soon as Christian had reached an agreement with the Swedes, he dispatched his Admiral, Pros Mund, to Wismar, where he burned, right under Wallenstein's nose, such vessels as 'the General of the Baltic' had collected there. The adjacent town of Stralsund, which was at this time putting up an heroic defence against the besieging imperial troops, had finally reached the limit of its suffering and endurance, its women assisting the remaining soldiers and burghers in defending the breastworks. When Wallenstein swore he would plant his banner on the ramparts of Stralsund, even though the city were chained to the Gates of Heaven, Christian agreed that the city might turn to Sweden for help. Gustavus's soldiers entered the city, and with them he entered the great conflict and Oxenstjerna approached the aim of his far-reaching policy. Wallenstein withdrew and the city was saved.

With this, matters assumed a very different aspect from what the Emperor had imagined. A great North-European alliance, with old enmities forgotten, might shortly be formed, and joint action be undertaken by an unconquerable Dutch-Danish-Swedish naval force. Discretion might prove the better part of valor to the Emperor, particularly with Christian in such desperate straits that his negotiators, who had for some time been wasting their time at the imperial court, waiting for a hearing, might accept any, not too humiliating, peace. Ferdinand bethought himself, and the Danish ambassadors suddenly noticed that the wind was blowing from a different quarter, and were encouraged to proceed to Lübeck for preliminary negotiations with the Emperor's representatives there. Sweden quickly sensed the danger to its own interests of such a step, as well as those of Protestantism if Christian were now allowed to withdraw, and Oxenstjerna arranged a meeting between the two monarchs at Ulfsbeck in Sweden, early in February, 1629.

Here Christian faced his last great chance. But he was cast in too small a mould to see it. He suspected every proposal made by Gustavus as having some ulterior, selfish motive, and with impetuous intolerance brought forward hasty, ill-considered suggestions of his own. Gustavus finally turned in despair to the Danish Councillors and pleaded passionately for their help so that Danes and Swedes might stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting the dangers of Catholicism and take common action against a common foe. It was unfortunately too much for Christian's composure to have

any power, outside his own, appealed to in Denmark, so he interrupted Gustavus in angry and insolent words. 'What has Your Grace to do in Germany anyway, and how has the Emperor injured you?' Gustavus Adolphus in turn lost his patience at the pettiness and selfishness of these questions and demanded of Christian how he could ask such questions after the Swedes had met the imperial armies, as enemies, both in Poland and Stralsund. 'Just wait,' Gustavus added, breathing hard, 'and you shall see the Emperor and me seize each other by the ears so the hairs will rise on our heads.' Christian was not cowed, but something in the noble character which faced him made him feel the power of the future victor of Breitenfeldt. So he excused himself with the fact that he could not act without the consent of the Estates, nor could he now well back out from the peace terms he had forwarded the Emperor. In describing the scene, Gustavus wrote to his Chancellor:

I was host and King Christian my guest. There was but little eaten and more was drunk, and that was bad wine, which had probably been frozen. The King made no other request than for two or three ships, not because they were needed, but because they would draw attention. I made three proposals: 1. That we should agree upon methods of procedure, as outlined in the Congress of Lübeck. 2. That we should agree upon peace conditions and inform each other of their reasons. 3. That our two countries should sign a treaty. When I noticed that King Christian made excuses owing to lack of money, I replied there must be a way out of that and asked his advice as to the conduct of the German war. But he not only gave me no advice, but wanted to know what I had against the Emperor and why I wished to interfere in the German situation. . . . When I heard this, I thanked God for

giving me strength to hold my tongue and thus let such a bird fly his own way. In a word, Parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus.

It is easy to read, between the lines, the Swede's noble scorn.

Hearing that the Scandinavian agreement had come to naught, Ferdinand's fears were allayed. Sweden was alone and unaided to undertake the great work, and what was even worse for Christian, Sweden once more regarded Denmark as an implacable and secret enemy.

Denmark profited temporarily by the situation, and at the peace, which was finally signed at Lübeck in 1629, she received back all her conquered lands and paid no war indemnity. Christian was, however, forced finally to pledge himself to keep out of German affairs, and his sons lost the cherished bishoprics for which he had striven so long.

Christian was a despondent and broken man, with his energies temporarily paralyzed by misfortune. His power at home and his reputation abroad were both gone. His rival had picked up the sword which he had let fall. Denmark's participation in the Thirty Years' War had, however, its importance in the world's history, for Christian's four years of conflict had given European opposition to the House of Hapsburg time to unite and strike root.

CHAPTER XIII

THE next disaster of Christian's life was domestic; public enough, unfortunately, but not directly political. The ultimate shipwreck of his love for Kirsten was due to several causes. It had been with him a deep-rooted passion, but it is questionable whether she cared for him, even at the time of her marriage. She seems to have been incapable of loving any one but herself, and probably married Christian for the exalted social position and the influence and power which it afforded her. Nor was Christian altogether blameless. He appears never to have considered that she was twenty-one years younger than he, and above all that no woman, either young or mature, would be satisfied to spend her entire life bearing children. During the fourteen or fifteen years of their intimate relationship Kirsten was twelve times pregnant, a fact which affords reason enough, at least according to modern ideas, for her, with her high and youthful spirits and avidity for enjoyment of life, to rebel at such a fate. It was equally natural that her heartless, and at times cruel and unnatural, treatment of her children wounded and outraged their father. Christian's infatuation for Kirsten was, however, so tenacious that it survived her petulance, her ill-concealed indifference, and his gradual realization that her main objective was to get as much from him as she could. Her astute and ambitious mother did all in her power to warn Kirsten not to go so far as to break the

bow already tightly strung, or anger the King beyond reconciliation. Ellen Marsvin realized that, apart from any unfaithfulness on Kirsten's part, her deceit in small matters would disgust the fair-dealing King as soon as he realized it, and that he had an old-fashioned adherence to truth that ill brooked Kirsten's double-dealing. Her powerful family relations among the first nobles of Denmark also, to a certain extent, restrained the King from a definite break. Christian, though by nature unsuspecting, was not easily dissuaded, once he began to mistrust. The final estrangement between him and Kirsten became a *cause célèbre* in Denmark, one with which every tongue in Northern Europe wagged, and one which caused the King more personal mortification than any other occurrence in his life.

In selecting his officers before entering the Thirty Years' War, Christian had engaged in his service, as colonel of cavalry, Count Otto Louis of Salm, better known as the 'The Rhenish Count.'[1] He belonged to an old German family which owned broad acres in Pfalz and Lorraine, and had drifted north to offer his sword where there was a chance of both promotion and victory. Kirsten had, upon her mother's insistence, most reluctantly joined Christian at Werden, shortly after his unfortunate experience in the Hamlen ditch. He was already physically repulsive to her, but was doubly so in his bruised and battered condition. Between visits to the sick-bed Kirsten met, to her immediate diversion, the dashing young soldier of fortune, and proceeded to fall head over heels in love with him.

[1] Or Palsgrave.

Despite her rashness and impetuosity, the Rhenish Count had seen enough of the world to realize that this was playing with fire, and consequently to use some caution in reciprocating the undisguised affection of the alluring Kirsten. But before long he too was carried off his feet. It is uncertain whether Christian smelt a rat, but shortly afterwards he sent the Count to Denmark to levy Danish cavalry. Kirsten, who was also planning to return, was so overjoyed at hearing of this that, despite her usual stinginess, she gave pieces of silk or gold to her retainers and to the messenger who brought her the glad tidings a silver gilt pitcher, and to her German ladies-in-waiting diamond rings.

Kirsten quickly trumped up the excuse, after this exhibition of generosity, that she must hurry home in order to visit her sick mother at Dalum, which lay close to the place where the Count was staying and where several of her daughters were being brought up by their grandmother. Once together, Kirsten knew no shame and the Count no restraint. Ellen Marsvin, fearing the consequences, did all in her power to keep the two apart, but failed utterly. Evidently informants brought the King the news, for, in writing at a later date of this stage of the guilty couple's relations, Christian said: 'While I was at war Kirsten danced and played Christmas games and made merry with the Rhenish Count at Dalum, and many saw that she exercised herself with him in kissing and patting both early and late. A number of the people at Dalum saw that she often received the Count in her nightshirt, even welcomed him in her rooms after he had drunk himself into a stupor, and at

times followed the maids, who carried him back to his own quarters on the other side of the courtyard, with a candle in hand and clad in nothing but a chemise and a petticoat.' Reason enough, one would say, in Christian's contention that the costume in which Kirsten received a gentleman caller was rather improper, and certainly inadequate for a married woman!

By the time Christian returned from the Thirty Years' War, Kirsten was so reckless and open in her relations with the Count that he could not fail to realize what was up. He wrote to a friend that 'if only Lady Ellen had at that time given him an inkling of what was going on, before the devil and her own frivolous inclinations had led Kirsten astray, he would then have nipped the whole thing in the bud.' Kirsten's conduct soon became such that even the street urchins pointed at her in the thoroughfares of Copenhagen and shouted derisive remarks as she passed. Ellen dissolved in tears, and when Christian asked Kirsten, 'what in the devil ailed her mother,' she replied: 'Mother is crazy and does not like me to talk to the German officers at Court.' To this the King answered 'that a child who does not obey its parents gets into trouble and had better look out.' Naturally married relations became strained, and Christian's letters to his friends were at that time full of bitterness and accusations. He wrote: 'When I the other day laughed and was jolly, Kirsten said to her German maid, "Mary, I shall never be rid of him." When I another day was forced to leave church in the middle of the sermon, owing to the violence of the pains in my belly, Kirsten came home and danced with

glee and raised Cain with Mary. When the maid brought me my warm beer to drink before I arose in the morning, it tasted bad and I ascertained that Kirsten had placed sugar in it, which she knew I detested. Some time ago she took my miniature out of its gold case and threw it, and that of the Prince, on the floor. She instructed her maids to watch for my return or that of the Prince, so that she would have a chance to warn the Count. She cut up my linen and saved it for the Count, despite my being short of sheets myself. She baked a loaf for the Count having such ingredients that he would become love-sick all over, as soon as he had eaten it.'

There was thus a long list of misdeeds in the mind and heart of Christian. Some of Kirsten's nervous ill-will was spent on her poor children, to whom, with the exception of Eleanora-Christine, she proved a most unnatural mother. The mistress of the robes, Lady Anne Lycke, who had been noticing much more than had been expected, finally told Kirsten that she would have to report matters to the King if she continued dragging the little ones around the nursery by the hair of their heads, stole their jewelry and gave such evident signs of her hatred of Anna-Catherine as Kirsten had of late exhibited. She added, 'that she knew the children that had been at Roskilde during the war wore patched clothing to hide their nakedness.' As the warning proved ineffectual, Christian was at last informed of what had been going on in the nurseries, and, as a result, forbade Kirsten again to go near those of the children who were at home, and had his own bed moved in front of the nursery door where he might be on hand in case of any

trouble in the night. Family life was thus growing increasingly insupportable as well as mortifying to the King. It was a load almost heavier than he could carry when added to this intense depression of mind and the abject wretchedness of the country subsequent to the German disaster. But Kirsten, who was not in a frame of mind to remain inactive or away from her lover, threw caution to the winds. Through James, the tennis-court marker, she ferreted out the whereabouts of the Rhenish Count and sent him a laconic *billet-doux*, saying: 'I shall shortly be in your arms.'

Christian and Kirsten's second son, Frederick Christian, had died during the great war, and now their one-year-old daughter, Marie Christine, passed away. Such common sorrow, it seems, should have brought them once more together. But, on the contrary, the very day of the funeral, after the baby had been buried, when King Christian gave the customary funeral dinner, Kirsten begged to be excused. Of course Christian was outraged and infuriated when he learned the reason, namely, that she had escaped through the garden door and spent several hours in the company of the Count, who had been discovered hiding in Rosenborg garden. Christian gave vent to his anger and Kirsten was temporarily forced to remain quiet and away from the Count. The best she could do under the circumstances was to turn to sorcery. So she secretly consulted with one of the witches whom she informed of her pregnant condition, asking if she could help her in this matter, as also in the even more dangerous one of harming the King. The witch replied that her child would be still-

born if she was bled from the artery under the sole of her foot, and read a certain formula backwards three Sundays at midnight, which directions Kirsten followed closely. Next she set about something far more dangerous. She wrote to Herr Henry Bekker in Hamburg and accompanied her letter by a purse of a hundred rose-nobles and a hair from the head of Christian, one from that of the Rhenish Count, and one from her mother. She had chosen her helpmate well, for Bekker was celebrated as the most crafty sorcerer in Europe. Kirsten told him in her letter that he would receive as much more if he could help her in her anguish, either by ridding her of the King or helping her obtain her 'heart's dearest.' Bekker, being as good a business man as he was a sorcerer, sold Kirsten's letter to Christian's Hamburg agents for a larger sum than might be expected from Kirsten in return for the desired recipe. The King abhorred witchcraft, and as the incriminating document, which he had snapped up, added this to treachery of the gravest possible character for Kirsten, the ground was beginning to quake under her and she was well aware of it.

The following event, described by Christian in a letter, did not improve matters:

> Lady Kirsten came early in the morning and knocked at the door of my tower room in Copenhagen Castle. When I opened the door and saw her all dressed and asked her what she wanted, she replied that she was anxious to go to communion and asked if that did not please me. I replied, 'Certainly, go right ahead.' On her return she pulled a little gold box out of her muff, containing some white powder, which she offered me, saying, 'If Your Majesty will take this powder, it

will do you a lot of good,' to which I answered: 'Stuff and nonsense! nothing is the matter with me. What on earth is in the box?' She replied, 'Dr. Peter Pay gave it to me and said Your Majesty was very poorly.' I answered, 'That old fool can say what he likes; I need no medicaments, God be praised, I am hale and hearty.' At that I took the box and put it on my table and said, 'Leave it there until I need it.' Kirsten went out again and entered her carriage. As soon as I heard the wheels roll across the drawbridge, I sent for Peter Pay. When he arrived I took him into the tower room and showed him the powder and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes, I gave it to Lady Kirsten,' he said. As I wanted to know its use, I questioned him further, and he answered it was for the little pimples which she used to get on her chin. I continued, 'Why, of course I know that, but cannot the powder also be taken internally?' He started, much shocked, and said, 'No, for God's sake, Your Gracious Majesty, it is poison!' That was the end of *that* matter. I myself went to communion some days later and asked Dr. Christian, who was court chaplain, if Kirsten had recently been to communion. He replied, 'Yes,' but she had left in a hurry in the direction of Kronborg, where she believed there might be news of the Rhenish Count. When I heard this, I dismissed Kirsten's German maid.

A few days before attempting to make Christian swallow the powder, Kirsten had come to his room and told him she was very ill indeed, and advised him to find a pretty girl in the city who could look after him, adding that her maid, Annie, knew just the right one. Christian made no reply, but that same evening found two of Kirsten's maids sleeping on the floor in front of the door between her bedroom and the hall leading to his own, and the door itself was locked. He took the hint and returned to his room, saying nothing. The next morning the King went out into the yard and had the date of this critical event carved in the stone of a seat,

which had been fashioned there from a big boulder lying by the roadside. Christian directed the mason as he carved the record.

Matters had gone so far that the King now decided the first thing to do was to get rid of the Count, but, on account of the children, to do nothing to Kirsten at present, as she might change in her behavior when the Count was sent away. He quietly informed the Count that he was thoroughly aware of his dastardly behavior, and further that if he wished to avoid a public trial, followed by beheading and scandal, the sooner he vanished from the country the better. The Count was across the Swedish border within twenty-four hours. Kirsten, silently enraged at this, discovered once more through the faithful James, the marker in the King's tennis court, that her lover was in Sweden, and through the same channel sent him one passionate letter after another, declaring that she would join him at the first opportune moment. A reply finally arrived, at which 'Kirsten was so glad she clapped her hands and jumped right out of bed so that she could dance around on the floor,' and at once set to thinking how best to reach her Count. The first thing to do was to pack up her best clothes, jewelry and sufficient money, and send them ahead of her across the Swedish border. This she did with as little fuss as possible, and, she believed, unobserved by the King or his trusted servants. In order to make certain that Gustavus Adolphus would not send her back to Christian, Kirsten now first sought the Swedish ambassador in Copenhagen, John Fegraens, and asked him, without more ado, how could she best serve his

master and in return be assured safety in his kingdom. Between them they struck a bargain, whereby she was to receive unmolested domicile, after delivering to Fegraens certain confidential papers known by the Swede to be constantly in Christian's own pocket. The first time he was carried to bed, and Kirsten believed him sufficiently in his cups to enable her to steal the papers undetected, she crept into his bedroom in the middle of the night, and was on the point of hunting through his pockets when his faithful valet, who had heard her steps, quickly entered. She was forced to leave after stammering the lamest excuses for her presence. When Christian next morning was once more in his senses and had been informed of her several recent visits to Fegraens, as well as the attempted nocturnal raid, he put two and two together, and added in his mind espionage and theft to the list of Kirsten's many misdemeanors.

A new element now arose in the sadly strained marital relations, which was bound to cause trouble. Referring to it Christian wrote: 'At this time, when Kirsten was misbehaving, she dismissed her maids, one of whom was Wibecke Kruse. A short time afterwards, as I was walking from the castle to the laundry very early one morning, I noticed in the distance a woman who had the air of a noblewoman. As I approached her I saw it was Ellen Marsvin. When I asked what on earth *she* was doing up so early in the morning, she joined me and walked around with me for two hours, beating about the bush, but finally she said she wanted to engage Wibecke Kruse, and wished to know if I had any objections.

I answered it was no affair of mine whom she engaged. So she went down to Fünen, taking Wibecke with her.' Ellen had evidently deep-laid plans, and wise old fox that she was she kept her own counsel.

Matters which had gone from bad to worse finally ended in a break between Christian and his wife. It was on Saint Martin's, the last Saint's Day of New Year, and the King, who felt somewhat less despondent than usual, had decided to enlarge his family circle by inviting a few friends to dinner to eat the fat goose always served on that occasion. Kirsten, the Prince, both the young Dukes and the old Count of Thurn were ordered to attend at Fredericksborg Castle. Shortly after they had assembled, everybody felt the strained and unpleasant atmosphere. Throughout the meal, which Christian was doing his best to make pleasant and jovial, Kirsten sat sour-faced, mumbling and grumbling to herself, spoiling every one's fun, and making it a dismal failure. It was a relief when it was over and the King told little Valdemar Christian to say grace before they arose from the table. No sooner had the little fellow begun than Kirsten began shrieking so loud that no one could hear a word of the praises to God the boy was endeavoring to render on behalf of all who had eaten. Still attempting to control himself, Christian pulled out his diary and jotted down, 'She is becoming as crazy as a March hare.' Finally, beside herself with rage at not yet having drawn Christian's fire, Kirsten rushed up and threw herself down on the big pile of logs on the hearth beside the fireplace. Kirsten and logs rolled down on the floor, making such an infernal racket

that even the children's cries could not be heard. Christian left the room without saying a word and the dismal party naturally broke up. 'The following morning,' wrote the King describing the final chapter, 'I was up early in my room. After having written for a while, I noticed that Anne Lycke had entered. "Why are you not downstairs with the children?" I asked. She replied, "For God's sake, Your Majesty, do not be angry with me, as Kirsten forces me to do what I am doing." "So," I said, "what is up now?" She answered, "Lady Kirsten wants to leave Court, and says she can stand it no longer, but wishes to go to her mother." To this I answered, "The sooner the better." She gave my reply to Kirsten, who sent her thanks and asked for a carriage. There was none handy, except that of the fish-man, which was shortly hitched to four horses, all of different colors. I made myself ready to leave for the christening party for Iver Wind's son. As I was going downstairs, back came Anne Lycke, running after me, shouting, "O, Gracious Majesty, Lady Kirsten wants to say good-bye to Your Majesty." "No," I said, "there have been plenty of good-byes between us, tell her to go to the devil!" In getting into the fishmonger's trap, Kirsten called to her son Ulrich that she thanked God in heaven that she was going home, where she would neither have to hear nor see Ulrich's father.'

Christian was at last rid of her; she had been the cause of her own undoing and estranged him to such an extent that he heaved a genuine sigh of relief as she drove out of the palace courtyard.

The King had from time to time given Ellen Marsvin,

as fiefs, various extensive and valuable estates, among them Rosenwolde and Boller Castles. Feeling that the mother of his children should be fittingly housed, though he no longer desired Ellen or Kirsten at court, Christian instructed Ellen to hand over to Kirsten these two properties. Ellen, who was furious, had to obey the King's orders, but, before turning over the properties, she had her stewards remove every stick of furniture which they contained as well as everything of value possible of transportation. When Kirsten arrived at the larger of the two properties, Boller, in Jutland, she consequently found it stripped bare, and was forced to write in a hurry to the nearest prelate, Bishop Madsen of Aarhus, 'to come as quickly as possible with food, sheets and pillows, for here there is nothing to eat and nothing to sleep on.' The Bishop felt it was a chance to ingratiate himself with one who was sly enough possibly to regain power. Thus, despite the costliness of bedding and furniture, he scraped together what he could in his home and chapter-house and started out with it himself for Boller. Here he found Kirsten 'raging about like a wild animal in a cage,' for curt orders had arrived from the King that she was not to leave the property. For the time being there was nothing to do but submit to her rustication and see what her relatons could effect, and Kirsten began immediately to set all such wheels in motion.

While Christian's patience and forbearance with Kirsten had been admirable, he now made the mistake of falling into Ellen's carefully laid trap. Though peace had been declared for some time, the last of the imperial

troops had not as yet withdrawn from Jutland, and on his way to superintend the defences opposing them on the nearest Island of Fünen, he accepted his mother-in-law's invitation to stay with her so as to see some of his little daughters, who were there. Ellen had not taken the sweet Wibecke into her employ for nothing, and here was her chance. During the King's visit Wibecke was constantly thrown in Christian's way, until he fell into her trap, was carried away by her charms and pressed his love. Wibecke, who was dazzled by the King's confession, gratefully succumbed. Ellen had played her cards well, for she had now just the weapon for her daughter's defence, which had looked so desperate only a few months ago. The incautious King Christian had jilted his lawful wife Kirsten, owing to his new infatuation for her chambermaid. Billing and cooing could not, however, last long, for the military situation demanded his presence at camp. There he stayed until half a year later, when he again stopped with Ellen on his way back. 'The campaign once over,' he wrote to a friend, 'I returned over Dalum in Fünen, where I found Wibecke Kruse. While we stood looking at each other, Lady Ellen asked me how I liked Wibecke, for she was quite noticeably big. I answered the question in the same spirit. Soon afterward Ellen came running and asked if she might not have the christening party on one of her estates, to which I made no answer, but I ordered Wibecke to cross to Copenhagen.' Ellen's ear was to the ground and her spies closely watching and listening to the lovers. Christian noticed this, for he wrote in his diary: 'There was also a maid at Dalum,

who sorely needed chastising, for she snooped around, eavesdropping and listening for news, which is the last thing required in a handmaid. When I accosted her, she seemed likewise up to all kinds of deviltries, chuckling and squirming as if something was itching inside of her.'

By the next spring the domestic situation was complicated enough to gratify Ellen's fondest hope. Not only was Wibecke expecting a baby, but Kirsten also, the paternity of which became the most acrimonious question of discussion. Christian based his denial of any relationship to Kirsten's child on the silent evidence of the rock at his barn door, on which was carved the date when the chambermaids' sleeping on the floor had for once and ever blocked his way. In the midst of the discussion, he wrote: 'Kirsten's child arrived on Saint Ægidius's Day, and she sent one of her pages from the country to inform me she had a new daughter. This was a little too strong for me, as I could count back forty weeks, to Saint Martin's Day, when Kirsten had left me for good, and when I set the stone on which I carved the occasion and date as a "proper memorial" of her leaving my bed.'

Ellen herself, for the first and only time, was not with her daughter, an ominous sign of what she thought of it, as well as of her disgust at the possibility of her sly scheming having been brought to naught. Kirsten's baby, which was born in September, 1629, was christened Dorothea Elizabeth, but was always referred to by Christian as 'the Cashiered Lady.' The King was both just and guarded in making his statement as to the child's paternity, merely saying, 'I have nothing to do

with this child. I will, however, state that Kirsten has in my opinion brought all her former children to the world in wedlock, with my own, unquestionable assistance.'

Ellen, nothing daunted, and still on most amicable terms with her old friend Christian, asked for and received an invitation to the royal castle, where she hoped to regain the lost ground. 'Lady Ellen came to see me,' wrote the King, 'and was lodged in the Castle, and tried to get me to look after Kirsten's last child. She talked all kinds of drivel and finally she attempted to tell me how much the child resembled me. After she had tried to make my children come unaccompanied to her room, which I prevented, I sent her a note informing her I had noticed the shameless way in which she had told me that the baby resembled me more than the previous children. She answered me with a lot of hocus-pocus. As people seem to think that my love for Wibecke Kruse is the reason for Lady Kirsten's falling from grace, I should like to tell the truth of it all.'

So as to make a clear case of the whole unsavory business and review the situation '*in extenso*,' Christian, after his methodical manner, sent Kirsten the following letter:

DEAR KIRSTEN — You call my attention to all the dangers you have gone through in bearing my children. That, my dear, is one that is common to all women. I know of no tyranny on the part of your mother, unless it has been caused by your behavior in coming to Copenhagen and sending word for Count Waldemar Christian and trying to tell every one what a good conscience you have. Had your behavior been as good in the end as in the beginning, you might have derived honor therefrom. Towards the end, however, you cut up my

linen for the benefit of others. You ransacked my clothes and drawers at night so as to find something to tell your favorites. You sent your clothes away from my palaces to other people. You broke one of my precious jewels and gave others costly things I had given you for the children. You tried to make me eat lead-sugar. You permitted our children to go about in rags and could not tolerate your oldest daughter in your room, but let her run around with street urchins. You refused to share your food with her so she was obliged to eat up whatever the slobbering-mouthed Dolly left on her plate. I did not take you by force from your mother's house, but by your own free will and consent. When I had a stomach ache during the sermon in Copenhagen, and was forced to go out and lie down, what did you do? You took Mary by the hand and danced around the table with glee. You placed gold in your prayer book, in the plate, and in the Sexton's hand, hoping thereby to have your evil wish fulfilled. Then with sly lies you forced me to send our children abroad. I suppose your clear conscience comes from all this! If I were to enumerate all your good deeds and faithfulness this letter would be longer than the finest funeral oration held in Denmark for many a year. You sent me word by the Mistress-of-the-Robes that you wanted to go to your mother's and could not stay with me any longer. I said if you were so set on going, you could go to the devil. Back came the Mistress-of-the-Robes for a letter to your mother. I left for Copenhagen, and you told Ulrich that at last the day had come when you could leave court and be your own mistress. You sent him a chest and a silk picture. You sent me back the big key to Fredericksborg Castle, got a carriage with four horses of as many shades as your conscience and courtesies have proved. Now, upon my return I hear you have been up to some new tricks in Copenhagen. I am at a loss to know how to treat you, so that you will not damn your eternal, as well as your temporal fate. I am, however, sending you two gentlemen, who will hand you my orders, to which you will conform, even though they may not please you.

CHRISTIAN

December 27th, 1630

The new woman, whom Christian had taken to his heart, was a sweet, gentle, lovable daughter of the people, who stood faithfully by him to the end, cheering him in adversity, nursing him when he was wounded and showing him numberless acts of affectionate devotion. Like some women she asked nothing except to give everything, and, in addition to the present baby, bore him later the gallant fighter, Ulrich Christian Gyldenlöve. The King and Wibecke both agreed that it would prove a fitting mark of affection and regret to name the little girl, who had just been born, after his first wife, the dead Queen, Anna-Catharine.

The King sorely needed a helpmate in the first years after his peace treaty with the Emperor. Personally he seemed broken by what had happened, both at home and abroad, spiritless, mortified, humiliated, so changed that his old companions scarcely knew him and old pursuits could not engage him. He declined to play court tennis. He found neither pleasure nor distraction in playing cards with Ellen. At meals he sat ruminating, speaking to no one, even drinking sparingly, often dropping unconsciously what he held in his hand. His former joviality was curdled into irony and invective, his passions issued in overwrought coarseness. Either in absence of mind or restlessness of body, he would go to bed and get up again three or four times a day. His limitations, naturally, though for the first time, became evident to those about him and threatened danger to the kingdom. He was unwilling to give his necessary Councillors independent power of action. He seemed uncertain, wavering, feverishly active to reach his own aims, but at the same time

unable to coöperate with any one else for an ultimate greater object.

All this came at a time when he had need of all his best powers. There were urgent realities to be faced, at home and abroad, and face them he must; there was no escape. Within the kingdom it was necessary to re-establish law and order, and, above all, the force of royal authority. Christian's German campaign had eliminated him from the European situation and had thrown him back into the local Northern one under most unfortunate circumstances. He had hoped that success in Germany might result in weaning the States General away from Sweden and the Hansa cities, but, instead, Holland and Sweden now stood closer than ever.

After the Kalmar war, Christian had really abandoned Denmark's traditional policy of aggrandizement at the expense of Sweden and turned instead toward Northern Germany, where he believed he had done his best to solve the new problems of Danish foreign policy. Now, as throughout his life, his intense Danish nature and feelings expressed themselves by repeated attempts to rid Denmark of every trace of foreign influence. In this no one served and helped him more faithfully than his Chancellor, Christian Friis, who was indefatigable in his attentions and labors.

From others, the King received little help, or suggestions so absurd that it seems almost impossible, in our day, to believe that they were seriously meant. When he asked his nobles to suggest means of improving the desperate state of the national finances, they replied that they believed much might be accomplished by

omitting the confectionery served with dinner at the funerals of the nobility, and the swilling and guzzling indulged in by the common folk before the corpse was carried out. In pursuit of other helpful suggestions the King asked a number of elegant ladies, as well as sundry clergymen from Fünen and Jutland, to a conference with the Councillors, where dress reform and consequent savings might be discussed. Based on its suggestions, laws were passed enforcing the use of less and simpler lace, buttons and gold embroidery, and the minutes of the court ended with the observation that 'vanity was one of the deadliest of sins, most quickly punishable by God.' One of the most helpful of the Councillors suggested simpler beds for brides and the omission of the exchange of gold bracelets between an affianced pair, limiting the gifts to a ring from the groom. All the assembled Councillors agreed penitence was what was needed, and that three days of prayer and fasting throughout the land would bring about reform and economy. As a result, these were promptly ordered, and on the first one the bells began to ring at six o'clock in the morning. The country folk flocked to their parish churches and the burghers to their houses of worship and prayed to God that He would turn His wrath from Denmark. Such poor folk as could reach no house of prayer had been ordered to fall on their knees at home or in the fields every thee hours, 'and with constant sighs and prayers beg that their punishment might cease.' As for the nobles, they were, as usual, to attend to the misdeeds of others rather than suffer for their own, and were consequently delegated to see that no games were played

and no barrels tapped in the public houses, and to wear seemly, unostentatious clothes. In this connection we must remember that uncompromising, orthodox Lutheranism was now the ruling creed of Denmark, and religion had become a stiff, limited system of dogmas, outside of which there was no road to salvation. The early and energetic religious instruction of youth was deemed imperative if the elders were to be sure that youth had absorbed the whole doctrine in all its subtleties.

Neither national consciousness nor administration, in the modern sense, had as yet been developed in seventeenth-century European states. Christian did what he could in his possessions, but his own acts had paralyzed his efforts. While regal power and nobility had been sharply antagonistic, they had also been strong and virile when he assumed power; now they were bitterly aligned one against the other, the royal power in its deepest abasement and the nobility in complete disintegration. The royal dignity had suffered greatly by the airing, far and wide, of Kirsten's scandals, causing the nobles to lose most of the respect they retained and strengthening them in their determination to resist Christian's proposed reforms. Added to this, Lady Lycke's powerful family had bitterly resented his throwing her into jail after her escapade around the country with Prince Christian. It was absurd, they said, to listen to James's, the tennis-court marker's, allegations that Lady Lycke and the witch Lamme Heine had conspired to kill the King. Too many crawfish and lobsters had been the cause of Christian's sickness and not any poison in the wine Lady Lycke had brought him. To

Christian the most offensive part of the whole matter was that the Prince, his own son, did not stand by him, but sided, like the sneak he was, with the nobles.

The administration of justice throughout the realm was at its best, crude, not to say whimsical, and the state of affairs which existed between the ruling powers naturally did not improve it. As for the Councillors' position, it was ambiguous, for they represented both King and nobility. They were kept very busy travelling throughout all portions of the realm, first here and then there, at all seasons of the year, acting as a travelling court of justice. When it was possible, Christian tried to preside, and particularly at 'Herredage,' or assemblies of the people, but generally his own or other business kept him elsewhere, in which case the Chancellor forwarded him detailed reports of proceedings, embodying each Councillor's individual opinion of the matters deliberated upon as well as the joint findings and the verdict. At times Christian appointed some nobleman or other particularly fitted to serve as judge at the county trials, where the case would then be decided according to the nobleman's disinterestedness and ability. In addition to legislating, Christian was constantly called to settle local affairs, superintend the building of new dykes and fortresses and the erection of churches and public edifices. No modern commercial travellers covered as much ground as he did. The discomforts of the long trip to his Norwegian Kingdom in no way deterred him from sailing back and forth and visiting all its parts. As the blunt honesty and unaffected frankness and loyalty of his Northern subjects went straight to his heart, he did

his best to help them and protect them against the Danish governors and lord-lieutenants whose only object was to squeeze as much money as possible out of the poor Norwegian fishermen and farmers, which naturally added still further fuel to the Danish flames. The little trading and lumber post of Oslo, which was also the seat of the southern bishopric, had at this time suffered a most disastrous fire. Christian, who realized its great future possibilities, even in competition with the much larger town of Bergen, decided to rebuild it on the other side of the river, under the protection of the cannon of Agershus, and rename it, as his new Norwegian capital, Christiania. Then the discovery of silver in the mountains to the north of Oslo also excited him, for he hoped that he might here, at his very door, find the riches for which his rivals were scouring the seas of the new world.

Thus time passed, Christian trying to do his duty as he saw it toward Dane, Norwegian, Swede and German alike, if they belonged to his crown, and with one and all he seemed to hit it off, excepting alone the truculent nobles. It remained for his son Frederick to learn how to gain the upper hand, for Christian himself possessed neither the statesmanship nor the vision with which Richelieu was dealing with the selfsame problem in his country.

CHAPTER XIV

Such were the superficial activities on which King, Councillors and nobles dispersed energies which should have been concentrated on fundamental reform. If there was any one in Denmark who saw the need of such reforms it was Christian himself, but he, though he had the sagacity to perceive the need, had not the intelligence to discover the method, nor the energy to initiate or carry through the needed changes. Not only did all his nobles and Councillors fail him in this hour of his greatest need, but he failed himself at this moment when all the energies of the kingdom were needed to swing Denmark at this turning-point of its history into the upward rather than the downward path.

To a certain extent Christian succeeded in mastering his depression and rousing himself from his stupor in the earnest endeavor to provide for his children. Of these the heir, Prince Christian, had his own court at home, where dissipation was the order of the day, while Duke Frederick, who, for the time being, at least, was without a bishopric, had gone to the court of Louis XIII, and spent considerable time in Anjou, perfecting himself in knightly games. The two eldest Gyldenlöve boys, sons of Christian's first two mistresses, had also been sent to France in order to acquire the manners and habits which were then rapidly becoming the fashion and spreading, most beneficially to society throughout Europe, replacing much of the earlier coarseness. Three

of the younger children, Sophia-Elizabeth, Waldemar-Christian and Eleonora-Christina, had recently returned from the Netherlands, where they had been sent during the German campaign through a ruse of Kirsten's, and where they had spent three years with Count Ernest Casimir and his wife, who was Christian's niece. Eleonora-Christina had been more than glad to leave, for the new mistress of the robes, Lady Karen Sehested, who seemed to particularly dislike her, had not only beaten her with the lash of the whip, but finally with its handle, so that she had been unable to walk for several weeks after her punishment. Christian, hearing of this, determined to have no more such occurrences, even if he must abandon matters of State for those of the nursery. Kirsten had a few of her children, Ellen others, and the remainder of the brood were in various castle nurseries. The situation as to the younger generation was thus almost as complicated as in our own day of divorce. Christian determined to give it attention and to make, so far as *he* was concerned, no difference whatever between his various families, excepting such as were inevitable owing to the different positions they were to occupy later in life. He was genuinely fond of children and loved having half a dozen of them playing about. Like a good father of a family (or rather families), when the performing elephant came to town he took them to see him, and also the marvellous slack-rope dancer descend on a wire from the tower of Our Lady's Church to the roof of an adjoining building. Remembering how he had loved sweetmeats, but how few he had received when a boy, Christian sent the kitchen clerk a list of pre-

serves to be put up for the nursery table, consisting of 'currants, cherries, chickory root, barberries, lemon and orange peel, pomegranates, plums, both large and small, strawberries, apples and almond paste.'

Despite their number and variety, Christian followed all the children with the greatest concern until they were grown up. Thus, when Count Waldemar-Christian some years later was leaving with his gentleman-in-waiting for the court of Archduke Leopold William, where he was to receive further knightly and soldierly education, Christian sent with him the following detailed and written instructions:

> The Count is above all to have God before his eyes and to listen to the advice of the experienced courtiers who accompany him. He is to fly all frivolous company and women of ill repute, so as not to poison his mind and come into disrepute. He is to try to keep away from drink, and not to leave his gentleman-in-waiting during the night. He is not to gamble, unknown to this gentleman, nor to get mixed up in any love affair or secret marriage or attachment without first receiving Our consent. He is to follow his profession as a soldier with discretion and respect, and seek the best and most elevating society. He is not to accept any challenge to a duel, either on foot or a horseback, without the consent of his gentleman-in-waiting. As soon as he has entered the army, he is to notice carefully all such matters as should be learnt by a soldier and a cavalier, be it marching, the quartering of soldiers, besieging a city, the ordering of convoys, or the command of small and large bodies of men. He is to run up no bills, but leave all his purchases and expenditures to the decision of his gentleman-in-waiting.

No solicitous father could have written a more comprehensive or sensible farewell letter.

Though the elder daughters were not quite old enough

to marry, for they were only between thirteen and fifteen years old, the time had come to think about their future matches, as well as how to derive the greatest possible benefits from such. Christian had given this much thought, believing that marrying his daughters into the great families of Denmark, rather than to foreign princes, might turn enemies into friends and build up an influential party among the Danish nobility, which might at last prove loyal to the Crown. He went about it methodically, and made no mistake in selecting as sons-in-law the men who not only were the most talented, but also were to become the most influential in his kingdom. Their greatness became unfortunately coupled with selfish ambitions, and instead of being contented with supporting the King's party, the 'party of the sons-in-law,' as it soon was called, assumed a strange, amphibious character standing halfway between the monarch and his Councillors. They supported the King when something might thereby be gained, or his opponents when this seemed more profitable, and became in reality faithless to all and suspected by all, thinking only of their own gain.

The three oldest daughters were the first to be betrothed. Anna-Catherine was promised to the headstrong and fascinating young Frantz Rantzau. The affair, however, came to a most untimely end. Rantzau fell into the moat on his way home from a wild carouse at Rosenborg Castle. Christian, who was waving him good-bye in the dark, heard the splash, rushed after him and, true to himself, dived in immediately, hoping to rescue him. The result was that the King himself came

within an ace of drowning, and was only saved in the last moment by being pulled out of the water by a boat hook in the seat of his breeches. But poor Rantzau's dripping body could not be restored to life. In considering the sad occurrence in the light and sobriety of the following morning, the King was of the firm belief that it was all due to Kirsten, who had employed witchcraft in the matter, having, however, intended to direct it against himself rather than Rantzau. Poor fourteen-year-old Anna-Catherine took the matter so much to heart that she died shortly afterwards of a broken heart.

Next came Sophia-Elizabeth, who was a year younger. She was promised to Christian Pentz, who came to play an important, if not illustrious, part in later Danish history. After his death she married Holger Wind, who so infuriated her by finally jilting her that she returned his portrait to him, with its eyes cut out, adding, 'she couldn't cut the brains out as he had none.' Of all his daughters Eleonora-Christina was dearest to the heart of the King; she richly merited his love, and was perhaps the only one of his children to inherit all of his good and none of his bad characteristics. When she was only seven, she was engaged to Korfitz Ulfeldt, whom she married eight years later. Courageous, talented and faithful in both good and evil days to all on whom she had bestowed the rare gifts of her affection, her own and her great husband's careers became, in later days, one with the history of Denmark and Sweden. She bore her husband seventeen children and followed him in banishment and adversity.

Ulfeldt and his equally renowned brother-in-law,

Hannibal Sehested, really gave the tone to Danish court life during the years 1630–40. Christian raised them to one important post after another, so that they in turn occupied most of the great offices of State, as also repeatedly sent them on important foreign embassies, in order to satisfy his meddlesome desire to mediate in conflicts between foreign powers with which he had nothing to do. Even at the French court, Ulfeldt and Eleonora-Christina were the main attractions during their visit, and Ulfeldt's brains were a match for the Queen Mother, Mazarin, 'Monsieur,' and the Comte de Brienne. Marie de Médicis, having everything the mind could think of and more jewelry than she knew what to do with, Christian was at a loss as to what gifts his ambassador should present her upon his introduction as a particular mark of his master's esteem. At last he hit upon a unicorn's horn and a stony formation from the stomach of a ruminating animal, which Ulfeldt assured the astonished Queen Mother possessed rare healing qualities. From Paris, Ulfeldt and his wife turned north to The Hague, where they saw much of their cousin, Charles I's exiled sister, the Queen of Bohemia, as also of the great René Descartes. He quickly appreciated the keenness of Eleonora-Christina's intellect, and the fact that, in addition to her well-trained mind, she was a passionate seeker of truth, anxious to receive its impressions, whencesoever they came. The logic of her orderly mind and soundness of her reasoning thrilled the great philosopher, and they spent many a night wandering together from theology to mathematics and from astronomy to religion. Ulfeldt himself differed

from most of his Danish associates in being an absolute equal of the most brilliant and elegant of his contemporaries at the courts of the Emperor, France or England. He was, moreover, charming and fascinating; an imposing and restless man of the world, he stood all its tests except the greatest one, that of adversity. Faultless in manner, thought and dress, he lacked entirely the heaviness and coarseness which still prevailed even among the best Danish society, many of whose members tried and failed to emulate his exotic character, even in trivial and superficial matters.

When at home the Ulfeldt entertainments were the talk of Copenhagen. Thus, when one evening they were unable to offer their guests a proper display of fireworks, they took them in boats on the harbor, and when they were out in the middle of it they had their servants release a number of captive polar bears. The long ropes by which they were tethered were given to the guests, who then amused themselves by watching the beasts play and fight in the water around them. No mean entertainment even to satisfy the twentieth-century craving for sensational innovations!

Eleonora-Christina's spirit was bolder and her character more strongly marked than that of most women of her age, making her love for her husband ready for every sacrifice and the controlling impulse of her rich and varied life. When Ulfeldt and his wife, during one of their missions, arrived in England with Christian's offer to straighten out the difficulties between King Charles and his Parliament, they were requested to tell Christian to mind his own business, for theirs, said the members of

Parliament, could not be cleared up by any outsider, because no one could depend on King Charles's word. After Christian's death and Frederick's succession to the throne, Ulfeldt's career was stormy and checkered by impeachment, desertion to Sweden, capture, imprisonment and banishment. The new Queen Sophie-Amalie's spleen was particularly directed against the brilliant daughter of Christian IV. Eleanora-Christina spent many years of misery and hiding abroad, and at last, returned once more to England to beseech her faithless Stuart cousin to pay a loan made him when he was hard-pressed. He rewarded her help in bygone days by handing her over to the Danish ambassador, who was so base as to seize her and send her back to her enemy Sophie-Amalie. Upon her arrival in Denmark, the Queen ordered Eleonora-Christina undressed so as to be certain to find all concealed jewelry, and then had her locked up in the Blue Tower prison in Copenhagen, which her father, King Christian, had erected. Here she spent twenty-three years of her life with no light except that of a slit in the masonry and no knife except a sharpened bone. Not until her persecutor died, and she herself was a broken, gray-haired woman of sixty-four, was she allowed to walk out into the streets of Copenhagen, where in her youth and womanhood she had been the acknowledged queen.

King Christian had betrothed another of his sons, Waldemar-Christian, whom the Emperor had made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, to the Tsar of Russia's daughter, Irene. It must be said in justice to Christian that he had some misgivings in the matter, ow-

ing to the unfortunate outcome of his brother Hans's Russian betrothal. The possibility of damaging Sweden by Russian alliance had, however, outweighed all other considerations in Christian's mind. Tsar Michael sent in due time an imposing embassy to Copenhagen, which caused such a stir that several of the curious town folk were trampled to death in attempting to get a better view of them when they arrived. In the Hall of State, the Russian ambassadors found King Christian sitting on his throne. They began the proceedings by requesting him please to rise and take off his crown, as they were about to read out the Tsar's name and many titles. King Christian replied, in his frank manner, that he would not think of getting up and much less of taking off his crown. As the ambassadors, however, assured him that the Tsar paid this same mark of respect to his name and titles when his Danish ambassadors had recently been in Moscow, King Christian decided to humor them and handed his crown for the moment to his Chancellor. Thereupon the Muscovites proceeded with the reading, offering in Tsar Michael's name, as a dowry, the principality of Jaroslav and over a million Russian roubles. As for Irene's charms, they were such 'they would make the Prince of Denmark's mouth water.' Christian replied that he was gratified and promised that Waldemar-Christian would shortly leave for the Baltic accompanied by a fitting retinue of gentlemen, but it would take a week or two, for the tailors had not as yet completed the wedding clothes nor the goldsmiths the many gifts. Count Waldemar-Christian did, however, leave so hastily that there was not time for the appropriate

saddles to be embroidered for the gift of Danish stallions, but Christian went to his red velvet cabinet and fetched a magnificent big ruby, and also gave the Count both bracelets and 'ear-drops' to give to Irene.

A large company of Cossacks and Russian nobles met the bridegroom on the Russian frontier with a red velvet sled drawn by six white horses. He arrived in Moscow a few days before Christmas, where he was considerably embarrassed by the number of times his ill-smelling future father-in-law insisted upon embracing him. Banquets were followed by a ceaseless exchange of wedding presents. Suddenly Waldemar-Christian was informed he would have to forswear his infidel faith, be rebaptized and instructed in the tenets of the Greek Orthodox Church. This he flatly refused to do, stating that no such stipulation or bargain had ever been made during the Copenhagen negotiations, that he would rather have no princess than no faith, and that he considered the Greek faith but little better than none at all. The argument ended with the greatest discontent on both sides, and the Count was separated from his suite, which was replaced by a Russian guard. At this stage of affairs Irene sent word that she had fallen violently in love with her good-looking affianced bridegroom and he must humor her father's religious whim. Being a girl of violent and determined temperament, she threatened to do herself bodily harm if not speedily united in wedlock. Waldemar-Christian, still being obdurate, refused rebaptizing and as a result was imprisoned with most of his gentlemen, the Tsar trusting that this might bring the Count to reason. His trust being ill-founded, Tsar

Michael finally decided to take the bull by the horns and make a Greek-Catholic of Waldemar-Christian, either with or without his consent. As this could be satisfactorily accomplished by his being completely submerged in water, especially blessed for the purpose, the Tsar ordered his bodyguard to seize, strip and immerse the reluctant Dane and keep all of him except his head under water until the attending popes had finished reciting and chanting the baptismal ritual and blessed the happy occasion. Before the order could be executed, the Tsar died as suddenly as had Hans some years back and Waldemar-Christian was saved from his prolonged bath. Without more ado he made for Copenhagen as speedily as a hunted fox for his hole. Hearing that Irene had shortly afterwards also died, Waldemar-Christian wrote in his diary, 'Irene is either dead of a broken heart or a poisoned stomach, I can't make out which.' The Count never made a second attempt at marriage, but spent much of his later life campaigning. When a German Princess was later proposed, he stated that 'he found fighting safer than wooing.'

The old Queen Dowager Sophia had quieted down in later years and passed most of her time in Nykjöbing Castle on the Island of Falster, looking after her various properties. As did Anne of Brittany and Marie de Médicis, she died an extremely rich woman, having, unlike her son Christian, spent much less than she took in and managed her estates with rare skill. She therefore left in her cellars over twenty barrels of gold, or two million dollars, while her wardrobes and closets were bursting with satins, silverware and gold ornaments. The mo-

ment the news of her death reached London, King Charles dispatched the Earl of Leicester to Denmark to collect Queen Anna's share of the dowry. After successfully dodging the Englishman for some time, facilitated in this by his Hamburg campaign, Christian was finally cornered by Leicester in South Jutland. He replied to the English demand that not only had Charles Stuart failed to lend him the promised subsidies in the German war, but both he and his mother had lent King Charles more than was due him from the Queen Dowager's estate and he would, as a result, receive nothing but a receipted bill. Leicester wrote home in his chagrin, 'that such is the life of that Danish King to drink all day and lye with a whore every night. Though he handles his affairs with great concern, yet whenever he visited his nobles, forthwith the beer-canne is placed upon the board, and his lords make note of their drunkennesses as when they purchase a fine dogge or new bullock.' Christian's share of the riches was such that he was not only able to cancel his large debt to his mother, but received, at this most opportune moment, 288 pounds of gold and 1936 pounds of silver.

Before the funeral Christian was much concerned that his children should meet their grandmother's body in a proper manner when it arrived at Roskilde Cathedral,[1] dressed in fitting mourning clothes. He therefore ordered for the girls the requisite amount of false hair fastened underneath the front points of their veils, and lace collars and suitable black tassels behind, with sleeves slashed in the centre and buckled tightly together.

[1] The burial place of the Danish royal family.

The Councillors, who had so persistently opposed Queen Sophia during the long regency, took their places behind Christian and the black-dressed children and, followed by all of the Queen Dowager's own court and many of those from Brunswick, accompanied the body to the splendid tomb which Frederick II had prepared for himself and his spouse during his own lifetime, so many years ago. Well might Christian consider, as he stood under the lofty brick pillars, if his mother had not been frugal, where would he now have been?

For Duke Ulrich, Christian had political ambitions in the direction of Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus had entered the German arena as Christian departed. By their joint agreement not to tolerate any imperial power on the Baltic, the Swedes had gained an entrance into and hold on strategic North-German ports, a matter of the highest importance to them. The Swedish King possessed all the qualities which his Danish godfather lacked. He was a born military leader, coupling daring attack and tactical skill of the first order with foresight and circumspection, and possessing a fine and altogether noble character, combined with singular personal magnetism. He was peculiarly fitted to command the great generals that had served their apprenticeship in the wars of the last two decades, and who had gradually consolidated Sweden under the strong royal power and extended her dominion around all sides of the Baltic except its southern shores. Axel Oxenstjerna, one of the wisest and most far-sighted statesmen of the day, stood behind the young King, whom he worshipped and guided and restrained from any steps which did not lead Sweden

toward its ultimate goal.[1] Poland was beaten, Denmark prostrate, and the States General friendly allies, while France recognized her error in not having assisted the Emperor's former enemy more vigorously, and the North-German princelings realized what their discord and lack of support had effected. Christian's campaigns had thus profited the Protestant cause, in that Europe now clearly realized the issue that was at stake. It was none the less bitter for Christian to see how Gustavus outwitted and crushed the imperial armies in a series of brilliant campaigns and signal victories which finally conquered Germany down to the Alps and threatened the Emperor in his own capital of Vienna. The greatest of all Gustavus's victories, the battle of Breitenfeld, was as fatal and far-reaching for Austria as the victory over the Armada had been for Spain. But alas, only fourteen months later Gustavus met a hero's death in the forefront of his cavalry, at Lützen, on November 6, 1632,[2] and Oxenstjerna and the great Swedish commanders were left to continue the fight as if their King were still there to lead them on.

Sweden's new Baltic and Pomeranian possessions were a thrust at the heart of Denmark, and, strange to say, the power in the North had been decided on the

[1] Mazarin said once of Oxenstjerna: 'If all the statesmen of Europe were gathered together on a vessel, I would give the tiller to Oxenstjerna.'

[2] Gustavus's tomb bears the following proud inscription: 'In angustis intravit. Pietatem amavit. Hostes prostravit. Regnum dilatavit. Suecos exaltavit. Oppressos liberavit. Moriens triumphavit. (He assumed the government under great difficulties, he loved piety, he conquered his enemies, he enlarged the boundaries of the realm, he inspired the Swedes to noble ideals, he liberated the downtrodden, he triumphed in death.)

German battlefields. Each Swedish victory had been gall in the wounds of Christian, and his personal animosity to Sweden warped his judgment as to what at times was best for Denmark. He had thus repeatedly offered to mediate with the Emperor, which had merely added fuel to the flames of Swedish resentment and increased the tension between the two neighbor countries. Oxenstjerna said he would just as lief have the Pope in Rome act as mediator in a dispute in which Sweden was interested as King Christian IV. The Swedes felt that Christian should either join them whole-heartedly in the great German conflict, or keep out of the question altogether, and Oxenstjerna added, 'shilly-shallying did no good.' To keep out of meddling was, however, entirely beyond the power of Christian. During the many years which the war continued and despite his many rebuffs, he continued up to the bitter end to make new offers of mediation, first to one combatant and then to another, and finally to the neutral states. Christian felt from his side that he had a dual problem to solve, namely, first to ensure Denmark from Sweden's coming supremacy, and secondly, to attain this without sacrificing Protestantism and the balance of power between the Emperor and the German Imperial States. In his subsequent protracted dealings with England, with 'the contemptible Calvinistic and republican States General,' and with Russia, Swedish relations became the determining factor. His relations with all of them were the outcome of his tireless, but often ill-conceived, mental activity, and of the hope which he still nourished of Denmark's becoming a great power. Despite the terms of the Lübeck peace, he

had far from abandoned his plans of future influence in North Germany, or of regaining bishoprics for his sons and assuming the overlordship on the Elbe.

After Gustavus's death, the idea occurred to Christian that he might possibly obtain by peaceful means what he had failed to obtain by conquest. The great Swede had left an only child, Christina, who was a babe in arms when her father had sailed for Germany. To bring about what he had in mind, Christian now ordered his ambassador to Sweden to approach the Swedish Chancellor and suggest his son Duke Ulrich as a future husband for the Swedish Queen and heiress. Though Oxenstjerna had been accused of hoping she might some day be permitted to take a son of his own for a consort, he was in reality far too balanced to aspire to any such thing. It was equally foolish for Christian to believe that Sweden would ever be obtained for a Danish prince by so simple a method as marriage. Oxenstjerna answered Christian's ambassador emphatically that 'nothing could be done before the Queen was of age and the consent of the Estates would then be required to any marriage she might contract.' As this did not satisfy Christian, he approached the Swedish Councillors and naturally received a similar rebuff. Christina's fate was to be a very different one from anything that either Christian or Oxenstjerna contemplated for her. As she grew into womanhood, her brilliant and commanding qualities were unfortunately vitiated by an inordinate pride and egotism. She distinguished herself by contempt for public opinion and by a prodigality which had no regard for her Government's requirements. Her treat-

ment of her great Chancellor was prompted by a jealousy of his extraordinary reputation. Recognizing that as long as the Thirty Years' War lasted his power would be paramount, she did her best to end his influence and overthrow him. In later life she became too notorious and infamous even to be admitted to the none too critical court of France, and, after renouncing her throne and murdering her lovers, the only child of the great Protestant abandoned the faith for which her father had died and was buried a Roman Catholic, under the dome of Saint Peter's.

CHAPTER XV

CHRISTIAN turned from vitally important matters of foreign policy to trivial and domestic affairs, both in Denmark and Norway. Curiously enough, little things seemed to absorb him almost as much as the big ones. Thus we find him one day bound for Antvordskov Castle, anxious lest sufficient malt, stoves, wood and bedding had not been sent ahead in the cold weather; then he is occupied with the house he is building for Wibecke Kruse in Copenhagen, and sending small cannon for the salutes at a wedding celebration to which he is looking forward, and thinking about the brewing of his own beer. Next it is the bellringer of Fredericksborg, who has been neglecting his work. 'I command some one to follow him up during my absence,' wrote Christian, 'and every time he forgets to ring out the hours, give him half a day in the Spanish barrel.[1] Yesterday he forgot to ring at five o'clock, for which he might well receive at once, as a foretaste of what is coming to him, six hours in the Spanish barrel. That will help!' Then it is his farmyard which for a morning supplants matters of State, and he orders messengers sent to England and Oldenburg to purchase pheasants and rabbits, and likewise watches the building of bunks in the rabbit hutches, where the keepers were to sleep. From this he turns to

[1] 'The Spanish barrel,' or 'cape,' consisted of a barrel without a bottom and with holes through its top and sides, for the criminal's head and arms. He was walked around the streets of Copenhagen with no other covering but the barrel punctured in this manner.

Copenhagen, where the spire of Our Lady's Church is about to fall. Hearing of the danger, Christian hurried from Rosenborg, in order personally to climb almost to the summit of the tower, accompanied by the masons, and gave orders where to place the new anchors, bolts and ties. Then he hurried back to Rosenborg to instruct the superintendent to make certain that there is no fishing by outsiders in its pond or moats, and that the gardeners and their boys are only to be employed to look after the flowers and vegetables,[1] and all money from the sale of either is to be deposited through a slot in the little iron 'garden savings bank.' The head gardener is further to take charge of the herbs for medicinal use as well as those used in bathing, and the caretaker in the orchard 'must be certain that no small boys steal the fruit.'

Though Christian was now fifty-seven, which meant an old man in those days, he had through constant exercise retained much of his physical vigor. It was a miracle that certain forms of it did not kill him, particularly when, after eating and drinking enormously at dinner, he would suggest to his sons to come into the palace court and have a good fight with him. Equerries would rush to the stables and the royal family to the armor room and prepare, whereupon, armor buckled on, and horses mounted, they would then either charge each other repeatedly, trying to unhorse each other with their lances, or harden themselves by equally strenuous and dangerous exercise in sword-play on foot.

Back of all these important and trivial matters there

[1] The monasteries had previously been the only cultivators of gardens.

was, however, constantly one lurking thought, depressing and poisoning his existence, and that was still Kirsten Munk. She had of late been far from tranquil, but rather a constant source of aggravation, chafing at her confinement on the country estate to which she had been sent. Though she had been hard to manage while at court, her antics after she left it exceeded anything of which she had previously been capable. Both she and her mother spread the rumor far and wide that Christian had cruelly discarded her because of his passion for her chambermaid, Wibecke. This story, which was whispered and repeated by every one, made the King boil with indignation. Kirsten was also determined that Christian should acknowledge her last child, Dorothea Elizabeth, as his own, and properly provide for her future. Kirsten therefore stated that the child 'had come to town honestly, just like the others, and looked for all the world the image of her stony-hearted father.' Still further infuriated, Christian answered this blast by ordering Kirsten's name omitted from the Church prayers, and wrote to Ellen: 'I did not say the Rhenish Count was the father of Kirsten's youngest child, I simply said that I could not have been. The Count's name has come into this matter just as Pontius Pilate's came into our creed. Without the Count's name being mentioned, I could not have convinced the world of your daughter's great faithfulness to me!' Believing he might possibly silence Kirsten by calling her to court and reading to her his various reasons for complaint, Christian attempted to do so, 'but instead of answering my accusations,' he wrote to

a friend, 'when she arrived, she merely answered me that she had been crazy and cried and shrieked and howled. As a fact her bed has been as open as the nest of a bird.' As for poor little Dorothea Elizabeth, she was gotten out of the way and sent to a merchant in Hamburg, by whom she finally was deposited in a Carmelite monastery in Cologne, where she spent the rest of a miserable and unhappy life.

In the midst of all of this came the simple problem of Sophia-Elizabeth's wedding, as also the most important and difficult marriage problem of all, that of Prince Christian, heir to the throne. The rapid change in European political events had placed Denmark for a short while in such a position that the various contending powers did not wish to see her fall into the arms of the others, but all sought her friendship. Prince Christian and his future bride became pawns in this game. The future bride was still problematical, for the King and his Councillors had given long consideration to the selection of a wife for Prince Christian without solving the problem. Royal Protestant courts were few and far between. Christina of Sweden was evidently out of the reach of any scion of the House of Denmark, and James of England's only daughter had been married long ago. There was little left but the principalities of Germany, where daughters were abundant in every court.

Prince Christian had been chosen successor to the throne in 1608, and the Estates had sworn allegiance to him in 1610. Christian V, as he was called even before his father's death, was a loathsome, dissipated and

diseased creature. Smallpox had scarred his face badly, and continuous gluttony and drinking had made him revoltingly obese. His features had, through flabbiness, lost their earlier resemblance to those of his father. As a boy, his teachers had found it extremely difficult to teach him anything, and as a young man, wine, women, and hunting had absorbed such thoughts as he had. As a soldier, he had proved thoroughly incapable if not actually cowardly. The German girl who was now to be selected would therefore face an unenviable fate. As the Elector of Saxony, despite all his duchy had passed through during the war, was rather richer and more powerful than most of his neighbors, Christian and his Councillors finally chose the Elector's ten-year-old daughter, Magdalena Sibylla, as the future Queen of Denmark. Long discussions among the Danish Councillors as to the cost of the embassy ended at last by the Prince's being sent to Dresden in 1631, and the little girl's being taken from her lessons and introduced to the strange and horrible Dane. Two years later the Saxons settled upon her dowry and the Danes upon her allowance. King Christian spent the winter of 1633–34 at Skanderborg Castle with his daughters, and from there conducted the elaborate and lavish wedding preparations. The Councillors besought the King to consider the poverty-stricken condition of his kingdom and the imperative necessity of economy, asking him finally where on earth was all the money coming from for a wedding on the scale he was planning. Christian overrode all their objections, answering them 'that all must be thus arranged that neither King nor country be dis-

credited by it.' The less he possessed, the more he would spend. He said that even though his court might not be that of the Emperor at Vienna or King Louis at Saint-Germain, still he was going to give a wedding which would long be remembered throughout Europe. He was unfortunately a true child of his age, and pomp and ceremony, feasting and merriment, magnificence and splendor were part and parcel of his make-up, both as a man and a king. Possibly it was because Christian wished in the intoxication of it all to forget his sorrows and disappointments that he sent couriers scurrying with invitations to the great courts of Europe, and the young Danish noblemen were called to Copenhagen to begin promptly to practise their ballets and to train their horses for the jousting, tilting and ring-running. The Councillors, from their side, worried not only about the money, but also about the possible continuance of the Prince's dissipation. 'We fear,' they wrote, 'that the news of it will spread, particularly if his present night life and intimacy with all kinds of women should continue, so close upon his wedding day. We pray the Almighty God that this may not happen.' The rest of the nobles, however, had matters which seemed to them more important to worry about. Deciding to follow the King's example and place no limits to their expenditures, they mortgaged their properties at high interest rates, and even sold some of their jewelry at great sacrifice, so as to be able to appear with costumes and retinues so lavish as to dazzle the foreign visitors. Those who had visited Paris and Madrid desired to outdo the most extravagant display they had

seen in those courts. As Queen Sophia was unfortunately no longer here to help out, the King sent his apothecary, Fleischer, to Holland to make all kinds of purchases. Purveyors hurried south, whence they sent huge cart-loads of cloth and household articles trundling slowly and heavily guarded up across the French and Italian highways. All the royal tailors and apprentices were set to work making the new costumes for the courtiers and nobles. They sewed forty thousand yards of gold cord and eleven thousand dozen buttons on the yellow and red silks and satins, the colors of the House of Oldenburg. Hundreds of seamstresses embroidered night and day, for the court preacher, all the soldiers and sailors, the dancing masters, the pastry cooks, the postillions, the musketeers, even the washmaids, were going to have new clothes for the occasion. Tapestries were brought from Kronborg, beer and wines from Germany, oats for the horses was brought in from surrounding farms, and cannon were placed on all the ramparts ready for the many salutes. The choirmaster was feverishly busy practising his boys in the two comedies they were to perform. Lodgings were being planned for everybody, for though one hundred and twenty guests could be taken care of at the castle, the remainder were to be housed in the more important city dwellings, which were provided with linen, bedding, straw, victuals and wines. Extravagant as all this was, it was not so completely out of proportion to the importance of the occasion as it might appear, for the event was in reality of the greatest political significance, as the envoys of the great powers, representing

opposite opinions, were to meet in Copenhagen, and their object was to gain Christian's friendship. Knowing that, it was quite a card in his hand in dealing with the obdurate Councillors.

Late in the fall of 1634 the various foreign embassies began to arrive in Copenhagen. Princess Magdalena Sibylla came with her mother, two brothers, and over five hundred Saxon followers and horses, all in full armor, covered with red and white capes, and with red and white plumes in their hats. Considerable trouble was experienced in receiving and placing the various guests according to their real or imaginary differences in rank. Duke Frederick of Holstein, who represented the Emperor, was naturally to be accorded the first place of honor, but the Swedish ambassador, finding that he would not be placed next to Duke Frederick, decided to spend his time sulking in his apartments, and refused to take any part in the festivities, giving the lame excuse that he was in mourning on account of the death of his late master, Gustavus Adolphus.

A controversy on the same subject likewise arose between the French and the Spanish ambassadors, which was not so easily solved. Claude de Mesmes, Comte d'Avaux and Maître des Requêtes, who was a well-known, distinguished and experienced diplomat, educated in Richelieu's school, stated that he did not intend that the representative of His Most Christian Majesty should give way for a minute to His Most Catholic Majesty's ambassador. The Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Fuente, was already unpopular. He had not only caused considerable merriment, owing to his

title of 'Captain of the Royal Muleteers,' but had made a bad impression by his pretentious bragging. D'Avaux, who had been instructed by Mazarin to do everything in his power to prevent war between Sweden and Poland until the Emperor was beaten, did his best to cause war himself by using plain language in regard to the Marquis. He informed the Danish Master of Ceremonies that he would knock the Spaniard down if he found him placed ahead of himself. Fuente, hearing this and being fortunately a coward, sailed for home, preferring departure to conflict. Before leaving he referred sarcastically to the Frenchman's boorishness in eating with his hat on, such being the custom at Saint-Germain. D'Avaux could afford to smile at this Parthian shot. After Fuente's departure, he made good use of his time in ferreting out Denmark's intended policy in the coming German-Swedish peace negotiations, in which King Louis was most anxious to act as the intermediary. Believing Christian would probably be expansive and least on his guard when at home in his Rosenborg garden, d'Avaux walked up and down its paths with the King, acquiring adroitly what he desired from the good-natured and unsuspecting King, and quickly trimming his sails to the wind when the news suddenly arrived of the Swedish General Horn's great defeat at Nördlingen. Korf, the Polish ambassador, likewise did his best to influence King Christian, but was unable to bring about a Polish-Danish alliance directed against Sweden. His indifference as to where *he* was placed among the ambassadors, so solicitous as to precedence, was much appreciated by the Danish court struggling

to keep the peace and make the necessary arrangements.

D'Avaux had brought with him a singularly wide-awake secretary, Charles Ogier, who wrote his impressions home to France:

'The men,' he said, 'are tall and well grown, the women charming, with fine figures, blue eyes, light hair, lovely complexions and a good carriage. As they do not mix much with men and cover their bosoms with linen, they make me think of our nuns. They generally wear an almost half-moon-shaped velvet cap on their heads. The noblewomen have silk dresses and when they go out, put on a cape, like that of the men. When you, as a stranger, make a bow as you pass them, they neither return it nor courtesy, but merely answer the greeting by kissing their hand or by a slight motion of the lips. Friends do not kiss on the streets as they do in France, but both men and women who are acquainted touch each other's shoulders, while relatives pat each other's hands and arms, and even, if particularly affectionate, the chins and hair. The ladies do not receive in their bedrooms as they do in France, but in the dining-room, where you are at once offered wine, sweetmeats and fruit on their best silver service. While the French ladies spend their time singing or playing on stringed instruments, or with cards or dice, the Danish ladies put the beer cans on the table and drink to their guests. The nobility spend much time practising in the riding-ring at striking the heads with swords and lance, while the Princesses themselves go a-shopping in the booths of the Royal Exchange.' His sleeping accommodations

unfortunately did not impress him as favorably; 'though there are three beds in my bedroom,' he wrote, 'they are all so soft I cannot possibly sleep in them, owing to their frightful heat, which makes me prick and itch all over. The Danes, even in summer, sleep in a bed with half a dozen feather bolsters instead of a mattress underneath them, and fully as many on top, so the bolsters almost smothered me. What is more, the beds are so short that you rather sit than lie in them. I will, however, say I have never seen such large, clean sheets before.'

The matter of precedence being fortunately decided by the Spaniard's departure, d'Avaux got into hot water again when he refused to entitle the Duke of Holstein 'Your Love,' in place of 'Your Excellency.' As a Prince of the Holy Roman Emperor, the Duke felt he was entitled to the former appellation and also that the French courtier was found lacking in courtesy when he refused to dance with the bride because the Emperor's representative had first taken a turn around the room with her. Christian felt he had plenty of cares without added ones of this character, but all these quarrels and jealousies were successfully adjusted, and the arrangements were completed in time for the ceremonies to begin smoothly on the great day of the wedding.

The first ceremonial of the day was the creation of a dozen new knights of the Order of the Elephant. Drummer boys and trumpeters sounded the summons on their silver horns and their drums in the castle yard. The heralds immediately appeared carrying their maces, followed by the King's dragoons, who took their places

around the throne and walls of the Hall of Knights. Four by four the entire court entered, followed last of all by the marshal with golden sword held aloft in front of the King as he ascended his throne. Behind the King came his Councillors and the Knights of the Elephant. Trumpeters and drummers made their loudest noise as the knights-to-be faced the throne and knelt one by one in front of the King, who, striking them with the sword on the left shoulder, cried: 'I dub you Knight, in the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Arise, Sir Knight!' Then the King hung around the neck of each one his white elephant on its light blue ribbon and the chief herald walked over to the open window and cried to the mob below in the courtyard: 'The High and Mighty Prince and Lord, King Christian IV, King of Denmark, Norway, the Goths and the Wends, Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, Stormarm and Ditmarsten, Count of Oldenborg and Delmenhorst, has now dubbed the noble, righteous and manly Christian Thomassen Sehested a knight and made him a member of his Knightly Order!' Drummers and trumpeters blew and drummed once more with all their might and the mob shouted with delight. And so it continued until the last of the twelve had completed the investiture.

At the wedding ceremony in the church, the sermon was, as usual, the most trying portion of the entertainment, lasting for a good hour. The Prince was supported by his father and brother and the ambassadors of the Emperor, France and Poland, while the frightened little bride by her mother and sister, three imperial countesses and a large number of the first noblewomen of Denmark,

Holstein and Saxony. The Bishop, who must not have been without humor, preached from the text: 'The scribes and Pharisees love the uppermost rooms at feasts and the chief seats in the synagogues.' Hearing it, Christian was seen to nudge his Chancellor, to whom he remarked that 'no text could have been more fitting after the row that had taken place between the foreign ambassadors.' The Prince paid little attention to the one hundred and twenty-eighth psalm of thanskgiving, or the Bishop's emphasis on the dishonor of the unmarried state. The crowd and music bored him and he wished to return to the feast as soon as possible. The blessing received, the wedding couple were conducted by all the guests from Our Lady's Church to the wedding bed, where a Saxon State Councillor officially presented the bride to the Prince in the name of the Elector, and the newly wedded couple treated every one to confectionery and wine.

Then followed the banquet, which lasted from eight to twelve, with every course 'played into' the room by the musicians and every sixth one an 'exhibition course,' containing the most marvellously gilt and colored imitation viands, cakes and fruits made of wax, plaster or sugar, representing hunting scenes, triumphs and the Greek goddesses. Such a quantity of wine and beer was consumed that dining-rooms, bedrooms and halls were fairly soaked in liquor. Fortunately staircases were provided with basins in which the guests might relieve themselves in Roman manner between the courses and before they retired for the night. After dinner, Christian gave his guests three hours of rest before he

blew his whistle for the fireworks to begin and continue until daylight. When the wedding couple withdrew, the exclusive d'Avaux distinguished himself by quoting from Virgil: 'Fulsere ignes et conscius æther connubii.'

All the banqueters slept through the next forenoon to dispel the fumes of the wines, but in the afternoon the bride's table was spread with the King's finest linen to receive the wedding gifts, the first of which was her 'morgengave' (the morning gift), or groom's present; then, after the dowry had been delivered and acknowledged, came King Christian's present of a diamond necklace, and the Emperor's, one of pearls. The Poles and Swedes gave her diamonds, but d'Avaux cut rather a sorry figure, for he had no present at all, explaining that they were not customarily presented in France. After seven hours of dinner came masquerades and two allegoric plays, containing songs in peasant dialects given as an entirely new and unknown feature. The audience, or at least those who were accustomed to the Southern courts, were rather non-plussed and not at ease until an Italian-French ballet appeared, followed by considerable music, increasing in force as it became necessary to drown out the voices of the more boisterous and hilarious guests.

The following day came the wedding of Sophia-Elizabeth, one of Christian and Kirsten's numerous offspring, who was married to the Holstein nobleman, Christian Pentz. As he was not of royal blood and Sophia-Elizabeth's status somewhat ambiguous, though legitimate, the King had looked upon it more as an event

that might add to the general conviviality of the occasion, keeping the guests entertained, than of much importance or consideration. He and the Councillors had decided that the number of musicians who were to play must be strictly limited to her rank, and Pentz, as a nobleman, could naturally drive with no more than four horses. Despite such drawbacks, bride and groom received huge silver goblets and plate sufficient to last them through half a dozen lives and their cupbearers added to the fun by appearing dressed up as a drinking-cup and a flagon.

Then came the knightly games for which a couple of hundred workmen had been working all night and day to finish the scaffolding in the great square before the palace. Railings enclosed the racecourse, built as a rectangle with entrances to the north and south and a tribune to the east with seats for the court and ladies, while the ground had been covered with sand and hay to break the fall of those unhorsed. When finished, it was a gay sight with its painted escutcheons and fluttering banners and seats all covered with rugs and hides. Such nobles and wealthy burghers as had no seats on the grandstand crowded into the windows of the surrounding houses, while the common folk had to be satisfied with what they could see from behind the backs of the guards or the musicians blowing away for dear life on oboës, trumpets and clarinets. The King and the Prince, dressed as Roman emperors and following the marshals, were the first to enter the lists behind the trumpeters. Next followed horsemen carrying riddles and emblems on the points of their lances, then floats

carrying ships, mountains, gardens, temples, sailors and musicians drawn by horses dressed as wild animals. As soon as the jousting games started, two Saxon princes were the first to accept the challenges of the Danes. Their float contained the Goddess of Love and figures representing the arts and sciences. Finally came the entire Danish nobility divided into groups and companies, some on floats and some on horseback, carrying their arms, mottoes and challenges.

The tournament lasted continuously for four days, ending by Eleonora-Christina placing a wreath, studded with precious stones, on the brow of the victor, Herr von Karlowitz, the Duke of Saxony's armiger, while King Christian, who still had no equal among his Danish officers, renounced his prizes in favor of the groom. After Prince Christian had received his wreath of pearls, he danced with the lady who had bestowed it, while noblemen carried torches in front of the couple around the hall. The last performance of all was a sham battle of more modern character, in which the King, Princes and noblemen, after dividing into two armies, attacked each other with sword and lance until wounds or exhaustion finished the fray. Then came, as a final Godspeed, the stirrup-cup, which this time was a large gold basin filled with wine set before the King, surrounded by nine goblets of pure gold. Time and again Christian selected the visiting nobles to drink with him, serving them each time with his own hand. With the draining of the last drop the wedding celebrations ended and the King was the poorer by some two million dollars. He had staked his last piece of money on a son that was

not worth a second thought, and was forced, a fortnight later, to pay for some of it by secretly giving orders to melt a large share of the contents of the plate room.

The fates of some of the other children were not so easily settled. Duke Frederick, the second of the royal sons, who could not very well help being an improvement on his brother, Prince Christian, had, to his father's infinite satisfaction, been reappointed Bishop of Bremen, though without the Emperor's confirmation. Though Bremen was still a busy, thriving Hansa city, it lacked the excitement and congenial companions of Copenhagen, so Frederick was not free from occasional boredom as well as constant disagreement with his chapter. But friends at home kept him in mind, and particularly the wise ones, who noticed how quickly Prince Christian was consuming his candle by burning at both ends. Among these was Karen Sehested, who sent many a Danish delicacy when couriers were bound his way, and Frederick was happy to receive baskets from her containing salted, larded and sausaged goose, buns made from white flour, hypericon oil and barley soup, as well as letters with home news. 'My Lord,' he wrote back, 'how I should have enjoyed taking part in the many weddings which have taken place in Copenhagen!' Another young man, Jörgen-Ulrich, who insisted that Kirsten was his mother, but made no claim as to King Christian, died in a fight with a big brewer on Christianshavn Bridge in Copenhagen, after leading a most adventurous, roving life. Wibecke's son, Ulrich-Christian Gyldenlöve, had, much to his father's disgust, fallen in love at an early age with the sister of a customs

collector and set every one in Copenhagen gossiping. The King wrote and ordered the love affair stopped at once: 'I am surprised,' he said, 'that Ulrich-Christian should have done this against my wishes and been so foolish. He will surely gain the contempt of good folk and the girl will be in ill luck.' At the same time, he wrote privately to one of his officers, in case Ulrich-Christian would not listen to reason, to spirit the girl away to Norway. This was done and the infatuation ended. After having acted in later years as Danish ambassador at the court of Louis XIII, Ulrich-Christian entered the Dutch service, finally falling, many years later, in a petty cavalry skirmish outside of Cologne. Duke Ulrich, Queen Anna-Catherine's third son, for whom Christian had hoped to procure Christina of Sweden, had been the noblest and most promising of all the boys of the various mothers. From his early youth he had been full of life and activity, handsome and brave, and greatly prized by all his superior officers, including Gustavus Adolphus, under whom he first won his spurs. Added to his brilliant military qualities, he had also considerable taste for science and literature and, strange to say, cared nothing for drink. During a truce in the Thirty Years' War, while he was being conducted between the two lines, with a safe-conduct from Piccolomini, a treacherous shot from a soldier, hidden behind a hedge, instantly killed him. As he had been the Benjamin of his father's heart, and Christian fully appreciated how infinitely much more he was worth than Prince Christian or Duke Frederick, his unexpected death was a staggering blow.

With the money all gone and particularly after the gorgeous wedding, the children were a source of disquieting expense to their father, who, hoping for some assistance from the Council, wrote to it: 'The Prince and Duke Frederick have cost me more than a hundred thousand dollars a year in cash, outside what Duke Frederick received from me in the Duchies. I have received no thanks for what I have given them. Count Waldemar must be helped out if anything is to come of his marriage. I can't throw Ulrich-Christian out among the swine, but must keep him abroad so he may learn to serve those who in time may want his services. Neither can I slam the door on the young Lady Sophia-Elizabeth without first giving her a dowry and a wedding breakfast.' But it is no wonder the Councillors paid a deaf ear to such an appeal, after their recent warnings as to the extravagance of Prince Christian's wedding.

The latter's earlier debaucheries had weakened his mental capacities and undermined his health considerably more than was surmised when so much money was being spent upon him. His marriage proved childless, and both he and his wife, who held their court at the late Dowager-Queen Sophia's castle, Nykjöbing, lived there on a most lavish scale, spending far more than their income and complaining at the niggardly manner in which they were treated. Such money as Prince Christian was given naturally far exceeded his deserts, but there was some justice in his resentment at seldom being asked to take any part in Government affairs. Neither King nor Councillors, however, dared do so, knowing that his incapacity would quickly pro-

duce disaster. At last they granted him the additional funds he begged for a trip to a German watering-place in the hope of improving his health.

The King disposed at this time of two more of his daughters and in doing so continued his policy of marrying them to the great Danish nobles. Christian gave Hedvig-Sophia to Ebbe Ulfeldt and Kristiane to Hannibal Sehested, who became as great a figure in future Danish affairs as Korfitz Ulfeldt.

CHAPTER XVI

FROM domestic affairs Christian's thoughts turned to foreign policy, unfortunately alighting upon Northern Germany, the business of regaining more bishoprics there for his sons, and the possibility of this counteracting the constantly increasing Swedish influence. He simply would not learn by experience. Twice he had burned his fingers, and yet he made for the flame. This time it was the rich and prosperous city of Hamburg, which might possibly 'prove a valuable milk-cow.' Christian had little difficulty in convincing himself that the charter of privileges which its burghers had recently received from the Emperor had made them so confident and cocky that they snapped their fingers at him as their Holstein overlord. With the busy merchantmen of all seafaring nations plying up and down the Elbe, Christian felt that tolls levied upon this river might easily prove as lucrative as those collected in the Sound. With this idea in mind, the first thing for him to do was evidently to fortify himself and plant the cannon with which to back up any ultimatum he might later present the burghers. In the spring of 1630 he therefore quietly set about making his fortress of Glücksborg on the Elbe, between Hamburg and the sea, as strong as money and engineers could make it. Cannon and ramparts in place, Christian set up his custom-house in the shadow of the Danish cannon and sent word to the Burgomaster of Hamburg that all vessels passing his fortress should

lower their colors to the Danish and Holstein ensigns floating above his Glückstad battlements, stop and send their papers ashore, and pay his officers the proper toll. The City Councillors and merchants' guilds, unused to being treated in such a manner, as also to 'highway robbery,' as they termed it, fairly boiled with indignation after reading Christian's parchment. 'They believed that the peace of Lübeck had plucked all of the Dane's gay feathers,' but here he was up to his old tricks! Thinking it wiser first to see how the land lay, before acting, they appealed to the Emperor, who had so recently acknowledged their existence as a 'freie Reichstadt,' and appealed also to their good neighbors and customers, the States General. Neither was at that moment in a position to show active sympathy or lend assistance, but Tilly, Wallenstein, England and Holland, all of them interested in free trade on the Elbe, all in turn did their utmost to pour oil on the troubled waters, calm the Hamburgers' ire, and induce Christian not to force matters. Their efforts were fruitless, for Christian needed the Hamburgers' money, while the proud and truculent burghers, instead of submitting and obeying Glückstad's signals, replied by trailing the Danish flag in the wash of their vessels and seizing Danish fishermen fishing in what they claimed were Hamburg waters. War being close at hand, drums were beaten throughout the streets of Hamburg, the city's men-of-war were quickly manned, and ten companies of foot sent down the Elbe to be set ashore in the vicinity of Glückstad. It would have been better for them had they arrived earlier, but, as it was, the fortifications

were not quite completed, so they set up their artillery with all possible dispatch and began to bombard Christian's fortress, and even the King himself and Duke Ulrich, who were superintending the work. As luck would have it, one of the shots struck so near the Duke, who was riding at his father's side, that he was knocked over by the mud and dirt which it kicked up in striking the ground. This was indeed twisting the lion's tail, and the King, breathing threatenings and slaughter, started post-haste for his Bremerholmen shipyard in Copenhagen. His coffers might be as empty as the warehouses of Hamburg were full, but such insults and insubordination were not to be born. The King was still trembling with rage and excitement when he assembled the Danish Council, and informed them 'that the Hamburgers refuse to pay their just duties, they have shot at Our fortress and all but murdered Our beloved son, Duke Ulrich. They have trailed the Danish flag in shame behind them, stolen Danish vessels and maltreated Our fishermen.' Though both fiery and from the heart, the appeal failed to move the Councillors, who besought Christian rather to keep out of further trouble and consider the absolute lack of funds with which to commence a new war against a rich and powerful enemy. Christian, as disgusted at their lack of pride as at their meanness, took matters into his own hands and ignored them, ordered the fleet put in fighting trim, and placed Admiral Claus Daae in command. No time was lost in the shipyard, for on the sixth of August, 1630, the men-of-war sailed out of Copenhagen, with King Christian standing on the quarter deck under his

royal banners. Nothing in the world gave him greater satisfaction than once more to sniff the sea breeze in the anticipation of a good fight at sea from on board one of the men-of-war he had all but built himself with his own timbers in his own yards. The luck was against them, for head winds delayed them for almost a month, or until the fourth of September, when a west wind carried the forty-two Danish boats, with the Admiral on board the *Sophia*, into the mouth of the Elbe. Farther up the river lay Burgomaster Albert von Etzen and Baron von Kniphausen with twenty-two Hamburg men-of-war, twenty merchantmen and two fire ships. Claus Daae, who was one of the reluctant Councillors as well as commander-in-chief, felt, as did some of the captains, that the fight was a mistake, and was not, as a result, over-anxious for the impending fray. As both Christian and the Hamburg ships were there, there seemed, however, little chance of escaping it. On entering the river Christian signalled to Daae that he believed the Hamburgers were either at Blankenese or directly to the west of it and ordered an attack as soon as they were sighted, so that they might have done with the business expeditiously and be back in Copenhagen by Michaelmas. At the same time the King sent his pinnace with the order of battle to the commander of every vessel, so that none might later pretend to have misunderstood the signals or received incomplete ones from Daae. He further sent written word:

It does not matter how many ships the enemy possesses, as many of them have merely three, four or six guns and a number of last year's soldiers are gone. A sudden attack will

surprise many a vessel, still insufficiently officered. All flags are to be hoisted, and pennants, which generally are on the yardarms, are to be fastened to the rigging. No one is to cast anchor before passing Helgoland, unless compelled by the current or darkness. No one is to stop at the fortress of Glücksborg, but the entire fleet will sail on toward Hamburg.

In attacking, all men, of high and low estate, will conduct themselves as honest fighters and in such a manner as they would desire God in heaven and their King to see and know.

Such Hamburg soldiers as surrender willingly will be imprisoned, but shown mercy.

The captured officers will be permitted to go ashore, taking their belongings, if they have first sworn allegiance to the Danish Crown. The accompanying list gives the vessel which each Danish man-of-war will attack, its commander, and the number of its guns. No Hamburg vessel will be allowed to approach within earshot or with any letter. Any such boat sighted will be fired at and sunk. The Hamburg merchantmen will probably remain behind until the outcome of the battle is decided.

The Hamburgers were astonished to see the Danish fleet when it appeared, for it was so long since they had heard of its departure that they had believed, up to the last moment, that it must have sailed to England. The moment Christian was sufficiently near, he ordered his batteries to blaze away. Though the wind was against him, he succeeded in getting within shooting distance and the fleets fought as long as they could see. When darkness set in, Christian, who was dissatisfied with the conduct of the fleet, sent word to Claus Daae that if he and the rest of them did not attack in a very different spirit the following morning when they would have flood-tide, he would string up his Danish captains to the yardarms, and attack the Hamburgers without them.

The King further stated with some warmth that his own reputation as a Danish sailor lay in their hands, and 'if our neighbors hear this fleet has been beaten, you can easily imagine how they will regard its commander and men. There is water enough for every vessel to enter the fight, so let not an enemy escape behind the islands of Glückstad or Freiburg.' When Christian at four o'clock the following morning went out on deck, he found the wind north-northeast, just what he desired in order to close with the Hamburgers. The tide was, however, too low in the morning for the larger men-of-war to get into action, so the smaller craft were ordered to fire away in the narrow stream, with all cannon, as fast as they could be loaded, and the larger ones would stand by till the afternoon's high water. When this set in and all the Danish guns were brought to bear, the Hamburgers withdrew toward Brunsbüttel. The morning of the third day settled the fight. After desultory firing, the Hamburgers set all sails and retired up the Elbe, first to Krudsand and then to Bilenberg. Christian had thought of this possibility and placed a heavy Danish shore battery at Kolmar, near by, which now gave the crippled Hamburg vessels one volley after another, so they were soon forced to fly still farther, to where the deep-draft Danish fighting vessels could not follow even on a flood-tide. The news of what had happened on the river quickly spread to Hamburg, where the City Fathers were incensed, knowing now that a day of reckoning would have to be faced and the bill would be a stiff one. As for Christian, he returned for his Michaelmas at home, feeling justly proud of his hearts

of oak and secure in his mastery over the seas. No Hamburg vessel dared for some time appear on the Elbe where the Danebrog was flying.

Amid the hustle and bustle of the last days in the shipyard, before his departure for the Elbe, Christian had had both Wibecke and Kirsten on his mind, and he had gone over with Wibecke such household matters as might crop up during his absence. Though she was ignorant, she was painstaking and conscientious and he knew he could depend on her to do her best and look after his interests. Feeling certain that the courtiers would abuse her, he left written orders that she was not to be stinted in such supplies of beer and wine as she might require from the royal cellars and her signature was to be honored in domestic matters both at Copenhagen Castle and Rosenborg. He had given her from his pocket his own keys to Fredericksborg and one or two of the smaller castles, as well as the key to his bedroom cupboard, where hung the Great Seal of the Realm. This meant placing great confidence in her, but if he could not trust her, Christian had reasoned, whom could he trust? He had also told Wibecke to order nice warm hairy bedspreads from the London merchants through the agency of a captain, who was shortly leaving for the Channel ports, and lace, which the faithful Frederick Günther would attend to in Amsterdam. Of course, once gone, there were many things Christian remembered he had forgotten, but with all the head wind he was encountering, he had plenty of time to sit down in his cabin and in his own clear handwriting, with a plentiful sprinkling of commas, write her whatever

popped into his mind. 'Thank Heavens,' thought Christian, 'that she now not only knew how to read his writing, but that he had also thought of giving her the key to his simple cypher.' In this he wrote back warning her to look out for Kirsten, and that 'he had heard she had taken as a bosom friend a woman from the Island of Ösel, who on a recent market Monday had a pair of pinchers clapped on her lips to keep her from malicious gossip. This had in no way affected the friendship, for birds of a feather flock together, and now the two were making each other presents of cats and dogs and other yowling trash.' Later on, after the Elbe fight was over, Christian wrote again, saying he had been worrying about his orphan asylum and certain church matters, which should have been attended to before he sailed. The reason the orphan asylum showed such an unduly large mortality was, in his mind, probably owing to the children merely receiving a quart of beer a day. 'Order them more,' he wrote, 'for it is a frightful thing to be thirsty. And in church it would be a good idea if clergymen refused to publish any marriage bans until they had first convinced themselves that both parties were thoroughly familiar with Luther's Catechism. This may, of course, result in certain impatient couples taking matters into their own hands, but it is better,' he continued, 'that occasional ones go astray than that the common good and religious instruction suffer.' Then there was the difficult case of the Reverend Ole Vind, who had raised a great commotion by a recent sermon in which he had flayed the nobility in such a manner that they demanded the King should deprive him of his liv-

ing. After having him repeat it so he could himself hear just what Vind had said, Christian had, instead of dismissing him, offered him the position of Court Chaplain, to which the Dominie, who certainly was an original fellow, had replied: 'I cannot accept the honor, owing to three good reasons: I am ignorant as to court compliments, I am obliged to wear a skull cap, and I feel myself obliged always to speak the unvarnished truth.' Now Christian had had plenty of time to think over the matter, and as a result sent him back a diploma containing his appointment, with a letter, declaring: 'I want no compliments; as far as I am concerned, you can wear your skull cap whenever and as much as you please; and the man who insists upon speaking the truth is just the Chaplain I want.'

Christian had not misplaced his confidence in Wibecke, for she had made good use of her time during his absence, in a very different way from what Kirsten would have done in her day. She had the nursery cleaned, cloudberries fermented for the King's table, ordered several bottles of elixir of lemons from Dr. Pay's stores, and brandy in case of future sickness. She had driven out repeatedly to see how the rebuilding of Kronborg was progressing, and stopped on the way at Fredericksborg so as to be able to write to Christian how the masons and carpenters were getting on there. 'I have,' she said in her last letter, 'everything ready for your return, good fat geese, squabs, lambs and delicious fresh eggs.'

Upon his return to Copenhagen, the King found Wibecke had been as good as her word, and had nothing

but praise for what she had done. With Kirsten, however, a wholly new, unexpected element had entered into the situation, in that her various powerful sons-in-law, instead of supporting him, were now taking the side of their injured mother-in-law. This was indeed to pour vinegar into smarting wounds, and proved well-nigh more than he could tolerate. What was more, he would *not* tolerate it, but would lock her up in the fortress of Stjernholm, and once for all vindicate his innocence by a public trial. For this, he appointed Ivar Vind, Bishop Hans Vandel and Morten Madsen as judges, three of the most learned and pious men in the realm, who ought, if any one, to be able to place the guilt where it belonged. Kirsten was not, however, to be caught napping, for, instead of answering the questions that were put to her enabling the court to arrive at the kernel of the matter, 'she merely screamed and kicked and behaved as if she were in Bedlam instead of the court room.' Still determined, Christian next wrote to the mother, Ellen Marsvin, saying that 'either you must swear on the holy scriptures in my own or the court chaplain's presence that Dorothea-Elizabeth[1] looked as much like me as my children, and that you knew nothing about your daughter's improper conduct with the Rhenish Count, or I will hold you for a liar.' Doubting strongly whether this challenge would be accepted, Christian wrote to a friend: 'I feel pretty certain Ellen will not dare swear as I have asked, particularly as I shall order prayers from all pulpits that God will punish all perjurers in such a manner that every

[1] 'The Cashiered Lady.'

one will feel His wrath. I have thus thought of an easier way out of it for Ellen, which Jörgen Urne and Korfitz Ulfeldt are to suggest to her, and which can in no way jeopardize her ultimate salvation. She is to appear before the court on an appointed day and receive from me — *in loco publico* — a white-hot iron. Whether she can grasp it or not will prove the truth or falseness of her allegations. The sooner she settles which course she prefers, the sooner will all idle talk be ended.' Though both Urne, who was Marshal of the Kingdom, and Ulfeldt, who had now become Governor of Copenhagen, begged Christian to desist from such proposals, he still felt his reputation would only suffer by permitting the matter to drop, and wrote as intended to Ellen. As she answered refusing point-blank either to take the oath or to grasp the white iron, Christian informed her that 'Kirsten could no more mix with decent people.' As a last, but equally fruitless resort, the King suggested that if either mother or daughter could produce honest and reliable men or women who were willing to swear that Kirsten had to their knowledge been wronged, why, then she should have her freedom and Ellen his grace. Christian also declared that he wished his children to know the truth as to his relations with Wibecke. For this reason he was willing to read 'a memorial' to them, Ellen and Kirsten, as well as to any other desirable witnesses, which would recount his relations with Kirsten, and prove the infamy of her behavior and the justice of his estrangement. Simultaneously he wrote to the Bishop in Copenhagen: 'I swear before God's eyes and face that I had nothing to do with any women, from the

day Lady Kirsten was united to me in wedlock, until some weeks after Michaelmas, when she locked the door between us, so help me God in heaven, here below and throughout eternity. Amen. When my funeral oration is preached, they can say that, instead of the privilege accorded by King Svend Tveskaeg to the noblewomen of Denmark, namely, that they should inherit equally with their brothers, during my reign, at the proposal of my Councillors, Danish noblewomen, one and all, have received the right to make cuckolds of their husbands, and to fill them full of rat poison when they are tired of them.'

Christian's next embarrassment came from the North in the person of Maria-Eleonora, Dowager Queen of Sweden. As Queen, she had worshipped and passionately loved her husband, Gustavus Adolphus. Only three days before Lützen she wrote to Oxenstjerna, 'Nothing in this world is nearer my heart than to be beside His Majesty as long as I live. I care for nothing outside his company, not even my life.' When the news of his death arrived, she broke down completely and for months after his death the Councillors were at great pains to make her leave his dead body, beside which even after his burial, she besought them to let her once more throw herself.

As Dowager Queen she had chafed at Oxenstjerna's and the Councillors' government of Sweden during her daughter Christina's minority. She felt that everything had been done to humiliate and set her aside. Even her own daughter was educated apart and kept away from her, in order that she should not be contam-

inated by her mother's German sympathies and influence. Feeling that the Chancellor was primarily responsible for her ill treatment, Maria-Eleonora openly accused him of refusing any Danish match for Christina because he wished some day to marry her to his own son, Erik. Oxenstjerna, who was determined to brook no interference from the Queen-Dowager, intercepted her letters, watched every move she made, and kept her closely guarded by his agents. As she was a peppery and difficult lady, with a sharp tongue and bellicose temperament, soured by age as well as by her treatment, she felt that living in Sweden had become insupportable and, as she knew she would never be permitted to leave peaceably, she decided to take matters into her own hands and attempt to escape. For this, Danish help was essential. With this in mind, the first thing to do was to gain the sympathy of the Danish representative so that she could approach him without arousing the suspicion of her tormentors. When Sigvard Grubbe, therefore, arrived with letters from Copenhagen, she asked him to dine with her, and she invited the prettiest among her ladies-in-waiting to join her and help entertain the Danish guest. The court being in mourning, the ladies entered swathed in black, and the Queen-Dowager remarked jestingly: 'Why, look at all my black nuns!' Grubbe, who had no objection whatever to looking, replied: 'I should like to be the prior of any nunnery containing such inmates.' To which the Queen, shaking her finger, smilingly added: 'Grubbe, you are a rascal!' The party was a great success, except that Grubbe tore off several of the nuns' veils, playing blind

man's buff later in the evening. The relationship well launched, Maria-Eleonora next went out of her way to be particularly nice and kind to the little Danish Princess, Anna, who was being brought up at the Swedish court, and when Peter Vibe arrived as Danish ambassador, she felt herself sufficiently secure to disclose her intentions and beg him to beseech his master to help her escape at the first opportune moment. Vibe, who was a delightful character and popular everywhere, answered he knew she must be jesting, but communicated at once with King Christian, who quickly realized what trouble might be caused by the Queen-Dowager's flight, and instructed his ambassador in return to do all in his power to dissuade her from so rash a purpose. Next, Count Waldemar-Christian arrived on a visit to Stockholm, and, nothing daunted, when he paid his respects to her at her lodgings in the old castle of Gripsholm, she begged him to intercede with his father. Still receiving no favorable reply, Maria-Eleonora tried Vibe anew, insisting that she would make no trouble for anybody, and that Denmark need fear no embarrassing circumstances. All she desired, she said, was to escape out of Sweden, across to Jutland on a Danish vessel, from where she would journey as quickly as possible to her own German family. Christian, who, as usual, was tender-hearted and thoughtless of graver consequences, finally gave in and promised his assistance. In the back of his head was probably also the thought that nothing in the world would annoy his proud Swedish enemy more than the successful escape of the Queen-Dowager. Vibe returned to Stockholm,

SIGVARD GRUBBE

ostensibly to his own riotous wedding; actually he was recalled to make all necessary arrangements in regard to the *Patentia* and *Marekatten*[1] which were to leave for Gothland under sealed and secret orders under the command of the discreet Captain Ottesen, with the Rosenborg silver service on board and plenty of beer and wine. A rumor was, at the same time, circulated in Copenhagen that a man-of-war might soon be leaving port in order to fetch the King's niece, the Duchess Hedvig, home from Pomerania for a visit. Fortunately for the scheme, it had for some time been the Queen-Mother's habit to lock herself up once a month for two or three days of fasting and prayer. Though the pretty young ladies-in-waiting did not relish this period, she now locked them up with her, together with food enough, but only enough, to sustain life for the duration of the time. After calling on Christina for the last time, the Queen-Dowager informed the keeper of her castle that she would this time lengthen the period of her retirement, and asked that the chaplain should at once be summoned to conduct the usual prayers and psalms from the other side of her locked door. This all arranged for, Maria-Eleonora and one of her ladies, both dressed in black with their faces hidden by long, white veils, stole into the garden arbor the very first night, leaving the faithful chaplain to sing and pray to the bedroom door for the four following days. Crouching behind the currant and gooseberry bushes, the Queen and her escort reached, unseen, the rowboat which took them quickly across Gripsholm Lake to the horses Vibe had waiting

[1] Monkey.

on the opposite shore. The darkness of the night stood them in good stead. Still undiscovered, they galloped to where the *Patentia's* boat was waiting on the coast to row them out to the men-of-war, which slipped out of the harbor unnoticed, with their royal freight on board. Christian would have been wiser had he worded his instructions so that Ottesen would have realized that Denmark was the last place on earth for him to land his charge. The secret orders merely stated, however, when opened, that Her Majesty, the Queen-Dowager Maria-Eleonora, was to be taken, as requested by her, to Königsberg in Prussia, which belonged to her brother, the Elector of Brandenburg. Storms and contrary winds hindered all progress to the south, and both ladies were distressingly seasick until they reached at last the port of Travemünde, where they waited almost a fortnight for the weather to improve before attempting to sail east. This time the south wind blew them north toward the Danish island of Falster, where the Queen, once more dreadfully ill, demanded, with all the strength and authority left in her, to be set ashore and taken to Nykjöbing Castle, where Prince Christian and his luckless Magdalena Sibylla held court. Their surprise was great when trumpets from the battlements announced the arrival of the weak and bedraggled Queen-Dowager of Sweden. There was nothing to do but to take her in, which the besotted Prince did, sending a courier post-haste to inform the anxious King in Copenhagen of the astonishing outcome of events.

The chaplain at Gripsholm, exhausted from his devotional labors, had, on the fourth morning, timidly

knocked on the Queen-Dowager's door to inquire, more directly, as to her spiritual welfare. Receiving no reply, 'and not even hearing a sigh or a rustling of skirts, but instead the shocking giggling of the inmates,' the chaplain called the keeper of Gripsholm Castle, and, after questions and shouts, the door was finally forced. The ladies-in-waiting who were left could merely inform the keeper that Her Majesty and Lady Bülow had gone down into the garden to take the air several days ago. Horsemen were immediately sent scurrying in all directions in the attempt to find the missing Queen, of whom not a trace could be found on Swedish soil.

Christian was in despair after receiving the letter with which the Prince's courier had galloped into Rosenborg courtyard. He was told to wait for a reply, which the King returned, saying to his son, 'Now you shall see how easily you are rid of her! Do not let her come here to Copenhagen.' Under the circumstances, King Christian felt, however, that some action on his part was requisite, so he first sent word to the Elector of Brandenburg, telling him of the whereabouts of his sister, then ordered Vibe, the sadly embarrassed envoy in Stockholm, to call on the fourteen-year-old Queen Christina, as well as on her Chancellor, and inform them of the Queen-Mother's adventures and deliver a letter from her present host.

As soon as the news leaked out, there was great consternation in both Denmark and Sweden. Queen Christina replied to Prince Christian's letter:

I have received Your Grace's friendly letter in regard to my Lady Mother's departure from her kingdom and her arrival

in that of Your Grace. I wish to assure you that just as you ever desire the welfare and happiness of the Crown of Sweden, so also do I realize that nothing is nearer Your Grace's heart than the safety and prosperity of my government. I thank Your Grace for your neighborly intentions and friendly wishes, and assure Your Grace that nothing in turn is nearer my own heart than that you and your lovely spouse, who is my relation, should always enjoy happiness, good health, and pleasant well being.

Christian did not find these polite generalizations very illuminating. The next move helped him still less to solve his problem. As soon as the irate Swedish Councillors had assembled, they deprived the Queen-Dowager of her income and dowry and ordered her name omitted from the church prayers for the royal family. Hearing this, and knowing her without funds, King Christian stepped in and ordering one of his money chests up from the cellar, sent the Queen-Dowager some pin money, remarking: 'They ought to be ashamed to treat their Queen's Lady Mother in such a manner. This world was too small for her Lord, and now his Consort must live by the grace of others.'

In reply to the dispatch sent to Prussia came a missive stating 'that the Elector of Brandenburg had just died and therefore could not well receive his sister, unless she joined him in the other world, where he now was enthroned in a manner befitting his former high estate.' Somehow or other Prince Christian prevailed upon his brother, Duke Frederick, in Gottorp to write the Queen-Dowager inviting her to stay with him for a while. After a few weeks of her, Duke Frederick in turn wrote to Sweden begging the Councillors to be kind enough to

suggest some place to send her and in any case to send her money, as she once more was 'very short.' The Councillors replied that such property as the Queen-Dowager had left behind her had been assigned to her creditors in payment of some of her many extravagances. After she had lodged in various Danish castles, merely journeying to Copenhagen for royal weddings, Christian bethought himself of her sister, the Duchess of Schöningen, to whom he wrote offering to pay for half her keep if the Duchess would take her off his hands. At last after several years her nephew, the New Elector of Brandenburg, was shamed into taking action. His ambassador to Sweden arranged for a yearly Swedish subsidy for her of thirty thousand dollars, on condition that the Elector would offer her a Prussian castle. This accomplished, a Danish vessel quickly returned the embarrassing guest to Germany, where she stayed until Christina, five years later, invited her mother to return to Sweden where she died in 1655.

Meanwhile, Christian was busy as usual with his domestic affairs, travelling incessantly to and fro over his islands and Jutland, where he would spend months at a time, or even the entire winter in one of his castles, such as Haderslev and Glücksborg, or visiting fortresses in his Swedish provinces, or sailing up the Kattegat to his Norwegian kingdom. One of these voyages came near being his last, as the *Sophia* sprang a leak, and the King in nothing but his shirt helped the crew all night long at the pumps, until they made Bergen Harbor. In Norway, he busied himself organizing its army and navy, extending its new capital and assembling its

Diet, and above all seeing what his understanding son-in-law, the Governor, Hannibal Sehested, had been doing in gradually consolidating the various portions of the country into national unity. Though Sehested and he were none too good friends, Christian was big enough to appreciate the value of Sehested, who was evidently becoming, by slow degrees and as a matter of course, the Norwegian leader of his day and generation. Back again in Denmark, and in his constant concern for the defence of the kingdom, Christian and his French engineer spent nowadays many a week making changes and additions to fortifications or building new block-houses and bastions. His favorite occupation, however, still remained to study his naval defence by walking down to his shipyards carrying a cane which was marked off as a yardstick and contained a water-level. If work was progressing satisfactorily, he would love to sit down and chat with such skippers as were in port and not in the Copenhagen ale-houses. Many had been schooled in the Netherlands and could give him the benefit of foreign experiences or had served abroad and were full of foreign news.

Christian grew increasingly superstitious as old age now crept on, though not reserved or mistrustful; his *bonhomie* remained, as well as his genial paternal concern for the happenings around him, and his desire to manage his kingdom as the father of a large family would its affairs. Despite advancing years and lack of friends, his activities seemed as multifarious as ever. He added a chapel to the old Cathedral of Roskilde as a burial place for himself, his queen and their children, erected Hol-

men and Saint Anne's churches and finished the Round Tower. Even a new dog kennel and a hen-house in which the chickens might thrive better than in the cellar were not too trivial for his personal supervision. Remembering beautiful gardens he had seen when he had visited Italy, he decided to ornament his little Rosenborg park with statues after the Italian fashion. Here he still loved to return whenever work was done, to take up its trivial problems. Now it was the officer of the guards at Rosenborg gates who had recently made the mistake of admitting a worthless cabman. Christian consequently sent him word: 'No one is to be admitted when I am out, without a special order from the Governor of Copenhagen. Do not admit any one wishing to present a petition, but send such persons to the Governor. If any strangers of quality arrive, you are to engage them in pleasant conversation until word has reached me as to who they are and what they want, then *I* will decide whether they are to be admitted. Close the gate during meal hours and look out for fire.' To the Superintendent he wrote after a tour of personal inspection: 'See that the clerk of the kitchen buys only what is required. Much food finds its way elsewhere than to my Royal table. You must therefore prevent the servants from eating any tidbits on the sly while they are on the way from the kitchen to my table, and from sticking their fingers in the gravies and then licking them. One of those in charge must see that there are singers to cheer me up when I look discouraged. I have inspected the cellar and find my stock of wines so low that I am sending two of my cup-bearers to the Rhenish

vineyards. One will taste and the other purchase such wines as may be good. I shall also send to France for some barrels of French brandy, with which I myself can make other strong wines.'

Wibecke was always there with him, as Kirsten had been in old days, with the difference, however, that Wibecke was always a comfort, and he could chat with her about everything that was on his mind. It was his habit to consult with her about various minor duties just before he and she went to sleep. On one such occasion, for example, he asked her to remember to buy a gold bracelet, with a diamond clasp, though not too expensive, for Ulrich to give his betrothed, and to inspect the cloth they were weaving in the orphan asylum for sailor-suits. Another evening he asked her whether her niece's husband, who had been made a gardener in Rosenborg, was really as lazy as his accusers insisted, and he confided to her 'the weird throbbings of his stomach,' and that he, for the first time, was somewhat concerned about his physical condition. He was particularly anxious owing to the fact that he had reached the age of sixty-three, or the great climacteric year of his life, the age which his doctors considered one of the most dangerous, as the time when all the fluids of his body would be renewed.

With a sensitive consideration for her feelings — one of the strange contradictions in his character — he never seemed to mention to her what distress his finances were giving him or his difficulty in meeting household expenses. The stress was such that he now had to abandon all purchases of jewelry, precious stones and

art objects, which had been among his earlier passions, and his financial existence was from hand to mouth. Not only had the crown, which had been made for his own coronation, been pawned 'in order to save his honest name,' but both his father's crown and Christian III's had been melted down in order that he might obtain their gold and sell their precious stones. As every one knew how hard up he was, his credit was very low, nevertheless he had no reluctance in writing to the Bishop in charge of the University of Copenhagen: 'As you know that money, next to the Grace of God, can be of the greatest service to me in eliminating the difficulties under which I now labor, will you not see if the professors, clergymen or others under your authority, have some ready money or silver which they can lend me?' Though he could not very well pawn any larger portion of his kingdoms, in the same easy manner that so many German princelings pawned their territories, he wrote to the Council that he was seriously considering selling part of his fleet. In this he was scarcely serious, but he hoped such a threat might produce financial assistance. Thereafter he sent his Helsingborg custom-house inspectors the keys to their boxes which they were to open and, after throwing away the bad pieces, send him in a hurry all the rose-nobles, gold guilders and dollars that had been collected, and also sent them orders that they should attempt to prevent foreigners from leaving the country with any domestic or foreign gold or silver.

Despite all this, incredible as it may seem, he promised, with his usual princely magnificence, now, when there was no way to pay his own debts, to assist his

nephew, Charles I, fight his Parliament. He had already lent him a hundred thousand dollars, and as he had no more ready cash he promised Colonels Cochrane and Henderson to give them money and ammunition in place of gold, and form a defensive alliance with the English Crown.

On New Year's Day, 1642, Christian hoped he might obtain some light on the vexatious subject of finance by asking his Treasurer to list his expenses. He consequently wrote him for information as to the yearly cost of the following items, all charged to his privy purse:

(1) What does my table cost?
(2) How much does the Prince receive, and Duke Frederick, outside his Archbishoprics?
(3) How much do my various Danish embassies to foreign countries cost me and what is spent entertaining foreign ambassadors arriving in Copenhagen?
(4) How much do I spend on christening and wedding presents?
(5) How much do I spend building and repairing my castles and properties?
(6) How much do the salaries, clothes and meals of my court cost me?
(7) What does my fleet cost me? and all its personnel?
(8) How much do my Danish and German Chanceries cost?
(9) How much does my big smithy cost?
(10) How much does my finance department cost?
(11) How much do I spend on my big warehouse, and my arsenal?
(12) How much do I pay my doctors, chemists, barbers and gardeners, huntsmen and gamekeepers?
(13) How much do I pay my chaplains?
(14) How much do I pay the personnel of my castles and stables?
(15) How much do I pay my fisherman, tailors and carpenters?

(16) What do the students of the University cost me? and all the children in the orphan asylum?
(17) What do my brewery, mill and bakery cost?

It was not until now, when he had played ducks and drakes with all he possessed, that it occurred to Christian to consider expenditures in relation to income. After having run through the fortunes which had been amassed by the thrift and statesmanship of both his parents and spent the tribute squeezed out of Sweden, Christian had passed the greater portion of his life in a state of chronic bankruptcy. In this he did not differ from most of his equals and contemporaries, for where they had spent all they owned or could borrow, they waged war for the principal purpose of financial gain or procured the money by the sweat of their subjects' brows or even more questionable methods. Sound national finance had not as yet appeared in the European countries nor any definite system for meeting national financial obligations, nor, in fact, any scheme of the financial duties of various citizens in proportion to their means and the privileges they received in return. The concentration of administration, which had slowly been brought about in many nations, and their numberless new national problems, demanded much larger sources of revenue than previously, and this, despite the fact that the Reformation had largely increased the Crown properties in Protestant countries, similar to Denmark. But neither Christian nor his Councillors knew anything about seeking revenues through direct taxation and as a result the problem of making the two ends meet was one that was far beyond them.

CHAPTER XVII

SINCE the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the captains who had been trained under his command had continued to cover the Swedish arms with glory. No other country in Europe could point to three such military leaders as Banér, Torstensson and Karl Gustaf Wrangel, whose victories had forced the timid and lukewarm German princes into coalitions and France definitely to throw down her gauntlet to Austria. The battle of Breitenfeld was won, and Mainz, Nürnberg, Augsburg and Munich were taken, while the Swedish General Horn's rashness at Nördlingen had been wiped out by the victory of Wittstock and the second battle of Breitenfeld. Christian's old enemy Wallenstein had been murdered, and the Protestant armies had penetrated to the very heart of the Emperor's lands, sending the treasures of Prague home to Sweden. Germany lay ravaged and prostrate, and the armies were as exhausted as the lands from which they vainly attempted to force sustenance.

Christian had, amid his own troubles, with ever-increasing jealousy and anxiety over Sweden's growing prestige and power, watched the struggle as it dragged along from year to year. He attempted desperately to maintain Denmark's position by offering, with his usual eagerness, to negotiate and assist both parties in their peace parleys, hoping thus to minimize the influence of Sweden in Germany. Such a gesture, coming from him,

naturally merely added fuel to the flames of Swedish resentment, whereupon he offered an alliance to the Emperor, then to Poland, and finally to Russia, but all without result.

Oxenstjerna,[1] who was watching every move he made, said Christian 'was trying to scratch him under his nose to see how fast his teeth sat,' while Christian wrote: 'Woe unto you, Ox-head, who are attempting to gain an everlasting name by all kinds of devilish schemes. You feign to be fighting for religion in Germany, while you are really acting faithlessly toward Denmark. You have incited the Turks and Hungarians against the Emperor, the Scotch against their King, the Gypsies against the Poles. You will receive in hell the reward for your pious zeal and there you will be condemned with the rest of the faithless to everlasting torture.'

Sweden had bided her time, months and years, during which she had slowly grown more and more powerful, while Denmark had grown weaker. The alliance, which Gustavus had offered in the hour of common danger, Denmark had spurned, and now the time had at last come when the Kalmar war, the Sound tolls, the ownership of the southern Swedish provinces and the Queen-Dowager's escapade might all be settled.

Despite his many gifts, Christian had unfortunately proved no statesman, but had done all in his power to aggravate the neighbor which had become powerful, without guarding against her by counter-alliances with other powers. Of these Holland was the most important, and therefore the one whom Christian should have done

[1] Oxenstjerna — The Star on the Ox's Head.

all that lay in his power to propitiate. No temporary embarrassment could drive his stubborn nature to set aside any indignity be it real or imaginary. Of these there had been plenty, as a result of the Dutch-Spanish conflict, and both Norwegians and Danes had suffered severely. The Spaniards confiscated Danish vessels on the convenient pretense that they were Dutch, while the Hollanders hoisted the Danebrog on their own ships, before going ashore to rob and plunder, and, what is more, kept it flying while they sold in one harbor what they had stolen in the next. Between the stealing of the Spaniards and the robbery of the Dutch, Christian's subjects were between the devil and the deep blue sea. The astute sons-in-law, Hannibal Sehested and Korfitz Ulfeldt, were sent abroad to demand not only indemnity for these outrages, but also to take up the interminable toll question. Instead of initiating negotiations on the high-handed basis of the royal instructions, they had the sense to proceed along very different lines, with the result that the Spaniards promised Sehested to begin with a payment of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of salt to Christian, and the Dutch suggested to Ulfeldt to settle the Sound toll for a definite period by paying a lump sum. Sehested, who knew he was dealing with dynamite when he handled the question of Christian's toll revenues, advised the Dutchmen to go to Denmark and take the matter up with the King himself. This they did, but in the midst of their negotiations were one morning waked from their sleep by the blowing of bugles and firing of cannon, announcing to their disgusted ears that Christian was leaving without any

further good-bye. The result of such treatment was of course to throw the Dutch into the waiting arms of Sweden, with which they concluded an offensive and defensive alliance.

This had all happened some three years before the Swedish Councillors, in 1643, finally decided that the hour had struck, and General Lennart Torstensson, who was marching north from Bohemia, received secret orders not to declare war, but to invade Holstein, Schleswig and Jutland as far north as possible.[1] Thereupon Torstensson, 'the Swedish Lightning,' moved with such rapidity that Christian had no inkling of the impending peril until Holstein had fallen and a terrified and breathless sheriff of Sege galloped with the tidings into the courtyard of Fredericksborg Castle, where the King was quietly preparing for his Christmas festivities. Christian first listened to the news with a contemptuous smile on his lips, but then suddenly, when the horror of what had happened penetrated his mind, looked as if he had been struck by lightning. Denmark was entirely unprepared, its people secure and free from the fear of war, while its Councillors had ridiculed the warnings of Vibe, their ambassador to Sweden.

Gustavus had been great in victory; now Christian proved so in adversity, showing all of his adversary's high courage even though lacking his sane and radiant optimism. Christian's temporary consternation at the advance of the Swedish armies into the heart of his country immediately gave place to restless activity.

[1] He replied to Oxenstjerna, 'We shall never corner the Danes as easily as now, if we only smite while the iron is hot!'

Never was he more worthy of the name of king, laboring night and day with magnificent energy to make up for lost time. But the Danish nobles disgraced their rank and station. One feels the bitterness of Christian's old soul when he writes: 'They would mutiny if they were not paid. They play masters in the land, while We, who are the oldest at the job, can only rid Ourselves of them, if We do so in peace. There is little love lost between them and My other subjects. Oh, when I need money for the defence of the country, then it comes as hard as pulling nails, but if they have a chance to purchase Our profitable crownlands, why, then they produce no end of gold.'

Not only did the nobles lack intelligence and energy, but their patriotism was lukewarm, having been cooled by the selfish fear of losing some of their property or privileges by committing a rash act for the welfare of the hard-pressed country. Now, with the knife at their throats, they finally accepted with ill grace the taxes they realized were absolutely imperative if anything was to be accomplished.

Christian rushed to Copenhagen and called such of his Councillors together as could be reached in a hurry. He pleaded with the brave for immediate action, put courage in the weak-hearted, and he treated with scorn and contempt the more crestfallen among them who suggested suing for peace. There was one bright ray amid all the darkness. 'The Lord be praised,' he said, 'that at least my splendid fleet is in fine fighting trim, and lacks nothing but provisioning. Let us put our trust in God and consult our common sense, for

there are plenty of good Danes who can draw swords and board my fighting ships.' Such hope and courage could not but be contagious. Copenhagen was put in a state of defence, and drums calling men to the colors were sent beating through every city, village and hamlet. The belated Swedish herald carrying the declaration of war, who finally arrived in Copenhagen, was hustled back with scorn. Munitions and cannon were sent to the most exposed points, troops were collected, peasants received their orders, and the estates, outside the nobility, were requested to make voluntary loans of such silver or ready money as they might possess, or otherwise jewelry, oxen or wheat. Taxes and duties were imposed on everything from the miller's sack of flour to the nobleman's bale of silk. Rich and poor throughout the country were forced to assist in the desperate situation.

General Torstensson, bent double with gout, followed in his litter the victorious advance of his Swedish armies up through Jutland. Now it was Denmark's turn to feel the curse of the hordes of the 'Emperor's War.' Every one who could escape from Jutland fled to the Danish Islands or to Norway. The Swedes hoped that Torstensson, after taking Jutland, might cross the Little Belt with his men and land on Fünen, and that the second Swedish army under General Gustaf Horn might take Scania in South Sweden. Fortunately Horn was delayed sufficiently for Christian to save the city of Malmö and put his Swedish provinces in some kind of posture for defence. The populace of Jutland sent terror-stricken appeals to the King. The burghers of

the cities in Fünen wrote to the commissary: 'Not even our clothes remain upon our bodies, and we lack dry bread for ourselves and our children. Our houses are empty, for many have fled. There is such wailing and lamentation in the cities that God must have mercy upon us. The soldiers scream and beat people because they are unable to obtain anything where they are quartered, and the burghers cry because they have nothing for their own needs. There is such a running about, complaining and swearing that the authorities have no peace in their homes, either early or late.'

By superhuman effort Christian succeeded in preventing Torstensson and his troops from crossing from Jutland to Fünen and the two armies remained each on its side of the narrow waters of the Little Belt waiting for the next move, namely, the arrival by water of Swedish reënforcements.

To prepare for all emergencies the Swedes had also been busily building a fleet ever since the humiliating peace which terminated the Kalmar war, and with this its builder and commander, Klas Fleming, set sail either to join Torstensson's troops in Danish Jutland or to meet Christian's fleet. The decisive battle was therefore to be fought at sea. Christian, who had heard that the Dutch were sailing north to join Fleming, hurried first to intercept them on their way. He met them on the western coast of Jutland, where, after his own vessel had borne the brunt of the battle, the Danish fleet thrashed the Dutch so thoroughly that what was left of their vessels sailed back to Amsterdam for repairs and further orders. Since Torstensson was awaiting the

Swedish fleet in order to cross from the Jutland peninsula, Christian decided to find and fight it at the earliest possible moment with his own vessels, which were now, after the Dutch victory, lying ready for action in the harbor of Copenhagen.

Christian celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday in June, 1644, by superintending the shipping of arms and ammunition, pipes of fresh water and wine, lanterns, hemp, sails, lead and ox hides for stopping shot-holes, all on board his men-of-war. This done, he gave the last orders to the admirals of his proud fleet, including a strict injunction 'that no sluppers carrying women should follow his fleet, as they had the Armada.' He was an old man for those days, and a presentiment came over him that this would be his last battle. He kissed Wibecke farewell, but refused to let her accompany him in the cabin she usually occupied, went to communion and handed to the elected successor, Prince Christian, the Crown regalia. His wordly affairs thus settled, the King boarded his flagship, the *Trefoldighed*.[1] She was the apple of his eye, for he knew every timber that had gone into her and her smallest details had been a matter of concern to him. Only three months before, when she was being repainted, he had written:

As I have ordered the Baptism of Christ painted on the stern of the *Trinity*, and as there is a *dubium* whether this *historia* is to be painted *more antiquo*, namely, depicting the voice coming from heaven and the Holy Ghost appearing above Christ in the form of a dove, or whether *in ipso actu Baptismatis*, or at the time Christ arose from the water and stepped ashore, according to the third chapter of Saint

[1] The Trinity.

Matthew, therefore the most learned [of the University] are to decide which episode the painter can portray with the greatest certainty. *Vale!*

COPENHAGEN CASTLE, 5 *Martij, Anno* 1644

The *Trinity* had been scraped and newly painted, and had a fresh ballast of paving-stones, and beer and wine aplenty had been sent aboard. Her forty-eight cannon had been polished till they shone like mirrors. In selecting his immediate companions and making his final arrangements, Christian had written: 'Four noblemen and the doctor, each with their yeoman, will come aboard with me and bunk in the large cabin. Wibecke's quarters are to be arranged next to my cabin with a door between the two, and there will be a door on the other side leading to her servant's cabin. There must also be quarters for four young noblemen with their servants, for the barber and his assistant, the scullery boy and the noblemen's table servants, Wibecke's table servant and fireman. A small oven for baking is likewise to be built in, of good Dutch firebrick. I do not care where it is located.' As companions aboard he finally chose Admiral Iver Wind, the Marshal of the Realm, Knud Ulfeldt, and his brother, Ejler.

Soldiers, sailors and provisions aboard, all sails were hoisted, and the fleet steered southeast through Drogden, in quest of the Swedes. Centuries had passed since a Danish King had hoisted his royal pennant aboard his man-of-war personally to fight for his kingdom, and centuries were to pass before it happened again. Realizing the seriousness of the moment, the French ambassador, de la Thuillière, wrote home to

King Louis that 'both the King of Denmark and his Chancellor have informed me that their salvation or perdition depend upon this battle.' The populace knew just as well as he that the battle would be a decisive one. Soon the Danish fleet changed to a course south-southwest, as it sailed through the widening Sound and Baltic in the warm sunshine of the last day of June. As a little schoolboy the King had scribbled pictures of just such fights as he was to witness to-day, with the same pennants of Denmark and Sweden at the mast-heads of the ships he had drawn. All around him, on the shining waters, sailed the vessels whose building had been the great joy and pride of his life. His fleet consisted to-day of nine first-class men-of-war, twenty vessels of the second class and ten frigates and galleys, divided into three squadrons, the first consisting of fourteen vessels under the General-Admiral Jörgen Wind of Gundestrup, Councillor and Bailiff of Drageholm, on the well-known *Patentia*. The second squadron consisted of thirteen vessels under Admiral Galt on the *Three Lions* and the third, of twelve, under King Christian and Admiral Mundt on the *Trinity*. Though there were few sailors of his day who excelled Christian in seamanship, his only experience as a commander of a fleet under fire had been in the fights against the Hamburgers in the Elbe and against the Dutch fleet, which, under de Geer, had attempted three months ago to join their Swedish allies.

Monday, the first of July, at five o'clock in the morning Christian's fleet in a fresh east wind, with showers, passed Gedsör Point and steered due west toward

Femern waters, where it believed the Swedes were lying. The fleet Christian now was seeking was of a very different calibre from either of those he had previously met in combat. Partly owing to his experience and partly to uncertainty as to where the Swedes might be, the King gave no particular order of battle, except to instruct every captain to fight as long as there was a man or a cannon ball on board and the vessel afloat. As a result, every vessel in the three squadrons sailed as hard and fast as sails and wind would carry in the direction of the enemy, the *Trinity* cutting the waters 'as if hell were on her heels.'

The Danes were right in their supposition. The Swedish fleet, which was anchored off Femern, caught sight of the foremost Danish ship early in the forenoon, raised its anchors, and stood along the west coast of Femern and in on the Kolberger Heide, as are called the waters north of the Holstein shore, toward the fjord of Kiel. The *Patentia* and *Sophia* had been sailing so much faster than the rest of the fleet that Fleming, who was still feigning to hug the Holstein shore, hoped, by suddenly coming about and favored by the offshore, southern wind, to cut off the two admirals before the rest of the Danes could come to their relief. Admiral Wind on the *Patentia*, however, saw the danger in time and signalled to the *Sophia*, whereupon both vessels shifted to the starboard tack until the *Trinity* and *Stormarn* had come up with them, with the others rapidly approaching. As the Swedish Admiral Fleming had forty vessels in all, the two fleets had practically the same number of ships, though the Swedes carried a few more cannon.

They were, as a fact, very evenly matched in every respect, including fighting trim.

Fleming was ready to fight, for he had received orders 'to clear the waters of the Danish men-of-war so as to enable Torstensson to land his men from Jutland and Horn from Scania on the Danish islands of Fünen and Zealand.' The *Patentia*, the first ship to come into action, fired her lower port battery at noon, while the drums and trumpets sounded from the decks of every one of the fighting ships. The firing of the vessels continued unabated for ten hours, some one or other of the men-of-war drifting from time to time out of the fight to plug up the holes through which water was entering, or to splice a mast or repair other serious damage. The *Patentia* would have been shot to pieces at the start had not the *Sophia* and *Stormarn*, under the Mundt brothers, come to her assistance until the larger batteries of the Danish *Trinity* equalized the fight. After many an interchanged volley of great ordnance and small shot, poor Admiral Wind, with one leg gone, was forced to let his vessel, with her rigging mostly shot to pieces, and musketeers and wounded sailors stretched on the hold ballast, drift out of the fight in the lee of the other vessels. One of her masts had been beaten overboard, her tackle cut asunder and her upper works generally razed; not until the end of the day, after hours of drifting to lee of the other vessels, was the *Patentia* once more sufficiently repaired to be able to join them. Wind himself lay, propped up in his cabin, urging his officers to do their duty and, before dying, called the various captains alongside in their gigs to hear how the fight

was going. With his last breath he dictated the following message to his King: 'Here I die with a joyful and just mind, for I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, yet have fought for my country, King, religion, and honor, whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of my body and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' After signing the paper, he gave up the ghost with a great and stout courage.

Both fleets had experienced a great deal of trouble in manœuvring. The wind, after being east-southeast with rain, became stormy northwest and then veered round to the south again and finally to west, making the problem of keeping in battle formation almost impossible for the commanders, who had had little practice in squadron formations. On the other hand, there were repeated chances to take the wind away from the opponent, a fact the Swedes availed themselves of in getting to windward of the Danes, and particularly the young Frenchman, Duquesne, who was to-day serving under Fleming and, after sixty years of active service was to become one of his country's greatest vice-admirals.

The gray-haired King, magnificently dressed in a blue velvet jacket and gold-embroidered black skull cap, went from cannon to cannon and from deck to deck, in the hottest of the fight and thickest of the smoke, encouraging and commanding his sailors. Even to-day, the heroic old Viking on the *Trinity* is still a well-known picture to every child in the Danish isles, and every one of them knows:

THE KING WOUNDED

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?'
. . . . . .

Path of the Danes to fame and might!
Dark rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

For a while the *Trinity*, like the *Patentia*, became separated from the rest of its squadron, which lay becalmed to the north, and the King's vessel received half an hour's riddling fire from several of the Swedish vessels. Bulwarks and spars came crashing down, carrying sail and rigging with them, for the lower tiers of the *Eagle's* cannon were giving rather more entertainment than was pleasant. Finally a well-directed Swedish shot struck the dolphin or handle of a cannon of the lower battery directly in front of where the King and the two Ulfeldt brothers were standing. Both Ulfeldts fell, Knud instantly killed and Ejler with his arm torn off. They carried the King with them to the deck and for a moment all was lost in smoke and confusion. As it cleared away, Christian was seen by those who had

rushed up lying in a pool of blood. The order was given to lower the royal pennant, and from mouth to mouth flew the news that King Christian was dead. Not so, however; the old lion, recovering himself quickly from the stunning effect of what had happened, with one eye and part of an ear gone, as well as several of his teeth, and blood streaming from wounds all over his body, raised himself and, swinging his sword once more over his head, cried to his men, 'I am only wounded, it is not dangerous. God has spared me my life and strength; let every one do his duty and think of the danger to the Fatherland.' Barbers and sailors rushed up and carried off the two Ulfeldts, for Christian would not hear of going below. So they dressed him, lying on the deck planking, fretting impatiently till they had finished, whereupon the old fighting cock returned to his men, and there he remained until darkness came on and the Swedes withdrew in the direction of Kiel. Not a Swedish sail was to be seen on the waters of which Christian still claimed the overlordship, and Denmark was temporarily saved. Despite the long and furious battle neither side had lost much above a hundred men. A number of vessels on both sides were, however, badly shot to pieces, and among them the *Patentia*, which was so crippled that Christian ordered all sick and wounded transferred to her, and then that she should sail to Copenhagen for repairs and care of the dead and wounded. Neither Christian nor Fleming was very well satisfied with the manner in which the fleets had fought, so, in the outspoken language of the day, they both gave vent to their feelings. Christian wrote back to his

Councillors: 'I have had my captains aboard and comforted them by telling them if they do not fight better next time they will be rewarded by being broken on the wheel. They let my General-Admiral fight for a while all alone, while some of them used my vessel as a screen between the enemy and themselves. One of my own vessels even shot through my foresail, so you see I was in fine company!' The day after the battle, Fleming in turn called all his captains on board his flagship and gave one by one a piece of his mind. To one he gave fourteen dollars, another was told he had fought like an honest fellow, and yet another was made the laughing-stock of them all by being told '*he* had fought like an old woman.'

The barber of the *Trinity* found much to do in patching up the King, for splinters of iron and wood had wounded him in no less than twenty-three places, so that he remarked jocosely that 'he leaked like an old sieve.' The first two little pieces of metal which the barber extracted from his forehead and eye Christian sent post-haste to Wibecke, begging her have the goldsmith mount them as earrings, and to think of him whenever she wore them. The barber, having finished dressing Christian's wounds and the old King being perfectly exhausted, the attending doctor advised 'a good cleaning out with *vinum cephalicum* and *herbæ cephalica*, followed by bleeding and bathing of the feet in strong herbs and boiling water, this followed by a final purging.' At this the King sat up and, looking at the doctor firmly, with the one remaining eye, remarked caustically, 'Compared to me, the Jew, Job, was a lucky fellow!'

Having miraculously survived the prescribed treatment, Christian wrote to his Chancellor, Ulfeldt:

> You are to summon all the *Doctors Medicinæ* and order them to put their heads together and consult with each other as to what I should take in order to repair *my* head. It has constantly bothered me, as if I were intoxicated. This has gone on ever since my eye was blinded, and at the same time that your brother was knocked into bits and Ejler so badly wounded. My right eye was so badly damaged that I cannot see anything with it, despite the fact that the eyeball is still there. I can sleep, God be praised, some four hours every night. If I get up after that and walk about for a couple of hours, then I can sleep about two hours more. At three o'clock in the afternoon I am so tired I can scarcely keep my eyes open. If, however, I sit down to sleep, I can only do so for a quarter of an hour or less. *Vale.*
>
> CHRISTIAN

Though he kept his flag still flying, the poor old King was pretty well battered, and no wonder, seeing what he had gone through. The French ambassador wrote home to his court, 'He is a hero in the true sense of the word,' and in so writing, de la Thuillière expressed contemporary opinion of King Christian the Fourth.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE morning after the battle not a Swedish vessel was to be found on the horizon. Christian was delighted to realize that Klas Fleming had been forced to sail to Kiel to repair his ship under Torstensson's protecting guns, for he believed he could bottle him up in the fjord of Kiel and in such fashion that there would be no chance of escape without being sunk. The King, who felt he must personally return to Copenhagen, ordered old Admiral Peter Galt to guard the mouth of the fjord, and, if any of the Swedish vessels tried to escape, to give them as many broadsides as he had cannon balls. 'God be praised,' wrote Christian to his Councillors, 'the outlet of the fjord is so narrow that only one ship can pass at a time. If God in Heaven is willing that the Swedes remain there for a while, they will lack all means of sustenance.' And a few days later, 'If God will grant me the luck of first destroying the Swedish fleet, then I will make straight for the Elfsnabben rocks outside the harbor of Stockholm.'

Galt started at once to press his advantage and placed a battery on shore so as to effect a cross-fire on the Swedes before Torstensson was aware of the mischief he had in mind. A lucky shot from this carried off Fleming's right leg, while he was washing his hands in his cabin before going to lunch. Remarking to the sailor beside him that he would like to leave for the next world clean, he wiped his hands and then died as he had

fought, game to the finish, turning over the fleet, with his last breath, to General Karl Gustaf Wrangel, who had made such a name for himself on the battlefields of Germany. When Christian arrived in Copenhagen, battered and dizzy in the head, he was received with hilarious joy by his good citizens. He, however, looked so bad that both Wibecke and the Councillors were shocked at his appearance and begged him go to bed rather than think of joining the Danish army in Scania. But there was no stopping him, so long as the Fatherland was in such imminent danger. After shouting orders to the right and left and conferring with Councillors, he rushed off to Sweden and plunged into the skirmishes there. Being too weak from the recent loss of blood, either to stand on his feet or to charge at the head of his cavalry, he hired eight strong beer-tappers to take turns in carrying him about on a chair; 'when not carrying my royal body,' he said, 'you may retire and refresh yourselves on beer, you'll need that, for I am still good and heavy.'

Unfortunately Peter Galt was caught napping by the Swedes, so Wrangel escaped from Kiel with his entire fleet. It was a critical mistake which decided the war. Christian was frantic when he heard of it and immediately ordered a court martial, which found poor Galt guilty, and Christian, dressed in his morning wrapper, watched from his bedroom window in Copenhagen Castle while the executioner chopped off the old Admiral's head. Such carrying out of justice could not, however, save Denmark. The damage was done, and Wrangel was soon joined by a stately fleet of Dutch

vessels fitted out once more by the remarkable Louis de Geer, one of the most interesting characters of history. Many years previously he had been one of the adventurous and ambitious Dutch merchants who had settled in Sweden, where he had by degrees risen to become the first contractor in the North. He developed, to a remarkable extent, the iron industry of Sweden, provided fleet and army with ammunition and other supplies and furnished the King and Government with money, and now, finally, when the Swedish fleet seemed so hard-pressed, he sailed into the Baltic with a splendidly equipped Dutch fleet of twenty-two vessels, which immediately joined Wrangel's twenty men-of-war, now safely out of the uncomfortable harbor of Kiel. Christian was not on board when the joint Swedish-Dutch fleets cornered the Danish one of seventeen sail not far from the waters in which he had fought so bravely. The superiority of the allies was naturally so great that there was no question of the outcome of the fight. The Swedish-Dutch victory was complete. One after the other, the Danish vessels, riddled and raked by the enemy's cannon and musketeers, went down in the waves, preferring this to surrender. Admiral Mundt was the last figure seen in the smoke, before his flagship took her final plunge, and only three of the remainder of his vessels returned to Copenhagen. The blow was staggering. Now Denmark was quite defenceless and at the mercy of the Swedes, and Christian's only hope lay in the Imperial General Gallas, who was marching up through Holstein in the attempt to cut off Torstensson, with whom he already had had many a German skir-

mish. Though profoundly depressed, even this last frightful disaster could not kill Christian's courage, for, with an optimism and determination in the face of adversity which any one might well take to heart, he wrote: 'Though I have amply deserved such chastisement from the good Lord,' yet I won't despair. I rather hope that the same Lord and God, who has punished me and made me so sad, will make me happy in some other way.' It was France who came to the rescue and at last interfered, for Mazarin felt it was contrary to her own interest in the Thirty Years' War, and the ultimate desirable German peace, for the Danish-Swedish conflict to last any longer. The French Cardinal knew that Sweden needed her whole strength, with which to oppose the House of Hapsburg, and therefore instructed his ambassador, de la Thuillière, to use his good offices to bring about peace. They were accepted, and negotiations were begun at Brömsebro in Sweden. Before crossing the Sound to attend the conference, Christian stood on the battlements of Elsinore, when suddenly de Geer's Dutch fleet of thirty-seven men-of-war, under full sail, with decks cleared for action, accompanied by some three hundred merchantmen, appeared on the horizon. As Admiral Corneliszoon de With passed Kronborg, he noticed its royal standard flying and soon picked out Christian with his spyglass. Dipping his flags, he saluted and raised his hat. From Helsingborg, across the water, now occupied by the Swedes, came a salvo in reply. The King stood immovable and not a cannon replied from Kronborg. 'The fortress of Kronborg,' reported de With later, 'showed

neither sign of friend nor enemy. It might have been garrisoned by ghosts.' Slowly men-of-war and merchantmen passed without a Dutch vessel seeming aware of Danish customs and toll. The overlordship of the Baltic and Northern waters had passed forever from the Crown of Denmark. It was the bitterest moment of Christian's life, for the peace with Sweden still hung in the balance, and he dared not give his gunners the order to fire.

The peace of Brömsebro, which was dearly bought, was the first of several which were to mark the decline of Denmark. The treaty, as finally written, stipulated that the Sound was to be free of toll, and added, in order that there might be no later misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word 'free,' that passing vessels were to be 'undisturbed, unhampered, undetained, unlimited, untroubled and unburdened.' By the peace Denmark lost some of her most valuable Swedish possessions, including the Baltic isles. It was more than merely a Danish-Swedish peace; it was really a turning-point in Scandinavian history. Christian was so enraged when he read the terms forced upon his son-in-law, the Chancellor Korfitz Ulfeldt, who had been in charge of the Danish delegates, that he threw the treaty in his face, saying, 'You may sign it, I won't. You are responsible for the terms.' Ulfeldt pleaded that nothing but dire necessity had forced him finally to agree to the present stipulations. 'I don't care a hang for you or your nonsense,' replied Christian, 'and I won't sign.' When Ulfeldt told Christian that if he did not sign, *he* would have to assume the responsibility

for the continuance of the war as well as raise the money required, Christian finally affixed his reluctant signature.

While the peace of Lübeck had temporarily paralyzed Denmark, that of Brömsebro, signed in August, 1645, did so permanently. The country was completely demoralized, for the troubles were many; misfortunes did not come singly, and Christian had his own personal ones to bear apart from those of his suffering kingdom. In the first place, the ill-spent life of the Crown Prince Christian had at last come to an end, and there were those who did not look upon his death as a great misfortune. He had, as a last resort, left his Nykjöbing Castle on Falster Island and visited German watering-places hoping to regain his health, which it was far too late to do by any such halfway measures. When it was a question of his coming to the Swedish provinces during the last campaign, Christian said that he thought his son had better stay at home, for he would be unable to bear the hardships. For himself, Christian had less consideration; he thought little of being carried around in the chair when he was sick and wounded, amid the devastated countryside. At last the Prince died in Germany, shortly after leaving his father-in-law's court at Dresden, and this, it was considered, was the best thing he ever did. The Elector of Saxony, after giving him a fine funeral, awaited instruction as to what to do with the body. The King, being as usual out of funds, was for the time being obliged to wait until autumn before sending the proper embassy to fetch home the remains. When the time came, Christian did his mourn-

ing fittingly and thoroughly. He had his own room lined with black and ordered new black nightshirts for himself and Wibecke. He further ordered his tailor to deliver to him 'black jackets, garters and Hungarian capes, black silk ribbons and cords, nine dozen black buttons, black silk thread, hooks and eyes, silk stockings and gloves, and plenty of black silk, satin and taffeta.' Then he decreed that no one in the kingdom should play or dance during the period of mourning, and that the clergy should wear no shoes and the university students no spurs.

The body was at length brought to Copenhagen, where the burghers were allowed to view it for two months or so, during which time Christian constantly visited the chapel before dinner to have a look at his former son. Before depositing him in Roskilde Cathedral, the King ordered engraved on the coffin the following flattering inscription: 'Here lies Christian the Fifth. He served God with Christian zeal, honored his father with filial obedience and loved his wife with genuine fidelity.' One of the courtiers, upon reading this, said he questioned who would chuckle more, the Princess or one of the Prince's host of mistresses.

Frederick was now the only one left of the royal princes. His father had, for a number of years, been afraid of permitting him to marry lest he should thereby lose the Archbishopric of Bremen, which he had regained after such infinite difficulty. But as the Swedes seized it after all, Frederick was married to an energetic, passionate and ambitious Brunswick Princess, who at once set about to make his life as miserable as he de-

served, in his office as Governor of the Duchies, where he was little known and less respected. Added to his father's many other cares came, now that Prince Christian was dead, the one of inducing the Danish nobles to elect Frederick as successor to the throne in place of his deceased brother, one of the most difficult and embarrassing efforts in the life of the King. But Christian's cup of woe was not yet full, for once more Kirsten Munk appears on the scene as his evil genius. She had neither been idle nor silent while her former husband had been struggling against his many misfortunes. During Torstensson's invasion of Jutland, where her properties lay, she had packed up her principal belongings and fled from the advancing plunderers. 'Her arrogance and truculence' had, as Christian said, 'kept pace with her increasing corpulence.' As he himself weighed some two hundred and sixty pounds, the remark seemed rather like the pot calling the kettle black. She had, however, surrounded herself with a group of the coarser members of the high nobility, and succeeded in developing a sentiment of resentment toward the King among them and particularly among her mighty sons-in-law, which naturally caused Christian the severest annoyance. Added to this, she made no pretense whatever of remaining on the property which she had been forbidden to leave, and received visits from her children, whom she had been strictly enjoined not to see. Nagged and annoyed beyond endurance, the King at last told his sons-in-law that Kirsten might leave the property on necessary errands so long as she did not come where he was, stipulating further that if they

would vouch for her, and if she were staying with decent people, where the younger children would not be corrupted by their surroundings, they might also at times visit her. Kirsten making the worst possible use of these concessions, Christian wrote in his despair to his Councillors: 'I want you to realize the patience I have practised, just for the children's sake, and I should like to know whether I shall continue my long-suffering behaviour?' Then, with some of his old spirit and flare-up, the King ordered Kirsten arrested for disobeying his orders, and her entire case reviewed and tried in Rosenborg garden before him by his Councillors, among whom were, of course, several of her sons-in-law. It was a very strange performance, even for its day and generation. Councillors, Kirsten, a few dogs, and most of the children were present, surrounded by the lilacs, roses and chestnut trees. Korfitz Ulfeldt pleaded the defendant's cause, while Hannibal Sehested advocated the King's. At times, during Ulfeldt's eloquent summing-up, the impetuous Christian became so affected and carried away by his emotions that he jumped off his throne and ran over and embraced the prisoner, with whom he had passed so many idyllic hours amid the same surroundings. The court of judges took so long in deliberating after both plaintiff and defendant had rested their cases that Christian and Kirsten had a chance for several mugs of 'Rostock,' before the Court finally reported a disagreement. This so infuriated Ulfeldt that he whipped out his sword and rushed at his brother-in-law, the opposing counsel, who barely managed to save himself by precipitous flight across the

moat. Though Kirsten herself does not again appear on the scene, she long outlived the King, but never regained her former position, experiencing a fate similar to that of her contemporary, the far lovelier Marquise de Montespan. As for Sehested and Ulfeldt, they ended by causing Christian almost as much irritation as had their mother-in-law. Despite the fact that he had heaped honors upon them until they were the most powerful men of the realm and in the Council, they disputed and thwarted his personal royal authority. 'After spending money like a drunken sailor in his Dutch and French embassies, wherewith he accomplished nothing,' Ulfeldt's recent war accounts showed such discrepancies that Christian openly accused him of a dishonest use of his position, at which Ulfeldt, knowing how indispensable he had become, demanded his immediate dismissal, and the King was obliged to give in. With this retreat on the part of the King, Ulfeldt knew he had the upper hand.

Christian's foreign policy had suffered shipwreck, and now his domestic power was to be considerably curtailed. Denmark had emerged from the Swedish war completely broken, weakened not only in military power, but throughout her entire social fabric. The apathy of the administration spread to the citizens in all parts of the country where the Estates were at loggerheads and every one wanted to blame some one else for what had happened. Christian, who had attempted for a while to conduct foreign affairs from Glückstad in Holstein without his Councillors' advice, was humiliated by being forced to acknowledge the errors of his judg-

ment and to defer in the future to their decisions. He had lacked that statesmanlike self-control and sagacity which would have taught him his country's political situation and thus determined his various policies, and it was too late to undo the harm wrought by his two disastrous campaigns. His royal power had lost immeasurably in prestige, which now could no longer be regained, for the fault had been principally his own. Though he could not reason all this out himself, he felt keenly what a sorry figure he cut, and chagrin and failure embittered his sunny disposition. His manly and virile character, with its droll and humorous expression of every funny idea which popped into his head, became more and more intolerant and irritable and he seemed unable to view life through his old kindly spectacles.

With the perspective of centuries, we may now say that, although he had possessed all the inquisitive zeal and inventive energy of a born reformer, and had really been of the stuff of which great princes are made, yet he never attained to greatness, for his own selfish aims and pleasures, rather than the welfare of his country, had too often been his first consideration. In the heyday of his manhood, his high spirits and passion for adventure had enabled him to surmount every obstacle with *élan*. It was thus doubly sad to see Christian sink into the grave a weary and broken-hearted man.

He never gave up, not even at the end. In the frightful plague, which once more carried away almost a quarter of the citizens of Copenhagen, despite his own mental and physical condition he did all that was pos-

sible, laboring early and late to alleviate the suffering. In 1646, he took his last trip to Norway to see, as he felt convinced, for a last time this one of his kingdoms which he had done so much to help. He did not enjoy the trip, for, after visiting his new silver mine at Kongsberg, he wrote home 'that he was covered with lice, of which he could not rid himself and which bit his ankles so badly that the French barber had been obliged to smear them with various medicaments.'

Back again in Denmark, economy became for the first time in his life a reality, and he started with his own household, where he introduced savings in every department. To obtain money with which to pay the trades-people, he tried to borrow from the Hamburg merchants, to whom he offered to pawn the Danish possession of Iceland. Prompted by the same reform ideas, he called his nobles together and suggested replacing their cavalry service by money subsidies and instructed them also to make lists of all fiefs and the income and expenditures on them, in the hope that he might modernize much of the government, in a manner similar to what was being done in other more advanced European States. It was all very pathetic, for the milk was spilt and no amount of tears or cunning could now replace it in his Danish jug.

Political defeats abroad, antagonism and ill will of his people at home, deaths and quarrels within the family circle, plague and lack of money, floods and fire, mark Christian's last unhappy years. Though he had to a certain extent regained in them his balance, his old fire was gone, and with it his desire for work. At times he

would flare up with unreasonable vehemence when thwarted by his Councillors, but age was beginning to tell upon his much-abused iron constitution, and he realized, as never before, that any effort on his part to raise his country from her knees would prove fruitless. Those who had known him in earlier days scarcely recognized, in the moody, despondent old King, a trace of the optimistic, debonair monarch whose enthusiasm had carried all before him. So after he returned from Norway in the fall of 1645 and spring of 1646, he spent his time quietly, puttering about at Rosenborg and Fredericksborg, seldom going in to Copenhagen Castle. With his strength and energy fast waning, his desire to live was gone, and with it went his physical resistance. The doctors and clergymen who surrounded him wagged their wise heads, but naturally knew it was only a question of time. Wibecke, who herself was in miserable health, did all she could to soothe and help him. When sleep forsook him and indigestion followed, Wibecke called the doctors into her room for a consultation, telling them she had with her own hands, helped by Lady Beate Rantzau, 'cooked every delicacy she could think might rest pleasantly in her Lord's stomach, but no sooner did it go down than it came up.' Feeling that the end was near, the King turned to Wibecke and told her he would like to be taken at once to his beloved Rosenborg, outside the walls of his capital. So in the snow of February, 1647, the wheels of a huge travelling carriage were changed for runners, and in it Christian was put, lying at full length, in Fredericksborg courtyard. Eight horses drew it as rapidly as

possible toward Copenhagen, with Wibecke, children and court following close behind. Once more in his favorite haunts, the King tried to do a little work, but was quickly forced by weakness to return to bed. The doctors bethought themselves of the efficacy of cordials and acidula, which they applied both internally and externally. Nothing could probably have been worse, and the King, soon realizing this, believed it best to call for his chaplain, Hindsholm, who comforted him considerably by his sermon and his conversation in Latin, about things spiritual. Suddenly, Christian interrupted the talk of those who surrounded his bed by reaching for the preacher's hand, saying as he did so: 'Now comes the fight!' Those about him, believing the end had come, sang, as was usual, a few well-known hymns, at which Christian, too weak to join them, smiled and nodded. He rallied a little in the evening, so that he was well enough to take communion the following day, and once more insisted on being put in a chair in his nightgown and wrapper so as to attempt to tend to matters of State. This was, however, merely the final flickering of the flame before it went out, for a few minutes later Christian breathed his last, with his favorite daughter, Eleanora-Christina, the Chancellor, Korfitz Ulfeldt, Worm and Sperling, Sehested, among the faithful little group beside him.

Children, sons-in-law, Councillors and nobles had all for days been waiting like buzzards around Rosenborg, in order that they might pounce down the moment life had left poor Christian's body and each get their portion of the prey. The King's body scarce cold, their

first cruel act was to throw the devoted sick and bedridden Wibecke, with her daughter, servants and baggage, out of Rosenborg. To add insult to injury, they ordered a broken-down old post-chaise harnessed in the courtyard to a pair of red and white nags, refusing to let her use the carriage which the Chancellor, Christian Sehested, had placed at the invalid's disposition. In this conveyance they hustled Wibecke and her belongings, following them with their contempt and maltreatment until she died a few weeks later.

In the minds and hearts of the Danish people, Christian, the sailor King, lives to-day, three hundred years after he fought, as the greatest monarch that ever ascended the throne of Denmark. That he is so regarded is, in a sense, no less a tribute to his people than to him, for it means that they forget his inherent faults, faults which an unsympathetic historian could regard as national calamities, and remember his personal qualities. It means that they forget the limitations that make his deeds ineffective, and remember the spirit that prompted his ill-considered soldierly activity, the fatherly good will that preoccupied his meticulous care for his kingdoms and his peoples. If a king, who sees to the welfare of his peoples to the best of his ability as a father sees to his children, deserves to be called the Father of his Country, never did king earn the title more surely than did Christian IV of Denmark. It is this quality that enshrines him in the hearts of the Danes. They forget his shortcomings as a diplomat and remember his unfailing solicitude for their well-being. They forget his shortcomings as a strategist by sea or

land, but no one can ever forget, whether in defeat or victory, the King who fought as a soldier in the forefront of his own army, as a sailor on the deck of his own ship in the thickest of the fight — who, when he ordered his captains to fight till the last shot was fired and the last man killed, asked of them in simple fact only what he himself performed, ordered them into no peril into which he did not lead them in person. Small wonder that they adored him, that they felt him personally 'every inch a king,' and that from his day to ours they feel that, 'take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.'

THE END

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